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advice of his friends and companions—such as Hamilton and Madison. Napoleon looked upon himself as Destiny. Louis XIV. had said: "L'état c'est moi." We almost hear Napoleon say: "L'histoire c'est moi." Napoleon compared his career and his relation to his followers—the marshals and others—with those of Christ and Mohammed.* He ended, indeed, with repeating the self-deification of Alexander as closely as it could be done in the nineteenth century.

Washington arose out of a struggle for independence—a severance of colonies from a distant mother-country. Napoleon arose out of a fearful internal revolution. The former belonged to a revolution which consisted chiefly in the disavowal of allegiance to the crown of England, and left intact all the elementary institutions of political existence inherited from the mother-country; the latter succeeded to a revolution which rooted up the whole preceding polity except centralism.

Washington is daily growing in the affection of history, and there is a remarkable uniformity of opinion regarding his character, at home and abroad; there is the greatest difference of opinion regarding Napoleon's character, and however many may admire him, no one can be said to love his memory, except some survivors who have received acts of personal kindness at his hands. No one loves power merely because it is power. Could we even love God were He only almighty?

Yet Washington was not personally popular; his power consisted in the universal conviction that he could be confided in; an almost unlimited trust in his integrity and wisdom by soldier and by citizen, was his strength; but no endearing name was bestowed on him by his soldiers, or if it ever was done it did not adhere and has not become historical. Napoleon was worshipped by his soldiers, and received the soldierly nickname of the Little Corporal, as Old Fritz, Marshal Forward, and Old Hickory, were bestowed on Frederick the Great, on Prince Blücher, and on General Jackson, and adhered to them, so that the names passed over into history and into the songs of the Berangers and the Arndts. Yet again, while Washington was universally trusted, even

* For this statement we have two proofs: one in the Memoirs of the Duke of Ragusa, and the other in the Memorial de St. Hélene, which admits of no extenuating interpretation.

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MEMOIR

OF

FRANCIS PEABODY,

PRESIDENT OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE,

BY

CHARLES W. UPHAM.

SALEM, MASS.
ESSEX INSTITUTE PRESS.
1868.

MEMOIR.

At a meeting of the Essex Institute, Nov. 2, 1867, the honorable duty was assigned to me of preparing a Eulogy on Francis Peabody, then recently deceased. The Body before whom it is to be read, and the topics to be presented, will give to what I am now to offer the form of a Memoir. The details embraced in the life and character of our late President will be found to be the highest Eulogy.

In order that we may do justice to an occasion, in which a distinguished society, like this, renders its tribute to such an example as his, it becomes necessary, in the first place, to detect and bring to view the influences that made them and him what they have been, and brought him into the relation he sustained, as their chosen leader and head. The institution, and the individual, alike are phenomena that demand explanation; and you will permit me, by way of introduction, to illustrate, at some length, the causes that have led to the formation and development of the Essex Institute, and, as a consequence, of such a character as we have met to commemorate.

It may safely be said that an uncommon degree of intellectual activity is noticeable in the people of this place, and of the section of country constituting the county of Essex, from the very beginning. In the review,

now to be presented, the limits upon the occasion confine attention mainly to the immediate locality.

The natural effect of the presence of persons of marked impressiveness of mental traits among the first settlers and their associates, is, of course, the primal and general cause to which results, of this sort, are to be traced. The influence of every individual upon those around him, and upon those coming after him, is an absolute force, greater than is imagined or suspected. It cannot be measured, traced, or estimated. Its invisible, unlimited, perpetual momentum constitutes the dread responsibility of human life — the incalculable contribution we are all always making to the aggregate of good or ill, in the condition and progress of the race. This power was brought to bear, in stimulating the intelligence of the community established here, in a remarkable manner, at its earliest period.

Roger Williams and Hugh Peters, more, perhaps, than any others that can be named, were of the kind to set men thinking, to start speculations and enquiries that would call forth the exercise of mental faculties, and of a nature to retain their hold upon the general interest, and be transmitted as a permanent social element. There is evidence that several others of the first settlers here were persons of uncommonly inquisitive minds, addicted to experiments and enterprises, in mining operations, and various forms of mechanical ingenuity. In proof of the prevalence of this feature in the character of the people, after the lapse of several generations, the following circumstance particularly arrests our attention:

About the middle of the last century, a social evening club, designed to promote literature and philosophy, was in existence in Salem, composed of its most eminent,

cultivated and intellectual citizens. The following are understood to have been among its members: Benjamin Lynde and Nathaniel Ropes, both of the Bench of the Supreme Court of the Province, the former, as his father had been, its Chief Justice; William Browne, Judge of the Superior Court; Andrew Oliver, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; the Rev. William McGilchrist, of the Episcopal Church; the Rev. Thomas Barnard, of the First Church; and Edward Augustus Holyoke, then a young physician. When it is considered that the entire population of the whole territory of Salem could hardly have amounted, at that time, to more than 4,000, it must be conceded to be proved by these names, to have embraced an extraordinary proportion of persons of eminent position and culture.

The result of conversations and discussions, in that club, is seen to-day in operations within these walls, and in the formation of such characters as that of him to whose memory we are to devote the hour. A taste for literature and knowledge, a zeal in the prosecution of scientific studies, was imparted to the community, of which we can distinctly trace the imprints and monuments through all our subsequent history. The first organized movement towards establishing permanent institutions, to this effect, was as follows: On the evening of Monday, March 31st, 1760, a meeting was held at the Tavern House of Mrs. Pratt, for the purpose, as stated in the notice calling it, of "founding, in the town of Salem, a handsome Library of valuable books, apprehending the same may be of very considerable use and benefit, under proper regulations." The poster calling the meeting was signed by the following persons, all, it is believed, members of the club: Benjamin Pickman,

ADVERTISEMENT.

A portion of this paper formed originally part of an article in Putnam's Magazine, inscribed, "Was Napoleon a Dictator?" The discussion of this question was elicited by certain letters, some of which are contained in the officially published Correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon with his Brother Joseph; and others of which belong to a collection of letters addressed by Joseph Bonaparte to the writer of these pages.

The paper as now offered was written for the Metropolitan Fair, in the hope of promoting, in some degree, its patriotic object.

New York, *March*, 1864.

10.F74

last, Abigail, which must have taken place towards the latter part of 1765. The Tavern House stood on the corner of Essex and Court streets, where the brick store now stands. I can very well remember its appearance. It was an old wooden building, with many peaks; and stood out on Essex street as far as the curb stone does now. The estate came finally into the possession of my grandmother Jeffrey, who sold it at auction, in 1791, to Col. Pickman, and Stearns and Waldo; and they immediately covered the premises with the large brick store that now stands there." The estate still remains in possession of the family of one of the purchasers in 1791; and the "large brick store" is known as the Stearns Block. Our venerable fellow citizen, Hardy Phippen, was thirteen years of age when the "Great Tavern" was demolished, and a few days since, pointed out to me the position it occupied, with its dimensions on Essex and Washington streets, and described its appearance. His recollections fully correspond with those of Mr. Cleveland.

The history of the building, thus remembered by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Phippen, previous to its occupancy by the Pratts, is not without striking and suggestive significance in connection with our subject. John Pratt bought it in September, 1727, of the heirs of Walter Price. Price bought it, Dec. 1st, 1659, of John Orne, of Salem, carpenter, and Frances, his wife, for 150 pounds in cash "already paid," and the deed was recorded, April 25th, 1660. John Orne bought of Charles Gott. The following is a copy of the deed of this purchase.

"29th of December 1652.

Charles Gott of Salem Attornie to m^{r} Hugh Peters for and in consideration of forty shillings in hand paid hath

sold unto John Horne of Salem aforesaid one piece of ground contayning about one quarter of an acre more or lesse nere the meeting howse in Salem one the North side thereof, running along by the high way being the land of m^r^ Hugh Peters aforesaid. Provided if m^r^ Peters shall retorne to New England in person and repay the said John all his charges of building or otherwayes bestowed upon the said land that then the said m^r^ Peters shall have the said land againe as by a writing dated the 28th day of this instant December 1652 apeareth."

It appears by the deed to Price of 1659, that, at that time, there was a dwelling-house on the lot. The language of the deed, just quoted, reserving to Peters the right of reclaiming the property, in the event of his ever returning to America, upon making good to Orne for "all his charges of building, or otherwise bestowed upon the said land," does not necessarily, in itself, prove that there was a house upon it, when Orne purchased, but the general aspect of the transaction leads, I think, to the conclusion that there was. It can hardly be supposed that Mr. Peters would have authorized his attorney to bind him, on the contingency mentioned, in order to recover the property, to pay whatever Orne might spend in erecting buildings, whether they suited him or not. This consideration makes it probable that there was a house on the lot in 1652, and that Peters and his attorney knew what sort of a house it was. The same general reasoning, probably, authorizes the conclusion that the house was built under the direction, if not the personal oversight, of Peters himself. Merely having care of the lot, in the temporary absence of the owner, Gott would not have taken the responsibility of erecting a house upon it, without specific directions, and it is most likely that, if not built before he left the country, Peters would have

deferred it until his return. The balance of probabilities seems, therefore, to be against the supposition that the house was erected either during the period when Orne conditionally owned it, or Gott had charge of it. Its size, as particularly described to me by Mr. Phippen, which led to its being called "The Great Tavern," and its architecture of "many peaks," prove that it was of a more commanding, pretentious, and artistic style, than would have been thought of by either of the good deacons, Gott or Orne. Its position also indicates that it was built, at a very early day, before the line of Essex street had been adjusted.

It is well known that Mr. Peters lived, at one time, at the diagonal corner of the crossing of Washington and Essex streets. His house and lot there were sold by his attorney some years after he had gone to England. I think there is evidence that he had also built a house near the corner of Washington and Norman streets. He was a man of indefatigable activity, was always making improvements, and starting enterprises, and it is not strange that he built houses and changed his residence from time to time. It is quite likely that before his mission to the mother country had been suggested, he employed Orne to prepare a residence, more fitted to accommodate him permanently, on his lot where the Stearns Building now is. It may have been finished, and possibly occupied by him, but, not paid for, in consequence of the suddenness of his call to the service of the colony, as one of its agents to look after its interests at London. A settlement of accounts may have been deferred until he returned, which all supposed would be in a short time, an expectation cherished by him to the last. The battle of Worcester, however, which occurred Sept.

3d, 1651, put such a face upon the affairs of the mother country, that it seemed probable Mr. Peters's services would be permanently needed there. Gott was accordingly authorized to settle with Orne, conveying to him, for the small sum of two pounds, the whole property, reserving, however, to Peters the right of repurchasing it, if, notwithstanding the then existing appearances, he should, at any time, come back and claim it. The death of Cromwell in 1658, and the events that quickly followed, showed that the days of the Commonwealth were numbered and finished. As the next year drew to a close it became apparent that the restoration of the monarchy was inevitable, and closely impending. The return of Peters became impossible; arrest, attainder, death and confiscation, were hanging over him and his co-patriots. Orne, perhaps, felt that the conditional clause in his deed, rendered the estate liable, and he was glad, before it was too late, to get rid of it by the sale to Price.

Such are the facts so far as known, and the conjectures which they seem to justify, in reference to "the Great Tavern with many peaks." It is interesting to find that certainly on that spot and within those walls, the first institution for a higher intellectual culture, and the diffusion through this community of a taste for literature and science, was organized in 1760; a spot owned by Hugh Peters, and the structure probably erected, and perhaps occupied, by him. He was as highly educated a person as any among the early emigrants, and a zealous promoter of popular intelligence. He took an active part in bringing our college into operation, and made great, although unavailing, exertions to have it established in Salem. One of the objects of his mission to England was to obtain aid for the interests of education here. In

the course of the trial that resulted in his condemnation and execution, addressing the court he said: "I have looked after three things; one was that there might be sound religion. The second was that learning and laws might be maintained. The third, that the poor might be cared for. And I must confess that I have spent most of my time in these things, to this end and purpose." When, in fine, the great activity of Mr. Peters, during his short residence here, in stimulating the energies and faculties of the colonists, and by innumerable methods starting society in the path of improvement and progress—so as to draw from Winthrop the encomium of "laboring, both publicly and privately, to raise up men to a public frame of spirit"—is taken into view, we appreciate the singular appropriateness of the circumstance that the first organized effort to create "a public frame of spirit," in favor of the collection and diffusion of the means of intellectual and scientific culture directly among the people, took place on his ground, and in what was, not improbably, his house.

It is quite evident that, at the time of the formation of the Social Library, interest in philosophical enquiries was a characteristic of the people here, the effect of pre-existing causes, as well as the efficient cause of subsequent developments. The following instance seems to indicate such a prevalent turn of mind only five years afterwards.

In 1766, a lad of thirteen years of age, born and brought up on a farm in Woburn, with only such advantages of education as a country school district then afforded, was apprenticed to John Appleton, grandfather of Dr. John Appleton, the present Assistant Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mr. Appleton's

residence and place of business was on the south side of Essex street, the lot being occupied, at this time, by Dr. George Choate. He carried on a retail variety store, in the style of that day, and was engaged in commercial pursuits in connection with a general traffic. The young apprentice, from early childhood, in his humble rural home, had manifested a taste for mechanical and philosophical amusements, and had delighted in constructing miniature machines, and in rude attempts at drawing and modelling. Here he found an atmosphere so congenial to his original passion that he was stimulated to exercise and exhibit his genius. His curious and various experiments attracted favorable notice, and won for him an established reputation, in an appreciating community. When the repeal of the Stamp-Act, by the British Parliament, had raised an enthusiastic gratification throughout the colonies, the people of Salem were determined to celebrate it in a style of extraordinary and unparalleled brilliancy and impressiveness. It was voted to have a grand display of fireworks. There were no professional pyrotechnists here, and perhaps never had been in the whole country. All, however, knew the mechanical and chemical propensities and attainments of Mr. Appleton's apprentice boy, and he was appointed to conduct the preparations and superintend the exhibition. Some carelessness, not to be wondered at, considering the inexperience of all concerned, led to a premature explosion, and he was so seriously injured, that his life was for a time despaired of, and his health so much affected, as finally to render his removal to his home in Woburn necessary. But the bent of his mind had, in the few years he had lived in Salem, become so fixed that, upon his recovery, he instantly sought and obtained permission

to attend a course of philosophical lectures, delivered in Harvard College. He walked regularly to and from Cambridge, a distance of nine miles to enjoy the privilege. He was then seventeen years of age. He taught country district schools at Bradford and Wilmington, in Massachusetts, and Concord, New Hampshire. All the while he continued his philosophical pursuits, and attracted increased attention, by novel and successful operations, in mechanics and chemistry. By a singular succession of circumstances, he was drawn to a military career in the service of the mother country. He combined qualities that soon gave him great distinction in that line. His scientific attainments and philosophical enquiries, always directed to practical ends, were found of inestimable importance, in fortification, engineering, armament, equipment, subsistence and all sanitary and economical modes of military administration. Gunpowder, as an explosive agent, had ever been a special and favorite subject of experiment and research, not at all checked by the disaster of his boyhood at Salem. His methodical and observing habits of mind, and disposition to classify all details, gave him facilities in mastering military tactics. And, besides, his personal aspect and address were precisely adapted to command preëminence, in the pomp and pageantry, the parades, evolutions, and blazonry of tented fields and marshalled camps. He united with all that was showy and dazzling the sterner wisdom, itself based upon philosophical principles, that made him famous as a disciplinarian. In the whole range of biography, there is nothing more wonderful than such a product as he presents—raised in rustic life, on a New England farm, and in a Salem retail shop—a most finished and polished gentleman, with a commanding presence, and easy cour-

tesy, seldom approached by those upon whom knightly or courtly influences have been shed for indefinite generations. His lofty form, noble bearing, sweet and winning manners, gave to his early manhood a wonderful attractiveness. One of his biographers says: "His grace and personal advantages were early developed. His stature of nearly six feet, his erect figure, his finely formed limbs, his bright blue eyes, his features chiselled in the Roman mould, and his dark auburn hair, rendered him a model of manly beauty." We may well believe that he shone the cynosure of all eyes, at the head of his regiment of dragoons, and that he made a sensation in all circles in London. In 1779 he was elected into the Royal Society, and in 1784, received the honors of Knighthood from the King of Great Britain. Having "introduced a revision of the military exercise, and effected several reformations of acknowledged consequence," in that country, he went to the continent, with a view of offering his services to Austria, then at war with Turkey. Dr. Jacob Bigelow, who wrote the memoir of this remarkable man, read before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, from which I have already quoted, says that "in more than one instance of his life it happened that his fine manly figure and captivating manners were instrumental in deciding his reception among strangers." On his way to Vienna, he was present at a review of Bavarian troops. He appeared, as a spectator, on the ground, mounted and uniformed, according to his rank, as Sir Benjamin Thompson, a colonel of the British cavalry. The commander of the troops was a Duke, and soon after, the King of Bavaria. Attracted by the splendid bearing and aspect of the stranger he sought his acquaintance, and impressed with a deep admiration of his qualities and

attainments, made him his aid-de-camp, chamberlain, member of his council of State, and Lieutenant-general of his armies, and afterwards raised him to the dignity of a Count of the Holy Roman empire. It must commend Sir Benjamin Thompson to the good feeling of every true and high-minded man, that while covered with all these honors at the Court of Munich, he did not forget or fail to avow his attachment to, and pride in, his early humble condition and home in New England. In selecting the distinguishing element of his title as a nobleman, he chose the name that had formerly been given, prior to its change to Concord, to the village in New Hampshire, where, when nineteen years of age, he had taught school and been married—Rumford. He led the armies of Bavaria with distinguished success in an important campaign, and reformed the entire military organization and civil administration of that country. The extraordinary results he secured by the application of philosophical principles, in raising the condition of the whole people, in reducing the burdens of government, and particularly in solving the great problem of statesmanship —abolishing pauperism by bringing it into remedial relations with labor—made his name renowned throughout Europe. Monarchs sought his services, and learned societies and scientific academies in all the great cities conferred upon him their honors. He was commissioned ambassador to Great Britain, but was prevented from acting in that capacity. The old feudal doctrine of perpetual allegiance, not much longer to be tolerated among nations professing to recognize the rights of man, was found—he having been born a British subject—to obstruct his reception, in the official capacity of Bavarian Envoy, by the Court at London. But so warm was the

welcome extended to him unofficially, by the government and all classes of the people, especially men of science and learning, that he was induced to remain some years in England, during which time he secured the establishment of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, whose charter expresses the great object and end of his labors, through his entire career, from his boyish experiments in Woburn and Salem, to his last productions.

The absolute identity of his language with that employed to express one of the designs of the Essex Institute, and the main object of the Peabody Academy, will not fail to be noticed, "for diffusing the knowledge, and facilitating the general introduction of useful mechanical inventions and improvements; and for teaching by philosophical lectures and experiments the application of science to the common purposes of life." His last years were spent at a beautiful seat owned by him within a few miles of Paris.

Count Rumford enlarged, in many important particulars, the scientific knowledge of his day, and published a great number of valuable works. He died, August 21st, 1814, in the sixty-second year of his age, and his Eulogy, before the Institute of France, was pronounced by Cuvier. Some years before his death he gave to the Royal Society of Great Britain one thousand pounds, the interest on which was to be distributed, from time to time, as premiums to the authors of the most useful discoveries in light and heat, and at the same time he transmitted the sum of five thousand dollars, to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the interest to be devoted, in like manner, to the same ends. In grateful remembrance of the institution which had opened its lecture-room to him when a poor country boy, he bequeathed one thousand

dollars annually, with the final reversion of his whole estate, to the University of Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts, as the foundation of a professorship, "to teach, by regular courses of academical and public lectures, accompanied with proper experiments, the utility of the physical and mathematical sciences, for the improvement of the useful arts, and for the extension of the industry, prosperity, happiness and well being of society." Here, again, I cannot but remark that it would have been impossible to frame language into a more perfect expression of the ends pursued by the Essex Institute and Peabody Academy, and to which the life of our late President was devoted.

It will be conceded, I think, that in respect to such a mind as that of Count Rumford, the period of his residence here was most important. It was the age in which the deepest and most durable impressions are made. His faculties were then in their forming stage, and the direction in which they were afterwards to work decisively determined. It was, indeed, fortunate that his awakening and kindling genius was placed under the influences that here surrounded it. His subsequent course, surpassing as it does, in many points of view, all that is found in history or fiction, may be largely ascribed to the intellectual energies put in operation by the men who established the old Salem Social Library.

Richard Kirwan, LL. D., of Dublin, was one of the most distinguished philosophers of his period, and is ranked among eminent writers in chemistry, mineralogy, geology, and kindred sciences. In 1781, a vessel, having on board a valuable library belonging to him, was captured by an American private armed ship, and brought into Beverly, to be disposed of as a prize. The collection

of books was there sold, as a whole, to an association of gentlemen of this town and neighborhood, among whom were the Rev. Manasseh Cutler, LL. D., A. A. S., S. P. A., then the minister of the congregation at Hamilton, afterwards a Representative from this State in Congress, and founder of the State of Ohio, who in the course of his distinguished life adorned each of the three learned professions; the Rev. Joseph Willard, LL. D., S. P. A., of Beverly, afterwards President of Harvard College, and first President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; the Rev. Thomas Barnard, D. D., A. A. S., of the North Church in Salem; Joshua Fisher, M. D., A. A. S., of Beverly, the first President of the Massachusetts Medical Society; the Rev. John Prince, of the First Church, in Salem; and Edward A. Holyoke, M. D., of Salem. They made it the foundation of the Philosophical Library. Justice to the memory of the enlightened merchants, who owned the vessel, Andrew and John Cabot brothers, requires it to be recorded, as a part of the transaction, that they relinquished their share of prize money for the books, and made such arrangements with the other parties in interest, that the whole library came to the association of scholars just named, at a mere nominal price; and the satisfaction, with which the affair will ever be regarded, is rendered complete by the additional fact, that remuneration was subsequently tendered to Dr. Kirwan, but he declined to accept it, expressing gratification that the books had fallen into such hands, and were put to so good a use.

The Social Library and the Philosophical Library were, after some time, consolidated into the "Salem Athenæum," and incorporated, as such, in March, 1810.

The "Essex Historical Society," was incorporated in

1821, and put in operation on the 27th of June of that year.

Such is the history of movements, in an organized form, to give effect to efforts to promote the influence of literature, science, philosophy and history, in this place from 1760 to 1821. It is quite remarkable, that in each stage of the progress a leading part was taken by one man—Dr. Holyoke; he signed the call for the meeting at the house of Mrs. Pratt, and was an original subscriber to the funds then raised to establish the Social Library; he was one of the purchasers of Dr. Kirwan's books, thus coöperating in founding the Philosophical Library; he was the first President of the Salem Athenæum, and also the first President of the Essex Historical Society. The effects of such institutions, and methods of combined action of such men, upon the character of the population in general, may be estimated, in some degree, by considering them in view of the ordinary laws of social influence; but they can only be adequately and fully appreciated by illustrations in detail.

In the earlier portion of this century, when our population was scarcely half of what it now is, and we had barely reached the required constitutional dimensions, but not yet aspired to the dignity, of a city, there were on the list of our inhabitants the names of an extraordinary number of persons, eminent and conspicuous for attainments in science and literature. It is proper to bring them severally before our minds, as we shall thus best appreciate the influences under which the subject of this memoir grew up to manhood.

Edward Augustus Holyoke, LL. D., was President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He added to the learning

and skill that made him, for half a century, The Teacher of his profession, acquisitions of knowledge in various other fields, particularly of Natural Science. He kept up with his times in the several departments of intellectual progress, retaining the effects of an early classical training, and enjoying to the last a relish for the productions of elegant literature. A professional practice of unrivalled duration, accompanied by careful observation and an admirable judgment, made him the great oracle among physicians, large numbers of whom, from all quarters, gathered round him, as the guide of their early studies. Among his pupils were some of the most distinguished medical names of the country; one of them was the late James Jackson, long the revered head of his profession, whose eulogist informs us that he took "his old master, as he always loved to call him, as his model."* Dr. Jackson had explored the whole ground of medical science and practice, at home and abroad, and no man ever more universally enjoyed or deserved the confidence and respect of the community, for discriminating fairness, and sound judgment; and it is stated by the highest authority that he expressed himself thus, concerning Dr. Holyoke: "I can only say of his practice, the longer I have lived, I have thought better and better of it." The "Ethical Essay," a posthumous publication of Dr. Holyoke, commenced in his eighty-sixth, but mostly composed after he had passed his ninetieth year, is a lasting monument of his christian wisdom, and shows that he was entitled, preëminently, to the character of a philosopher, as well as patriarch.

* An Introductory Lecture delivered before the medical class of Harvard University, Nov. 6th, 1867, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.

Timothy Pickering, LL. D., S. P. A., adorned the great spheres in which he had moved in our public and national military and civil service, with scholarly tastes, and a purity, exactness, vigor and impressiveness of style that placed him among our best writers. James Madison pronounced the highest encomium upon his State Papers, while at the head of the department at Washington intrusted with the foreign relations of the country, at a critical period of our diplomatic history.

The Rev. John Prince, LL. D., A. A. S., S. P. A., had a world-wide reputation as a scientific mechanician and discoverer, enlarging the domain of Pneumatics and Astronomy with ingenious constructions, the work of his own hands. His diversified attainments in natural philosophy, and general as well as professional literature, were called into the service of learned institutions, and private students throughout the country, and his judgment, skill and taste employed to aid in the selection and importation of standard books, and the most approved philosophical apparatus. Colleges, academies, and libraries, in all parts of the Union, have now in their lecture-rooms and alcoves, the fruits of their correspondence with him; and machines contrived or improved by him, and constructed in his own laboratory, are still regarded as invaluable, in displaying the wonders of the creation, in the laws and growths of nature, or the starry firmament on high. His home was at once a lecture-room and school of philosophy, ever open to contribute to the delight and instruction of neighbors or strangers, in the diversified methods by which the lucernal microscope, magic lantern, telescope, air-pump, electric jar, or other philosophical machines are put to their uses by a skilful hand. It is impossible to estimate the value or the extent of the

service he thus rendered with glad enthusiasm, and unwearied constancy, all his life long, to ever welcome guests. Many a young mind was thus opened to discern the value, and inspired to pursue the attainments, of science and philosophy. The interest so deeply taken in such subjects, in his early youth, by him whose character we have met to consider, was gratefully attributed, in a large measure, to the happy hours he spent in Dr. Prince's laboratory and library.

Benjamin Lynde Oliver, M. D., A. A. S., was also a philosophical mechanician, illustrating his favorite branches of science by machinery of his own construction, operating upon brass or glass. He was a scientific musician, astronomer and optician; had an exquisite classical and artistic taste, and was an elegant *belles-lettres* scholar and writer.

The Rev. William Bentley, D. D., S. P. A., was eminent as a person of very various attainments in philosophy and literature, of large acquaintance with books beyond the range of ordinary reading, extending his researches to foreign libraries, particularly to oriental sources. He was deeply interested in geographical studies, and always zealously engaged in exploring local antiquities; his multifarious attainments in that line, are illustrated in his "Description and History of Salem," occasional published discourses, and especially in the columns of the local press to which he was a constant contributor. His rare attainments, great benevolence of life, ardent patriotism, originality and independence of character, mental activity, and social spirit, made him altogether a most marked and interesting personage, gave an impulse to the thoughts of men, and left a stamp upon the general intelligence of the community not soon to be effaced or forgotten.

John Dexter Treadwell, M. D., A. A. S., was a man of strong individuality and impressiveness of character, of extensive learning outside of, as well as in, his profession, particularly in the lexicography and interpretation of the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures. His frank and forcible expressions as he moved about among the people in his extensive practice, were suggestive and stimulating to the mental activities of the community.

Nathaniel Bowditch, LL. D., S. P. A., was President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of London. Similar bodies, in the great centres of science in foreign countries, honored themselves by inscribing his great name on their rolls. He was a writer of recognized authority in astronomy and kindred departments. His translation of the "Mecanique Celeste," with the commentary that accompanies and gives completeness to it, places his name where none other stands, by the side of LaPlace. His "Practical Navigator," cannot be displaced as a standard work, and will forever guide the sailor over the trackless deep. As a mathematician he holds the front rank, and will through all coming time. Dr. Bowditch was not, as one would suppose from the amount of hard mental work he performed, a recluse, wholly absorbed by calculation and the solution of profound problems requiring the utmost concentration of mind; he was a social, cheerful, lively man, mixing with the people, more active in practical every day affairs than most persons, with faculties ever free and fresh, in all neighborly, friendly, and domestic relations and circles. The influence of such a character, upon the prevalent ideas of the community in which he lived cannot be overrated.

To show how fully I am sustained in the reasoning

which these instances are cited to support, the following passage from Dr. Bowditch's will is presented:

"Item. It is well known, that the valuable scientific library of the celebrated Dr. Richard Kirwan was, during the revolutionary war, captured in the British channel, on its way to Ireland, by a Beverly privateer; and that, by the liberal and enlightened views of the owners of the vessel, the library thus captured was sold at a very low rate; and in this manner was laid the foundation, upon which has since been successively established, the Philosophical Library, so-called, and the present Salem Athenæum. Thus, in early life, I found near me a better collection of philosophical and scientific works than could be found in any other part of the United States nearer than Philadelphia. And by the kindness of its proprietors I was permitted freely to take books from that library, and to consult and study them at pleasure. This inestimable advantage has made me deeply a debtor to the Salem Athenæum: and I do therefore give to that Institution the sum of one thousand dollars, the income thereof to be forever applied to the promotion of its objects, and the extension of its usefulness."

When we consider that he gave legacies, of the same amount each, to the Salem Marine Society and the East India Marine Society, both which institutions had befriended him or his relations, and which, in their respective spheres, have done so much to raise the character and improve the condition of our maritime population, and take into the account the means and circumstances of the donor, they cannot but be regarded as noble benefactions, and demonstrative of the depth of his gratitude.

If Richard Kirwan could have foreseen the testimony that has just been read, he would have felt his loss more than remunerated, and, in the magnanimous spirit with which he refused pecuniary compensation, given thanks

that his books did not reach their destination, but were diverted to this place. If the institutions, whose influence I am sketching, had done no more than open the path through which the mind of Bowditch advanced to its achievements, they would have amply repaid the public-spirited efforts of their founders. But they raised up and stimulated the intellects of many others, as I proceed to show by continuing the list of those who, at the same time, adorned and illuminated this community.

John Pickering, LL. D., S. P. A., was President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. As a Greek scholar, and lexicographer he had no superior, and his attainments were great in universal Philology, embracing the languages of continental Europe, and extending to Oriental nations. He had made wide researches also in the aboriginal tongues of America. Foreign scholars recognized his name, and welcomed his labors. He was an honorary member of the Academy of Science and Literature of Palermo, and a corresponding member of the Archæological Society of Athens. He was conversant with general literature, a master of the culture derived from all the fields of classic lore, and, at the same time, a learned and active lawyer. Residence in earlier life in diplomatic circles, at European courts, had added to the natural dignity of his presence, and given a polished refinement to the courtesy and gentleness of his manners. An unobtrusive modesty and simplicity of demeanor, an easy recognition of all pleasant and playful phases of conversation, an affectionate geniality, and a pervading kindness of expression towards all descriptions of persons, made him as fine a specimen of what constitutes the real gentleman as can anywhere be found.

Daniel Appleton White, LL. D., A. A. S., was a man of strong intellectual faculties, highly educated, and of extensive attainments beyond the range of his profession. No one among us has been a more earnest or efficient patron of literary and scientific institutions, and traces are here to be found, as monuments exist in a sister city of our county, of his zeal and munificence in the cause of popular education, and the diffusion of the means of knowledge. Scholars, philosophers, and distinguished persons of all sorts, visiting our city, were welcomed to his generous hospitality, while many an humble, but aspiring, student felt the cheering and sustaining influence of his liberal sympathy and substantial aid.

Joseph Story, LL. D., A. A. S., S. P. A., trained the classes in the Law School of our University in all the learning of his profession, and from the Supreme Bench of the Union announced, with acknowledged authority, the interpretation of the Constitution, and the force and limitation of the Statutes of Nation and State. His published works exhaust the topics of judicial lore, and are standard text books in courts at home and abroad. Besides all this he was a public orator, and shone in general literary accomplishments. His eloquence and energy were always at hand to advance the intellectual condition of the people.

Either of these ten men, all living here together, would have been recognized as an intellectual leader and head, in any of our great cities. Combined they were a constellation rarely equalled, anywhere, in any age. They were none of them mere bookish men, standing aloof from the community, but severally among the people, and of the people; to be seen daily, as much as any class of persons, in the streets, social circles, and

places of public resort. They took as active and efficient a part in local affairs as others. They were always in lively contact with their fellow citizens, without reserve, hauteur, or pretension. It is obvious that their influence upon the condition and current of popular thought could not but have been most potent and far reaching.

There were many others, younger men, of marked eminence, adding to the mental stimulus of the place.

Leverett Saltonstall, LL. D., A. A. S., did not forget, while in extensive professional practice, to keep a deep interest in the general culture and higher welfare of the community. Education, fine faculties, fluent speech, a generous and magnanimous nature made him a persuasive and impressive speaker at the bar, and in popular assemblies. Literary tastes, the warmth of his heart, sympathy with all amiable human affections, a manly ease and freedom of address gave him a just influence in private circles, and all associated forms of action. He was an enthusiast in whatever relates to colonial or local history, and the memory of the Fathers. One of the founders of the Essex Historical Society, and always an active member, he was selected to deliver the Address, on the 197th anniversary of the landing of Endicott. The occasion was observed, Sept. 6th, 1825, with much public interest, in the meeting-house of the First Church. A large audience appreciated the ability and eloquence of the discourse, which gave an early and efficient impulse to the commemorative spirit now happily pervading the land.

Benjamin Merrill, LL. D., was a learned lawyer and scholar, the influence of whose pleasant humor, polished and pregnant wit, and acuteness and force of thought enlivened conversation and gave effect to the productions

of his pen in racy articles, long continuing to add attractiveness to the local press, particularly to the Salem Gazette.

David Cummings, a man of strong powers, and prominent at the bar, is well remembered for his ardent natural eloquence at public meetings and in addresses to juries. His pure and noble spirit, and transparent character, secured the respect and confidence of all, while his genial ingenuousness, freshness of thought and expression, acuteness of perception, keen but playful and benignant satire, and an enthusiasm all his own, delighted every circle in which he moved.

Joseph E. Sprague, was early drawn from legal practice into political life, in which few ever bore a more active or efficient part. His facile, rapid, and felicitous pen was always ready to meet the demands of the hour, not merely for party purposes, but to give expression to worthy sentiments on the topics and occurrences that arrested notice from time to time. Like his classmate Merrill, he fully discharged his obligations to the public by using the columns of the Register to promote the intelligence, and guide the thoughts of the people. Saltonstall and Merrill, on one side, and Cummings and Sprague, on the other, were leading actors in political operations, at a time when party passions were exasperated beyond the experience of our day, but so liberal and enlightened were their spirits that the bonds of personal friendship were never severed between them, and they acted cordially together in giving their sympathy and influence to the general welfare and progress of society.

John Glen King, a learned lawyer, had rare classical attainments, and was widely known as one of the choicest

scholars of his period. He studied the writings of the early fathers of the Christian Church to an extent which but few clergymen have equalled.

Reuben Dimond Mussey, M. D., LL. D., A. A. S., was a leading practitioner here, and established a national reputation that ultimately drew him to the West, where he was welcomed as one of the heads of his profession. While in Salem, in 1812 and 1813, he gave courses of lectures on chemistry, imparting such an interest, in this community, to that subject that the thoughts of enterprising business men were particularly turned to it; and as is generally supposed, the Laboratory, incorporated in 1819, which has been in successful operation ever since, manufacturing, on a large scale, aquafortis, muriatic acid, oil of vitriol, blue vitriol and alum, was the result. For many years he had in charge the medical department of Dartmouth College, lecturing on the Theory and Practice of Medicine, Materia Medica, Surgery, and Medical Jurisprudence.

Daniel Oliver M. D., LL. D., A. A. S., was associated with Dr. Mussey in practice, and coöperated in conducting the lectures on chemistry. In 1820, he was elected Professor in the Medical School of Dartmouth College, and also filled the chair of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy there, continuing in the discharge of his duties with high reputation until 1837. Subsequently he was called to a professorship in the college of Ohio. After a brief, but distinguished service in that new and wider field, he was compelled to relinquish his labors by a disease which proved fatal in 1842. He was a learned, able, and accomplished scholar, outside of his profession, of rare attainments in classical, French and German literature. His tastes, manners, and character were

eminently refined, delicate and retiring; but there was, notwithstanding, a universal recognition of his merits. His work entitled "First Lines of Physiology," is a standard authority. The leading collegiate institutions of his own country conferred upon him their diplomas, and he was an honorary member of the Academy of Science and Literature at Palermo.

Henry Alexander Scammell Dearborn, A. A. S., after completing his professional preparation in the office of Judge Story, entered upon the practice of law here, and was early brought into particular notice by addresses on public occasions, and articles in leading journals and magazines. His attention was given to Agriculture as a science and art, especially to Horticulture. No one did more to inspire a taste and interest in such subjects, and in recognition of this fact, the municipal authorities, in laying out a street bordered by proprietors engaged in rearing nurseries of trees and flowers, called it by his name. General Dearborn was the first President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. The traces of his hand are to be seen at Mount Auburn, and the Forest Hills Cemetery in Roxbury, the place of his residence during much of the latter portion of his life. He was long in the public service in local, state, and national offices. He was the author of valuable works relating to commerce and internal improvements, as well as Agriculture; and in the department of biography, naval and military. He wrote, not so much from ambition in authorship, as from the love of literary occupation, and for the gratification of his sense of the beautiful in art, leaving behind him elaborate, exquisitely finished and embellished manuscript volumes, designed as memorials for his friends and family, on Architecture and Flowers;

and also a Life of Christ, in which all the passages of scripture relating to it, are collected and harmonized into a continuous narrative.

Joseph Emerson Worcester, LL. D., A. A. S., passed some years here as a teacher, engaged, at the same time in preparing his Geographical Dictionary or Universal Gazetteer. Publications of this class secured him the honor of election as a corresponding member of the Royal Geographical Society of London. In the Athenæum and private libraries, and the society of our cultivated men and accurate scholars, he was preparing his mind for the great work of his life — that monument of patience, perseverence, judgment, taste and learning — The Dictionary of the English Language.

Thomas Cole, A. A. S., was a thoroughly trained scholar and teacher, conversant with the various departments of science and philosophy, particularly astronomy and meteorology, and occupying the first rank of microscopists, pursuing researches to the minutest recesses of the fields of natural science.

William Gibbs, shrinking from observation with the most sensitive modesty and humility, could not escape being recognized as an antiquarian explorer, as exact, thorough and successful as any we have ever had among us.

Malthus Augustus Ward, M. D., also a person of unobtrusive deportment, in addition to the learning of his profession, pursued the science of natural history with a quiet enthusiasm that conducted him to wide attainments in that department, especially in botany. He removed to Athens, in Georgia, and during the residue of his life was connected with the University there, as Professor in his favorite branch. In that service he exerted an ex-

tensive influence in behalf of science and learning, conferring lasting benefit upon the young men then passing through the academic course. Among his pupils was Alexander H. Stephens, who has expressed to me in the strongest terms the value he and all others attached to Dr. Ward's instructions, gratefully ascribing to him the credit of directing the studies, guiding the tastes, and stimulating the minds of those frequenting his lecture-rooms and participating in explorations and observations of the surrounding region, over which he was wont to lead them, disclosing the beauties and wonders of nature.

Near the close of the period, to which I am referring, in 1820 and 1821, the corps of our enlightened citizens and highly educated men was reinforced by the settlement here of two distinguished clergymen, John Brazer, D. D., A. A. S., Professor of Latin in Harvard University, a ripe classical scholar, of extensive attainments in general, especially in critical, learning, and a writer of unsurpassed clearness, accuracy, and purity of style; and James Flint, D. D., whose mind was also stored with the treasures of classical, as well as sacred literature. Familiar with the best productions in prose and verse of English authors, bearing in his memory all their finest passages, a rich imagination, and free and fervid expression, gave to his private conversation and public discourses, and to occasional poetic pieces that will never be forgotten, the power of eloquence and the stamp of genius.

All these were either early trained in academic discipline, or mainly devoted to studious pursuits. But there were others, self-educated, and engaged in ordinary occupations of active life, foreign from literature or science, who, like the subject of this memoir, found time, notwithstanding, to gratify a love of knowledge by pros-

ecuting, as a recreation and for their private enjoyment, researches in intellectual and philosophical spheres, and whose habits and attainments were well known, and operated as an incentive to others.

Jonathan Webb, an apothecary, attentive to his business and an active and efficient citizen, was an electrician without a superior, retreating, in his leisure hours, to apartments provided for the purpose within his own premises, and filled with apparatus upon which he practiced and experimented, developing the wondrous properties of the element of nature, in whose study he was an enthusiast.

Thomas Spencer, an English emigrant, in the humblest condition, a tallow chandler by trade, and for some time without any means but what were supplied by industrious toil, as a day laborer, after a while became known as a philosophic lover of nature, and a refined and beautiful writer. His lectures, on the forest trees of this neighborhood and on the phenomena of light and the laws of vision, were performances of exquisite finish. Although his condition was originally lowly and obscure, having been born with a pure and gifted genius, and, through all disadvantages, cultivated his mind from childhood, he here soon found friends, and a public that appreciated him. He is still living, his venerable age illuminated by mental and moral accomplishments, an opulent and extensive landholder in one of the richest agricultural counties of England. His history is, indeed, invested with a truly romantic interest. Messages of love, received from time to time, show that he remembers, with affectionate and grateful feelings, the friendship and sympathy he here enjoyed.

There was a young man, employed as a clerk in the

counting-rooms of one of our great merchants, afterwards carrying on, for a while, a retail store, whose exuberant spirits made him the life of all companies, in scenes of innocent social gayety, but who early caught the inspiration of the place, and seized every available moment to enrich his mind by the study of the best English works. Upon reaching an adult age he, at once, made himself felt as a devoted supporter of all movements in favor of the diffusion of knowledge; and to his inspiring activity and contagious enthusiasm, the Essex Historical Society largely owes its origin. After an absence of forty years, during which he was deeply engaged in business, connected with the transaction of extensive commercial affairs, in New York, Europe, and California, he returned with unabated zeal to give, in the last year of his life, an impulse to the Essex Institute it will feel forever. Although always immersed in occupations aside from literature that would have wholly absorbed, if not exhausted, other men, George Atkinson Ward continued the preparation, he here began, to take his place permanently among men of letters. From time to time the productions of his pen gave vivacity to the columns of periodicals; and he lived to complete the fourth edition of his "Journal and Letters of Samuel Curwen." The writings of Judge Curwen were the products and the evidence of the taste and culture that prevailed here during the last century, and the volume in which Mr. Ward presented them to the public, with the value added by his editorial labors, is secure, I am confident, of holding its place, in all coming time, as a standard work, containing much that illustrates the opening of the revolutionary struggle, and giving the best view that ever has been presented, or can ever be obtained, of the interior social condition of the mother country at that period.

Behind the counter of a retail store, on Essex street, at the period now under review, was to be found a person pursuing the daily routine of a most unpretentious life, apparently thinking of nothing else than the accommodation of customers, in the exhibition of his stock, and measuring out, by the yard, linen, cotton, ribbons and tape. He was, apparently, beyond middle life, of a mild and courteous demeanor, quiet, and of few words. There was, it is true, in his mein and manners, a combined gentleness and dignity, that marked him as differing from the common run of men, but nothing to indicate the tenor of his peculiar mental occupations. The leisure hours of that man were employed in patient, minute, comprehensive and far reaching researches in books, quarterly journals, magazines, and political documents, guided by a cultivated taste, keen discrimination, familiarity with the best models of style and thought, and intimate acquaintance with the biographical details of all the prominent public characters of England, and their personal, family, and party relations to each other, that enabled him to grapple with a subject, that was engrossing and defying the ingenuity of them all, and thereby to place himself as a peer among the literati of his day. The most critical and distinguished minds, on both sides of the Atlantic, at that time and for a great length of years, were engaged in elaborate and indefatigable efforts to solve a problem, which more and longer, perhaps, than any similar inquisition, has arrested the curiosity and scrutiny of mankind.

A series of letters, from January, 1769, to January, 1772, appeared in a London paper, the "Public Advertiser," over the signature of "Junius," discussing the conduct of the ministers of government, measures of ad-

ministration, and the characters of living statesmen, in a style of elegance, severity, force and effectiveness, never surpassed, if ever equalled. They were felt and acknowledged then, as they are now, to be masterpieces, in grace of diction and power of thought. In the most wonderful manner their authorship was kept concealed against a pressure that exhausted every form of vigilance and espionage that could be brought to bear. As, week after week, they shook the mind of England and the age to its centre, and flashed before all eyes, as from a galvanic battery, living pictures of the great men of that period, of course they became the subject of universal and most exciting interest, growing deeper and stronger from day to day. Who is the author of these letters? was the question on all lips. To give an idea of the kind of sensation created by them, I present a few specimens of the manner in which their "great unknown" author is spoken of. The writer of the article on the subject in the "Encyclopædia Americana," thus characterizes him. "His style is severe, concise, epigrammatic and polished; his reasoning powerful; his invective unsparing and terrible." Again: "He was evidently acquainted, not only with the court, but with the city; with the history, private intrigues, and secret characters of the great; with the management of the public offices; with the proceedings of Parliament (not then, as since, public); and also with the official underlings, through whom he sometimes condescends to lash their superiors. With this extensive information, he united a boldness, vehemence, and rancor, which, while he spared no one, stopped at nothing, and rendered him an object of terror to those whom he attacked. To use his own language, 'he gathers like a tempest, and all the fury of the ele-

ments bursts upon them at once.'" At first the general suspicion was fixed upon Burke, who alone was thought capable of such wonderful compositions, but he publicly denied being their author, and in a speech in the House of Commons, expressed his opinion of him, "in rancor and venom, the North Briton is as much inferior to him, as in strength, wit, and judgment. King, Lords, and Commons are but the sport of his fury."

Besides Burke, conjecture fell at different times, upon a great variety of persons, among them the Grenvilles, Wilkes, Dunning, Charles Lloyd, John Horne Tooke, Charles Lee, Sir Philip Francis, Hugh Macauley. Boyd, Gibbon, Grattan, Sir William Jones, Horace Walpole, Lords Sackville, Camden, Chatham and Chesterfield.

Among the great minds engaged in discussing this question, and seeking to solve the problem, were Burke, Lord Eldon, the celebrated Dr. Samuel Parr, Sir William Draper, Butler the learned English lawyer, and a host of others. Any number of books were published in England and in America on the subject, and all the literary and political journals lent their columns to elaborate articles pressing theories, based upon prying research and industrious investigations. But all attempts to penetrate the veil, and disperse the shadow the writer had thrown over his name, failed; but still the search continued with unabated earnestness.

It is indeed marvellous that a Salem retail shop-keeper, without any known aid, but from local libraries and the society of persons here eminently conversant with the materials that could shed light upon such a subject, was enabled to enter into this crowd of great contestants for the discovery of the world-engrossing secret, and bear off the palm of victory in such a race. But this, in the

judgment of many most competent to give an opinion, Isaac Newhall did. The writer of the article in the Encyclopædia just quoted, sums up a review of the whole ground by citing the "ingenious" volume, as he pronounces it, published by Mr. Newhall, entitled "Letters on Junius," in which the opinion is maintained that the famous documents were from the pen of Lord Temple, brother of George Grenville; and upon critically examining the evidence presented by Mr. Newhall, declares his hypothesis "probable," saying in conclusion—"if it is not the true one, it is certainly embarrassed with fewer difficulties, than any which have come to our knowledge."

The influence of the examples I have enumerated, heightening the preëxisting tendency of the general intellect and of the then commercial character of the place, which diffused through the whole body of the people knowledge derived from conversance with all nations in all parts of the globe, reached the inmost recesses of society, and was felt in every condition of life. The inspiration was caught by the young, and a bias towards intellectual occupations, and a taste for the pleasures of literature and science, early imparted to many minds. In the opening decades of this century, the eye of a prophet would have detected, in primary and preparatory schools, and among the boys at play in our streets, names now enrolled in the very foremost rank, in the various fields of letters and science. In history—William Hickling Prescott; the higher mathematics—Benjamin Peirce; elegant literature in its most attractive departments—Nathaniel Hawthorne; botany and its kindred branches—John Lewis Russell; magnetism, electricity and chemistry—Charles Grafton Page; and poetry in one of its purest forms—Jones Very.

The sketch now given, has been confined to Salem, The theme is equally fruitful, if the field of view is extended over the whole surface of this part of the commonwealth. I leave to others more competent to do it justice, the grateful task of enumerating the strong minds and characters, adorning the early annals of Ipswich in its original dimensions when the great court town, Andover, Haverhill, the other towns on the Merrimack, especially Newburyport in every stage of its history, Lynn, Marblehead, and all over the county. It can thus be shown that the elements of intellectual culture were sown broadcast throughout the region, and that such characters as have now been enumerated, and as we are preparing particularly to consider, are the spontaneous product of our soil.

The "Essex County Natural History Society" was incorporated in 1836. A young man, a native of our city, engaged in business here as a bookseller, Benjamin Hale Ives, inspired with enthusiasm as a naturalist, awakened especial attention to the subject by articles in the newspapers from his pen, continued from time to time until the movement was effectually started. His early death, in 1837, was a great loss to science, and to the community in all its interests. The first President of the Society was Andrew Nichols, M. D., of Danvers, now Peabody. He was born in 1785 and died in 1853. Learned in his profession, and honored for his worth in all respects, he had tastes and faculties that found their gratification in philosophic pursuits—a dear lover of nature—of an imaginative and poetic temperament,—flowers and trees and the fields and forests they adorn, were to him, as he wandered among them, things not only of beauty, but of life. No one ever explored them with more delight or

studied them more thoroughly. In 1816, Dr. Nichols gave a course of Botanical Lectures in Salem, and always delighted to communicate information, and awaken interest in that department of knowledge. Zoölogy was also one of his favorite subjects of observation and research. He was naturally the chosen leader of those engaged in these fascinating departments of science.

The "Essex County Historical Society" and the "Essex County Natural History Society" were consolidated, under the name of the "Essex Institute," in 1848. Judge Daniel A. White was the first President.

The Essex Institute is the mature growth of the seed planted here more than a century ago, on ground ready to receive it, which came into full flower, in the cluster of great minds adorning this community half a century since, and whose ripened fruit will perennially and forever, we trust, be gathered by all who reach forth their hands to pluck it. Under the care and guidance of devoted scholars and students, whose labors and lives have been given to it, the Institute has become what it is. Their services are appreciated and honored here and elsewhere. While they, and he, so long their Secretary and now their President, around whom they are encircled, who toils for it by day and watches over it by night, whose learning, science, resources and affections are all merged in it, are here to listen, I must not name them. The eulogist and historian, at a future — may it be a long distant — day will have their memories in charge, and then express the gratitude we now can only feel.

By the published volumes of its "Historical Collections" and "Proceedings," and the "American Naturalist"; its field meetings, and meetings for discussions, written and oral, of matters of science, history and literature;

its horticultural and other exhibitions; its already extensive library of books, pamphlets and manuscripts, and its invaluable museum, the Institute has made an achievement, beginning to be universally recognized. In no locality, in the country, has so much been accomplished in exhuming and working the treasures of municipal, civil, and personal history, and in bringing to light antiquities and natural productions, as in this county. For all this we are mainly indebted to the Essex Institute. No writer can trace the origin and history of any of our towns, or portray a passage of our annals, without depending upon resources it has provided, while its explorations are covering every department of natural objects and phenomena.

I have endeavored to explain how the institution and influence of an association, so efficient in its action, and already attracting so wide a notice, can be accounted for, as having been established and wrought to such vigor in this comparatively small and suburban city. The personal memoir, I am now prepared to present, will exhibit, in a particular instance, a striking result of the same operative causes.

Lieutenant Francis Peabody emigrated to this country, at about twenty-one years of age, from St. Albans, Hertfordshire, England, in 1635. He is stated to have first settled in Ipswich, which then included, indefinitely, the territory outside of the present limits of that town to and beyond the Merrimack river. His name is found; as of the grand jury, and on trial juries, from Hampton. As that place was finally decided to be within the limits of New Hampshire, and as he also desired to be "nearer Boston," he sold his estate in Hampton in 1650, and bought land in what is now Topsfield, on its southern

line, near Governor Endicott's Ipswich River farm, where he spent the remainder of his days. By his wife Mary, daughter of Reginald Foster, he had fourteen children, and died in February, 1698, at the age of eighty-four.

His fourth son, Isaac, was born in 1648. The homestead was assigned to him. He died in 1726.

His eldest son, Francis, was born, December 1st, 1694, bore the military title of Cornet, and lived in Middleton, where he died April 23d, 1769.

His eldest son Francis, born September 21st, 1715, was Deacon of the church in Middleton, and died there, December 7th, 1797.

His sixth son, Joseph, was born December 12th, 1757, and died January 5th, 1844. He was one of the most eminent merchants of his day, carrying on a commerce that encircled the globe, and making this port the point of arrival and departure of his richly laden fleet. His eldest son, Joseph Augustus, born in 1796, was graduated at Harvard College in 1816, but commerce was the profession of his choice. His position made him familiar with the business, and he had the qualities enabling him to take the place of his father. The prospects of this town, as connected with foreign trade and its maritime welfare, were considered by the people as identified with him. His pure and amiable character was recognized and appreciated by all; and deep was the sense of a great public misfortune, when he was taken away, in 1828. The day of his funeral, as I well remember, was one of general mourning. The second son of Joseph Peabody, Charles, born December 8th, 1797, was drowned August 10th, 1805. The third named Francis, born July 14th, 1799, died in infancy. The fourth, also

named Francis, was born December 7th, 1801, and is the subject of the present memoir; he was of the fifth descent from the founder of the family in America, and bore his name. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Elias Smith of Middleton.

At ten years of age he was placed in Dummer Academy, at Byfield, under the care of the Rev. Abiel Abbott, D. D., a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1787, originally pastor of a church in Coventry, Connecticut, subsequently at Peterboro', N. H., and whose last years were passed at West Cambridge, where he died in 1859, at the age of ninety-four—one of the best of scholars and of men, loved and revered by his pupils, and honored by all in the varied scenes of his active service. At about twelve years of age, young Peabody was removed to Brighton, where he passed about four years in a select private school, kept by Jacob Newman Knapp, of the Harvard class of 1802; a man of eminent reputation as a scholar and instructor, and especially remembered, as such, by our elderly people. He opened a school here more than sixty-five years ago, Jan. 1, 1803, which continued until 1811. Through his long protracted life, there has been no failure of vigor or activity, his physical and mental powers remaining wholly unimpaired.*

Through his school days, and indeed from early childhood, Francis Peabody gave indications of the tendency of mind that so strikingly marked his maturer years. He was ever exercising his constructive faculties, making miniature machines, trying experiments upon the objects and forces of nature within his reach, and occupy-

* Mr. Knapp died July 27th, 1868, at Walpole, N. H., aged ninety-four years and eight months.

ing all the hours, when free from regular and appointed tasks, in contrivances, manipulations, and drawings.

His regular academic education terminated with his residence at Brighton, and he returned to his home in Salem. The prevalent direction of his thoughts, as just indicated, disinclined him to the general exercises of collegiate establishments. Their purpose is to take the mind before it has received a controlling bias to any particular branch of knowledge, and lead it through the whole circle; make it try all, survey the entire field, and then select for its life-pursuit what it thus finds in most affinity with its own special tastes and faculties. He had found, by tendencies that could not be overruled, and convictions that could not be called into question, even in his earliest boyhood, in what path his mind was designed to travel, and he entered upon it, at once. More than this, his extraordinary activity and mobility of temperament, made the thought of the slow routine and measured pace of collegiate life quite repulsive; and it was wisely concluded not to enforce upon him the completion of his education, by residence in the ordinary way, and for the usual time, at the university. He was allowed, and enabled, to gratify his predilection for scientific and mechanical operations at home; and entered at once, in his own way, upon chemical processes, and the ingenious use of machinery and methods of operation; which, however, before long, were interrupted by a violent sickness in the form of typhus fever, that, for some time, threatened his life, and from which he slowly recovered.

For the purpose of fully reëstablishing his health, a sea voyage was deemed expedient, and he made his first trip across the Atlantic. Early in the summer of 1820,

when eighteen years of age, he took passage in one of his father's ships, the Augustus, to Russia. She was commanded by John Endicott Giddings of Beverly; Jonathan Flint was first mate, Oliver Thayer, second mate, and Samuel Endicott, Jr., supercargo. The crew, as was then almost always the case, was composed of young men belonging to the place and neighborhood. Of course all care was taken to provide everything that would be agreeable or beneficial to a young person not yet entirely relieved of the character of an invalid. Among other things a goat was placed on board for his special comfort and nourishment. The vessel, as usual, made the northern passage, touching at a solitary rocky islet, about half-way between the Orkney and Shetland groups. The nearest land is Samburg Ness, the southern extremity of the Shetlands, from which point its lofty crags are visible. From the island itself nothing is in sight, all around, but the dreary desert ocean. For what reason I know not, nor can imagine, the place is called Fair Island, and, as such, is put done on the maps. It is four miles in length, and two and a half in breadth; and has but one harbor. Its inhabitants are excluded from all cognizance of the rest of the world, except when, as in this case, a passing vessel comes to, in their port. This small desolate spot, alone and a-far-off, in so high a latitude, in the midst of a comparatively unfrequented sea, whose wild storms almost throw their spray over the whole island from shore to shore, has, of course, but a small population, necessarily destitute of many of the comforts of life. Whenever the rare opportunity occurs, they gather upon the deck of the transient visitor, and seek to get what they can; and as they have nothing to give in exchange, have naturally be-

come inveterate beggars. The young passenger, commiserating their destitute condition, and moved by their forlorn entreaties, parted with whatever he could possibly spare of his stores and wardrobe; and to one old man who told a pitiful tale of the infirmities of his sick, famishing, and aged wife, he relinquished his goat. This circumstance, for which I am indebted to our esteemed fellow citizen, Captain Oliver Thayer, is mentioned because it illustrates a trait of character, that may be fittingly noticed in this connection, which Francis Peabody exhibited through life. A more kind and obliging disposition never existed, as all, who have had occasion to be its objects, gratefully remember.

When the vessel was lying at Cronstadt, Mr. Peabody, accompanied by a son of the American Minister at St. Petersburg, made an extensive tour into the interior of Russia, visiting Moscow and other chief points of interest.

Coming home, on her return trip, in the same vessel, he devoted himself, with renewed health and zeal, to his laboratory. The next winter he attended a course of scientific lectures, at Boston, passing regularly over the Turnpike, in all weathers. The next he spent, for the same purpose, in Philadelphia, frequenting its scientific rooms, especially that of Dr. Hare, with whom he formed an acquaintance that soon assumed, and ever after retained, the character of an intimate and mutual personal attachment.

On the 7th of July, 1823, he was married to Martha Endicott, of the seventh descent from the original Governor of the Plantation. Her father, Samuel Endicott, was born, as all his intermediate ancestors had been, on the Orchard Farm.

At every period of his life, while mainly occupied in his favorite studies and pursuits, he was led by the extraordinary activity of his nature, to participate with his whole soul, in whatever was going on around him, in social movements and local interests, that commended themselves to his favorable judgment. About this time his attention was given, with great enthusiasm, to military matters, inheriting the true spirit of a New Englander, transmitted through his ancestors, who had borne titles of honor in rural trainbands. He commanded a battalion of Artillery, and was soon promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, in that arm. In 1825, he was transferred to the Infantry, as Colonel of the 1st Reg., 1st Brig., 2d Div., Massachusetts militia. It was probably much owing to his energy and zeal in the service, that the famous muster, and sham fight, well remembered by our older citizens, took place near Tapley's Brook, in what was then Danvers, on the 6th of October, 1826, in which five regiments of Infantry, one regiment and a battalion of artillery, and a battalion of cavalry took part. Ten light companies were included in the force brought into array on the occasion. The broad plains on both sides of the old road to Lynn, at that point, afforded favorable ground for evolutions, manœuvrings, display, skirmishes, and battle. It was the last great affair of the kind, under the old militia system, when the whole male population, with limited exceptions, within the military age, was enrolled and mustered. There was an entire regiment from Marblehead and another from Beverly. Of the scene exhibited that day I can speak, for I bore part in it, as chaplain of Colonel Peabody's regiment. He had provided me with sword, belt, sash, and the chapeau bras then worn by commissioned, especially

field and staff, officers, and sent a horse to my door. In company with Charles Gideon Putnam, Assistant Surgeon of the Regiment, now President of the Massachusetts Medical Society, I sought a position on a neighboring height. As we were non-combatants and our services would not be needed until casualties occurred, we thought it best to be out of the reach of stray ramrods. The whole ground was spread out to our view, and under a bright, but tempered sun, it was worth beholding. An uncounted multitude darkened the distant acclivities and the level area all around outside of the lines. The roar of artillery, the incessant rattling of infantry fire, the clouds of smoke, the dashing onsets of trampling cavalry, and the final desperate charge by bayonet and sabre of the contending forces simultaneously along the whole line, made the mimic battle complete.

Having exhausted the activities of a military life, it had no charm left for Francis Peabody, and he forthwith gave himself back to his predominating tastes, and to the inexhaustible satisfactions they afforded him. Yielding again, and now once for all, to the spirit of the place, he renewed his philosophical and inventive operations, and engaged in branches of business, manufacturing and commercial, to which they led him; remaining always on hand, however, to bear his part in movements for the general welfare.

I shall sketch his progress somewhat in the order of time, but not undertaking to enter into details; that would require many extended scientific treatises, and explanations and illustrations altogether beyond allowed limits on this occasion.

In 1826 he was mainly occupied in experiments, studies, and calculations connected with the establish-

ment of a business he long carried on, upon a large scale, which has passed into the hands and is now conducted by the "Forest River Lead Company."

Colonel Peabody was among the first to introduce the system of miscellaneous courses of public lectures on scientific and literary subjects, which has since been developed into one of the most efficient agents in advancing the intelligence and general civilization of the people of this country. On the 6th of November, 1827, the Essex Lodge of Freemasons in Salem voted to have a series of literary and scientific lectures, which commenced in January, 1828, and continued to May. Among the lecturers were Thomas Cole, George Choate, Francis Peabody, Jonathan Webb, Malthus A. Ward, and Benjamin F. Browne.

About the same time the Salem Charitable Mechanic Association appointed a committee to provide lectures for the members and their families. On the 24th of January, 1828, the introductory lecture was delivered by Dr. George Choate, who was followed by Caleb Foote, N. J. Lord, John Codman, J. T. Buckingham of Boston, and others.

During the same season Colonel Peabody gave a free course of public lectures in Franklin Hall, on the history and uses of the Steam Engine; and the next season he gave a similar course, in coöperation with Jonathan Webb, on Electricity, in Concert Hall. The display of apparatus, in the course on Electricity, was extensive and complete. The exhibition of machinery in connection with the Steam Engine, provided at the cost of Colonel Peabody, was finer and larger probably than any ever presented in this country. People of all conditions were attracted to the halls, and great interest awakened in

such subjects. Young men, especially those in mechanical employments, appreciated the opportunity, and all were instructed. Among them, it may be mentioned, was Increase Sumner Hill, who is now, and long has been, one of the most distinguished mechanical engineers in America, and recognized as such by the government in the commission he has held for many years, as "United States Inspector of Steam Engines and Boilers."

These numerous lectures awakened, in the whole community, a sense of the value of knowledge and of the importance of its diffusion, which, the very next year took form in the establishment of Lyceums—that is, permanent institutions, for the diffusion of knowledge, by miscellaneous lectures—here and elsewhere through the country. A full history of the proceedings, that led to this result, is a subject that deserves, and will undoubtedly receive, a distinct treatment. I can only touch a few points, such as particularly belong to, or are suggested by, my subject.

Near the close of the year 1829, a notice appeared in the newspapers calling a general meeting to be held at Topsfield, for the purpose of establishing a County Lyceum. What the precise object or plan of those concerned in the call was, could not be gathered from its terms. It was understood, however, that it was designed to provide for lectures to be delivered in that, or some other central place, upon which the people of the county were expected to attend. But it was obvious that an institution of the kind could hardly be made to operate efficiently over so wide an area; and much discussion arose touching the proper manner of bringing the process of lecturing to bear upon the people. The consequence was that a large concourse of gentlemen of influence attended the meet-

ing, which was held in the Academy Hall, at Topsfield, on Wednesday, the 30th of December, 1829. I do not remember ever to have witnessed a more interesting and enlightened assembly. Very animated, earnest and protracted debates took place, and it was finally decided by a full, but close vote, that a County Lyceum, if formed at all, ought to consist of delegates chosen in local Lyceums to be previously established in the several towns and villages. A committee was raised to prepare a circular, a duty assigned to me, to be distributed widely throughout the county, setting forth the advantages that would arise from the organization of such institutions, at all points where an adequate population existed; and a day was fixed for delegates, appointed as aforesaid, to meet and form a County Lyceum. Among those acting a prominent part, at the meeting in Topsfield, were Robert Rantoul, Sr. of Beverly, Rev. Gardner B. Perry of Bradford, Rev. Leonard Withington of Newbury, Rev. Henry C. Wright of West Newbury, Dr. Jeremiah Spofford of East Bradford, now Groveland, Isaac R. How of Haverhill, Rev. Charles C. Sewall of Danvers, and Ichabod Tucker, the Rev. James Flint, D. D., David Cummins, Elisha Mack, George Choate, George Wheatland, Francis Peabody, David Roberts, and Robert Rantoul, Jr., of Salem. A Lyceum had previously been established in Beverly. The gentlemen who had attended the meeting from other places, on returning to their respective towns, immediately applied themselves to carry out its resolves, and the result was the formation of such institutions, in every large town, and populous neighborhood in the county.

Such an entire change has come over the spirit of society, since these institutions have been put into opera-

tion, owing, I doubt not, very much to their influence, that it is impossible for the present generation to estimate or account for the excitement attending, or the resistance made to their introduction. Great activity and energy were required to bring the public mind to appreciate the movement. In this place the end was accomplished by the earnest enthusiasm of particular persons, among the most zealous of whom was the subject of this memoir. The comparatively early death of Robert Rantoul, Jr., authorizes me specially to refer to him with the gratitude due to his services on this occasion. He gave to the cause the whole force of those faculties which subsequently commanded eminent distinction, among the public men of the commonwealth and country, not only as a politician and legislator, but in the higher fields of philanthropby and education.

On Monday evening, January 4th, 1830, a meeting was held at the house of Colonel Peabody, at which the following persons, of this place, were present: Daniel A. White, Ichabod Tucker, A. L. Peirson, Malthus A. Ward, Elisha Mack, David Roberts, N. J. Lord, S. P. Webb, R. Rantoul, Jr., Eben Shillaber, G. Wheatland, B. Tucker, Warwick Palfray, John Walsh, Benjamin Crowninshield, Stephen C. Phillips, Jonathan Webb, W. P. Endicott and Caleb Foote. After full and free consultation, it was voted, on motion of Dr. Peirson, "that it is expedient to establish an institution in Salem, for the purpose of mutual instruction and rational entertainment, by means of lectures, debates," &c. On the 11th of January, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall to promote the same object; and on the 18th, at a meeting in Pickering Hall, the Lyceum was formed, and a President, Vice President, Recording Secretary, Correspond-

ing Secretary, and Treasurer, were chosen. At an adjourned meeting, at the same place, on the 20th, a Board of Directors was elected. These meetings were numerously attended, great interest was manifested, and the elections, by ballot, were accompanied by a lively contest between the supporters of different tickets.*

Great difficulty was experienced in procuring a suitable place for the public meetings of the society, and the delivery of the lectures. Attempts were first made to obtain permission to use the Town Hall. Two or three regularly warned, and quite fully attended town meetings, were held on the subject, and much discussion had, but the application failed. The first lecture, by the President, Judge White, a very able performance, the publication of which was immediately called for, was delivered in the Methodist Church, in Sewall street. A gentleman from Andover, Samuel Merrill, Esq., who came all the way to hear it, expressed the universal sentiment of those who listened to, or have read it, in a well turned and indefinitely self-multiplying compliment, when he thanked the Judge at its close, and said in the fulness of his cordial admiration, that he could not tell which had exceeded, his expectations, or the realization.

The society at once became so large that it was necessary to find some other place of meeting, and the subsequent lectures of the course were delivered in the Universalist church. During the next summer a site was

* The officers elected, at the meetings of January 18th and 20th, were as follows: — President, Daniel A. White; Vice President, Stephen C. Phillips; Recording Secretary, Stephen P. Webb; Corresponding Secretary, Charles W. Upham; Treasurer, Francis Peabody.

Directors: — Leverett Saltonstall, George Choate, William Williams, Rufus Babcock, Malthus A. Ward, Abel L. Peirson, Jonathan Webb, Rufus Choate, Caleb Foote, John Moriarty.

purchased and the Lyceum Building erected. Judge White advanced the requisite funds and Colonel Peabody was chairman of the building committee. In many respects the structure was an improvement upon any before, or elsewhere, erected for such purposes, and maintains its reputation and usefulness to this day. The limited dimensions of the site made it too small to accommodate the whole body of members, who had to be divided into two classes; and the lecture, each week, was repeated on the succeeding evening. For several years no compensation was asked by the lecturers, and the proceeds of the sale of tickets soon cleared the property. No undertaking of the kind, or of any kind of associated enterprise, in this place, has been more successful, and the value of the services of the first President, Daniel A White, first Vice President, Stephen C. Phillips, and first Treasurer, Francis Peabody, cannot be overstated.

There had been a few similar institutions elsewhere before. That in Beverly has been mentioned. Bernard Whitman, whose memory is dear to all who knew him, and must be cherished forever by the friends of truth and progress, had, in 1826, established what he called a Rumford Institute, in Waltham, and there were one or two others, in portions of Worcester and Middlesex counties. But it may safely be said that the proceedings at Topsfield and here, originated the institution as a diffusive energy over the country at large. The very next winter there was a legislative public meeting in the hall of the House of Representatives, in the State House, at which the Governor, Levi Lincoln, presided, for the express purpose of promoting the formation of Lyceums throughout the State, in its several cities, towns and villages. They have now been in operation, all over the country,

for well nigh forty years; and it is for the philosophical historian, to consider and estimate their bearings upon the intellectual, social and moral condition of the whole people. It cannot be questioned that they are a potent engine to accelerate the civilization, and raise the level of society.

The first two courses of lectures were as follows. No. 6 of the second course was delivered in the Lyceum Hall, at its opening, and was especially prepared for the occasion.

FIRST COURSE.

1. Feb. 24, 1830, by D. A. White.—The Advantages of Knowledge.
2. March 3, —— " John Brazer.—Authenticity of Ancient Manuscripts.
3. " 10, —— " Francis Peabody.—Steam Engine.
4. " 17, —— " A. L. Peirson.—Physiology.
5. " 24, —— " George Choate.—Geology.
6. " 31, —— " Thomas Spencer.—Optics.
7. April 6, —— " Charles G. Putnam.—Nervous System.
8. " 13, —— " Thomas Cole.—Astronomy.
9. " 20, —— " [a lecture by E. Everett, on a Workingmen's Party, was read by Stephen C. Phillips].
10. " 27, —— " Stephen C. Phillips.—Public Education, with a sketch of the origin of public schools in Salem.
11. May 4, —— " Henry Colman.—Human Mind.
12. " 11, —— " Joshua B. Flint, Boston.—Respiration.
13. " 18, —— " " " " —Circulation of Blood.
14. " 25, —— " " " " —Digestion.

SECOND COURSE.

1. Dec. 1, 1830, by Rufus Babcock.—Power of Mind.
2. " 8, —— " A. H. Everett, Boston.—Review of the continual progress of the improvement of Mankind.
3. " 15, —— " Alonzo Potter, Boston.—Moral Philosophy.
4. " 29, —— " Malthus A. Ward.—Gardening.
5. Jan. 12, 1831, " Leonard Withington, Newbury.—Historical Probability.

6. Jan. 20, 1831, by Stephen C. Phillips.—The influence of the country and the age on the condition of Mankind.
7. " 25-26, —— " Henry K. Oliver.—Pneumatics.
8. Feb. 1-2, —— " A. L. Peirson.—Biography of Dr. Jenner, and History of Vaccination.
9. " 8-9, —— " Henry K. Oliver.—Solar Eclipse of 1831.
10. " 15-16, —— " George Choate.—Climate and its influence on organic life.
11. " 22-23, —— " Charles W. Upham.—Salem Witchcraft.
12. Mch. 1-2, —— " " " " "
13. " 8-9, —— " Jonathan Webb.—Electricity.
14. " 15-16, —— " " " "
15. " 22-23, —— " A. H. Everett, Boston.—French Revolution.
16. " 29-30, —— " " " " "
17. April 5-6, —— " Thomas Spencer.—Optical Instruments.
18. " 12-13, —— " Malthus A. Ward.—Natural History.
19. " 19-20, —— " " " "
20. " 26-27, —— " Francis Peabody.—Heat.
21. May 3-4, —— " Stephen P. Webb.—Russian History.
22. " 10-11, —— " Edward Everett, Charlestown.—Political Prospects of Europe.
23. " 17-18, —— " Benjamin F. Browne.—Zoölogy.
24. " 24-25, —— " Rufus Choate.—History of Poland.

Before leaving this subject I desire to call attention to the fact, that of the twenty-three gentlemen who took part, as lecturers, in the first two courses, all but five were our own townsmen. This was in accordance with the original design of the institution, which was to develop materials existing among us, encourage home talent, and, here especially, to keep in vigorous action the transmitted love of knowledge. The rapid spread of the system of public lectures, on a permanent footing, very soon led to the formation of a new professional class seeking employment at large. For some years past persons of this description have almost exclusively been called from abroad to lecture in our halls. I would not discourage this practice by other associations, but respect-

fully suggest whether it would not be well for the Salem Lyceum to return to the original plan. If the Directors should seasonably seek out young men, belonging to our own community, and induce them to select subjects, with the whole intervening period between the courses for research and preparation, I am confident that elements enough could be found in our midst to provide lectures from year to year, that would renew the original interest of the whole people, and, for all reasons, prove widely attractive. Let the experiment be tried. It would, I am quite sure, lead to results in which all would be gratified, carry still higher, from year to year, the standard of general intelligence, and perpetuate the scientific and literary reputation and preëminence of our city.

About the year 1833, Colonel Peabody built the Paper Mills in Middleton. Afterwards he commenced, on a large scale, the business of refining Sperm and Right Whale Oil, and the manufacture of candles. He also erected Linseed Oil Mills at Middleton. In initiating these various branches of business he carried out the results of experiments made in his private laboratory. Much of the machinery, and many of the methods of operation, in all of them, were derived from scientific works in his library, and from the application of his inventive and contriving faculties, under philosophical principles, to the minutest as well as the most complicated details.

Early in 1837, he took a leading part in the preliminary consultations that led to the establishment of the Harmony Grove Cemetery. He presided at the first public meeting, held in Lyceum Hall, February 24th, 1837, to promote the object. Proceedings were interrupted for a time. At a public meeting, September 6th, 1839, he was made chairman of a committee to purchase

the grounds. On the 4th of October, 1839, a committee, of which he was also chairman, was entrusted with the superintendency of the work, and under its direction the ground was laid out, with avenues and paths. He prepared the model of the keeper's house; and the rustic arch and gate-way, at the eastern entrance, was planned by him, and constructed under his immediate inspection, combining all the solidity and simplicity that stone can give, with a vestment of living verdure, ever thickening, as the tendrils spread and clasp it, from year to year. He is the first named in the Act of Incorporation, passed February 19, 1840; and his taste, judgment, and active service were appreciated by his associates throughout.

With the subject of architecture, in its character as a science, he had made himself specially and thoroughly acquainted by the study of authorities, and careful observations in his frequent and extensive foreign travels. In what is called Decorative Architecture he had no superior. The construction of his buildings, and the conveniences and adornments of them, were all his own. The arrangements, in detail, of his town house, display his unsurpassed taste, skill, and genius, in this department. His elegant seat at Kernwood, and the configuration and style of the grounds, with all their embellishments, and all their utilities, were from plans prepared by him. Some articles of furniture were selected and purchased abroad, but a large proportion of them, in each of his residences, were from models devised, or drawings executed by his direction, in his workshop, under his own eye, and to a considerable extent, by his own hands. In many particulars of beauty, richness and convenience, they have rarely been equalled. The ornamentation of the interior of the North Church in this city—so much and justly

admired — walls, ceiling, orchestra, organ frame, gallery and lights — was wholly designed by him, and executed under his sole direction.

His Wind-mill, a skilfully planned and very ingenious machine, upon novel principles, is much used in some of the Western States. The entire structure revolves to meet the direction of the current of air. The fans, of boards or plank, adjust themselves to the force of the wind, and, in fact, the entire machinery works more smoothly, steadily and equably, the stronger it blows. One of them, on the estate at Kernwood, draws from a well, at some distance, and a depth of sixty feet, all the water used in that establishment. Another, a flour mill, constructed on similar principles, but of much larger dimensions, stands on the same premises.

The application of science to practical and useful arts was not only the unwearied labor, but the happy entertainment of his life. For only a few of his innumerable improvements in this department did he procure patent rights, and only in some of them prosecute the results of his contrivances, in actual business operations for the sake of emolument. From time to time many ingenious coöperatives were employed by him, and have derived benefits to themselves, in subsequent periods of their lives, and in other spheres of action, from processes wrought out in his laboratory and workshop, by his and their joint labors, but at his expense. His habit was, when a new subject of research, or the possibility of effecting any particular improvement in the use of mechanical or chemical forces, occurred to him, to learn, in the first instance, all that had been written or accomplished by others in the matter. He would send abroad for the best and latest publications relating to it, and

procure, at any cost, all drawings, descriptions, or instruments that would illustrate it. In this way he collected a library and apparatus of the choicest and most valuable sort, and of the greatest variety and extent. After studying the whole subject, in the use of these means, he would betake himself to his laboratory, and never weary in experiments and operations until he had accomplished the desired result, or become convinced that it was beyond attainment. As soon, in any case, as the requisite conditions were secured and the designed machine completed, or the attempt found impracticable, he would turn to some other project. The consequence is that he has left, to be used by others, the fruits of his toils. His musical instruments, for instance, constructed upon the most ingenious principles, have never been put to use, or brought before the public; and the melodeons and organs constructed by him in the most finished, compact, simple, economical and beautiful forms, adapted either to pipes or reeds, in which the use of the fingers of the performer, or the hands of a blower, may be dispensed with, are to be seen only in his own private manufactory. They were the results of the studies, contrivances and labors of his last years, and had just been completed.

He had no ambition to acquire celebrity as a man of science, but only aimed to gratify his own mind in the pursuit of knowledge, and to turn his experiments and researches to practical and useful purposes. His active devotion to philosophical enquiries and operations, did not, however, escape observation. His zealous labors were appreciated by all engaged in similar investigations, and interested in scientific culture and advancement. A quarter of a century ago he was elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

In the course of his life, he made, I believe, no less than eight visits to Europe, some of them quite protracted. In most cases his family accompanied him. They were not made to escape from the tediousness of life at home, or to conform with the fashion of people in like circumstances with himself, but for purposes of health, in the gratification of his active nature, and to gather materials for the better development of his zeal for scientific improvement. While abroad he was always on the watch to find and explore whatever illustrated the application of philosophical principles to useful arts, and to keep up with the progress of mechanism. He was recognized, as a familiar acquaintance, in the workshops of ingenious artisans in all the great cities, and wherever the processes of skill and ingenuity, in the analysis of the elements of nature and the application of its capacities and forces, were carried to the highest exemplification; and he would come back to his own laboratory with renewed enthusiasm, wider views, more enlarged knowledge, and more earnest desires to turn to practical account the discoveries of the age.

His attention, on one of these occasions, for instance, while in Paris, was drawn to aluminium, and the properties it possesses. He procured a quantity of the metal upon which to experiment on his return. Some time after reaching home he carried a parcel of it to our respected fellow citizen, Dr. J. E. Fisk, and gave it to him, saying that it was susceptible of a use that would revolutionize the art of dentistry. Dr. Fisk carried out his suggestions, and aluminium is now generally used everywhere, superseding silver, and from it lightness preferable to gold. I mention this, not merely because it shows how Colonel Peabody occupied his thoughts, and

exercised his observation while abroad, and the free and liberal use he made of the new ideas there obtained, but also because it presents a singular instance of several minds, placed beyond possible intercommunication, being simultaneously led to the same discovery. When Colonel Peabody made his communication to Dr. Fisk, he supposed that the suggestion was peculiar to himself, and they both took the matter in hand, of the application of aluminium to the particular purpose conjectured, with all the interest and earnestness attending an original experiment. The Doctor found the result perfectly successful, and introduced the great improvement into his practice. But the next "Dental News Letter," the periodical journal of that branch of the Medical Profession, contained an article which showed that Dr. Van Denburgh, of Oswego, New York, at the very time when Dr. Fisk was making out of the lump Colonel Peabody had brought to him for the purpose dental plates of pure aluminium, was doing the same thing without any suspicion that the thought had occurred to another person; and it turned out that, four years before, a patent had been granted in England to a dentist there, for the same object, but that no general publicity, at least out of England, had been given to the improvement. We have here, therefore, a case, in which three minds, entirely separate from each other, travelling over different paths, came together at the same point, in an application of scientific research, to a discovery of great practical importance.

At this point it may be most proper, as the review of Colonel Peabody's operations, in the search of scientific truth, and in effectual applications of it in manufacturing and commercial pursuits, is drawing to a close, to insert the following letters, addressed to me, from persons

whose recollections specially enable them to speak upon the subject:

"EAST, BOSTON, MASS., March 16, 1868.

Your note of the 14th inst., in reference to my recollections of the scientific lectures of our late esteemed friend, Francis Peabody, during the years 1828 and 1829, is before me.

In reply, I can only state, that at the time named, I was about twenty-one years of age, and was beginning to be interested in the *Steam Engine*, and in Natural Philosophy generally. A few years previous to these dates, I became acquainted with Joseph Dixon (now of Jersey City, N. J.), and with him generally attended Mr. Peabody's lectures in Salem. At that time, being somewhat acquainted with practical mechanics, I was frequently employed by Mr. Peabody in repairing or constructing some of his apparatus, which embraced all that was then known of the *Steam Engine*, *Electricity*, *Pneumatics*, *Hydraulics*, *Chemistry*, *etc.*, but Mr. Dixon was his *right hand* man, and had the general management and manipulation of all Mr. Peabody's apparatus during the progress of the lectures, thereby relieving Mr. Peabody from making the experiments himself before the audience, and giving Mr. Dixon the opportunity of manipulating, at which he was an *expert* and entirely at home.

From my long acquaintance and unbroken intimacy with Colonel Peabody, I formed the opinion that he possessed a vast fund of theoretical knowledge upon all the subjects before named, and as a *practical* Chemist, he occupied the front rank. In his later years he frequently ultimated this knowledge in various kinds of manufactures, which seemingly was the love of his life. He was ever of a genial and happy disposition, and nothing gave him greater satisfaction than to be able to answer any questions relating to these interesting subjects.

I am, Sir, most respectfully,

Yours, etc.,

INCREASE S. HILL,

U. S. Inspector of Steam Vessels.

In a letter recently received in this city, from Mr. Dixon, the gentleman referred to by Mr. Hill, he says of Colonel Peabody, that he "had great love for chemical and mechanical knowledge, and a high appreciation of whatever seemed a step forward, in the practical application of science to the arts."

The following is from James Kimball, Esq., President of the Salem Charitable Mechanic Association:

"SALEM, March, 25th, 1868.

Understanding that you have accepted the invitation of the Essex Institute to prepare a Memoir of the late Colonel Francis Peabody, it has been suggested to me, that I give you my recollections of his connection with the introduction of popular lectures as a means of instruction, in the various departments of Scientific Investigation.

In December, 1827, the Mechanic Association of Salem, appointed a Committee to consider the expediency of instituting a course of lectures; at this time I was the acting librarian of the Mechanic Library, and had the opportunity of knowing the views of those most interested in their establishment, and their report, favorable to the proposed object, was based upon the encouragement and coöperation tendered to them by Colonel Peabody, who entered with all the enthusiasm of his nature into the work, and commenced the preparation of a series of lectures on Steam, and its application to the Mechanic Arts.

The first series of lectures delivered by him was in the Franklin Hall. They were practical, as well as experimental, and were illustrated by his valuable and extensive working models. Some of his Steam Engines were of sufficient power to run a common lathe.

I remember well that, in his illustrations of the application of steam as a motive power, he exhibited all the improvements, of any note, that had been made up to that period, with working models of the various inventions from the earliest and simplest application of steam as a motive power, up to the later discoveries and inventions of Watt and others.

It was understood, at that time, that no public institution could exhibit so varied and valuable a collection of working models as Mr. Peabody possessed and used in the illustration of these lectures.

The next season he prepared a Course of Lectures on Chemistry, Electricity, and Pneumatics, in which he was assisted by Dr. Jonathan Webb, a practical chemist and apothecary of that day. These were delivered in Concert Hall, on Central street, and were illustrated by the apparatus of Mr. Peabody. In his lectures on Electricity he used a new machine constructed for himself, which was said to have been the largest in the country; the glass plate wheel of which he had imported from Germany, at great cost. I think it was stated to be $1,500.

Colonel Peabody was admitted a member of the Mechanic Association in 1833, and styled himself a manufacturer.

I feel very confident that the influence of these lectures, on the young mechanics of that day, was productive of greater good than all other sources of investigation and study which had ever before been opened to them, awakening and stimulating the mind by their freshness, and by the practical application of principles which were new to them, and but for the interest of the lecturer in the investigation of theories as well as principles, and his desire to impart to others whatever interested himself, would have lost a part of their usefulness by being hid from those who were most likely to be benefited.

I have frequently, since that time, met those who attended these early lectures, who have referred to them as being their incentives to further study and investigation; and many of those who have distinguished themselves as master mechanics and inventors, have attributed much of their success to the opportunities afforded, and the inspiration given them, by the interest taken in their instruction by one who was desirous of imparting to others whatever his means and advantages had enabled him to accomplish.

I have thus presented to you my recollections of this period, and feel very confident that I have not overstated, but have rather come short of the facts. If they will aid you, in the least, they are at your service.

Our associate, Henry M. Brooks, clerk of the Forest River Lead Company, has kindly communicated the following minutes:

"Colonel Peabody commenced the White Lead business somewhere about 1826, in South Salem, where LaGrange street now is. In 1830, he bought Wyman's Mills, now known as the Forest River Mills, which were sold to the Forest River Lead Company, in 1843. Mr. Peabody carried on the lead business until the latter date, and manufactured, very extensively White Lead, Sheet Lead, and Lead Pipe. About 1833 he built the Paper Mills at Middleton, and made book and printing paper of the very best quality, until he disposed of that property in 1843. From 1833 to 1837 he sold largely to Gales and Seaton, the celebrated printers and publishers in Washington. When Mr. Prescott was about commencing the publication of his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," the first edition of which was to be brought out simultaneously in this country and in England, he sent for Mr. Peabody and showed him his samples of English paper, and was very desirous to have the American copies equal, if not superior, to the English, and for that purpose contracted with Mr. Peabody to furnish him with the paper. The quality of the paper, which Mr. Peabody

manufactured expressly for this work, was very satisfactory to Mr. Prescott, and was considered a very superior article, and probably the best paper which could then have been made in the country. Peabody's paper for blank books was well known among stationers as the best in the market.

About 1836, Mr. Peabody commenced, in South Salem, the business of refining Sperm and Whale Oil, and the manufacture of Sperm Candles. In one year he purchased $100,000 worth of Sperm Oil, and $50,000 worth of Whale Oil. His candles had a great reputation both at home and abroad. He imported the first braiding machine and made the first candles with the braided wick, then considered a great improvement over the common wick. About 1837, Mr. Peabody built Linseed Oil Mills at Middleton, and went largely into the business of making Linseed Oil, importing his flax seed from Europe and from Calcutta. In order to procure larger supplies of seed he chartered, in 1841, the ship General Harrison, and the same year purchased the ship Isaac Hicks, and the next year, the ship New Jersey. These vessels he sent to Calcutta, and they returned to Salem with cargoes of Calcutta goods, and great quantities of Linseed. When the New Jersey arrived in Salem in 1843, it was said that she was the largest merchantman that had ever discharged a cargo here. She registered between 600 and 700 tons, and was a great carrier. The Linseed Oil, like all the other articles manufactured by Mr. Peabody, was of the best quality. At that time there was only one other Linseed Mill in this part of the country, namely, that belonging to Mr. Stearns, at Medford.

Mr. Peabody also shipped to London large quantities of Linseed Cake, used extensively in England for feeding cattle. From this statement it will be seen that Mr. Peabody at one time carried on the following branches of business, namely, White Lead, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Linseed Oil, Sperm and Whale Oil, Sperm Candles and Paper, employing directly and indirectly a great number of men. There were at one time commission houses in New York and Boston employed almost exclusively with his business. The well known firm of Chandler and Howard, in Boston, may be mentioned as an instance. To do the same amount of business Mr. Peabody did when he was manufacturing largely, would now probably involve a capital of over a million of dollars."

Colonel Peabody's manufacturing and commercial operations in Linseed, described by Mr. Brooks, led him to pay particular attention to flax, especially a valuable

species of it, grown in Bengal. The plant there reaches a considerable height, and its bark yields the finest and longest strands. The lower part, or but-end, is quite thick, the bark rough, containing irregular threads, of a very short staple. Regarded by the natives as a refuse portion of the shrub, it can be obtained of them at a very low price. He procured some of these but-ends, and went to work upon them in a building erected for the purpose at Kernwood, until he had matured the requisite machinery to disengage and straighten out the fibres, and twist and weld them into continuous threads; and finally succeeded in producing, out of them, cotton bagging of a superior quality. His factory for this purpose, and the first of the kind ever contrived, recently established here on a large scale, gives employment to a great number of persons. The article wrought in it is called Jute, from the name of the district in Bengal (Chotee) from which the raw material is obtained.

His enterprise and liberality, stimulated by the lively interest he felt in our local annals and antiquities, and his reverence for the memory of the first settlers of this place, took effect in one great service, never to be forgotten, in the historical department of the Essex Institute. It is a matter of record that, in 1670, the Meeting-house of the First Church was superseded by a new one, and that the old building, consisting of two parts, one erected in 1634, the other an enlargement made in 1639, was thereafter used for various purposes, and ultimately removed from its original site. Tradition, supported by a strong array of certificates from certain individuals who had enjoyed favorable opportunities of receiving information on the subject, and which had long been current, pointed to a building owned by Mr. David Nichols,

standing on his premises, in the rear of the tanneries, under the brow of Witch Hill, as the original part of the primitive Meeting-house—that erected in 1634. It was precisely of the same length, breadth, and height, consisting of a single room, with plastered walls and ceiling, and a garret. It had been used for some time as a lumber-room, but was in a state of decay that would not long have allowed of its being serviceable even in that way. The story was, that at an early period it had been occupied as a wayfarer's inn, a stopping place on the original road from Salem to Lynn; also the only one then travelled between the interior and Marblehead. If it was the veritable Meeting-house, it had, as we know, been used, still earlier in its intermediate history, as a school house. The subject was investigated by the Essex Institute. Mr. Nichols presented the building, and the Salem Athenæum gave a site for it, where it now stands, in the rear of Plummer Hall. Colonel Peabody, who, with the late George A. Ward, had taken a leading interest in the matter, offered to assume the entire expense of the operation of removal and reconstruction. He proceeded, with careful workmen, to direct and superintend the process of taking it to pieces. It was certain from expressions in the record, that, when used as a Meeting-house, there was a gallery at one end, of which, however, at this time, there was no appearance, in the aspect of the room. This circumstance had introduced some perplexity and thrown doubt over the whole subject. There were, however, two upright posts, of great size, equal to that of the corner or main posts, standing opposite to each other, about one third of the distance from one end of the building, and an equally large transverse beam resting on their tops. Why these posts, and the beam above the ceiling

connecting them, were placed at one-third instead of one-half the distance in the length of the building, was the question. At first it was thought to favor the supposition that there had been a gallery, which would have confirmed the tradition; for no other use than that of a Meeting-house would have required, or allowed of, a gallery. But there was not height enough, under the rafters, and above the transverse beam, resting as it did on the top of the upright posts and the plate of the frame; and this seemed to negative the idea that the transverse beam was designed to support a gallery. The upright posts had been coated over with some sort of mortar and whitewashed. Upon breaking and picking it off, the original mortices were revealed a few feet below the ceiling, exactly of the size to receive the tenons of the transverse beam, with a shoulder in the upright post at the same point, so that the bearing should be not only upon the tenons, but upon the body of the posts and beam. In knocking away the plaster from the plate, or transverse beam, at the nearest end of the building, grooves were found fitted to receive the upper ends of the joists upon which the floor of the gallery was laid. It seems that when the building was converted to the use of a school room, or when used for any other purpose, the gallery, being found an obstruction and incumbrance, was put out of the way, by raising the front beam on which it rested up to the top of the posts, and a clear ceiling spread under it. No discovery in astronomy, electricity, or other field of science, or search of antiquarian, was ever received with more enthusiastic gratification, than filled the minds of all engaged in the work when these mortices and grooves were brought to light. So much as was undecayed of the timbers and rafters,

was put up, on the new site, with new material to supply what had mouldered away, and the building stands complete again.

The manner in which the whole thing was done, the carefulness and good judgment with which the half-perished old structure was taken down and removed, and the thoroughness and exactness with which it has been restored, attest the skill, energy, liberality, public spirit, and reverence for the First Fathers of our country, which marked the character of our late President. The venerable building, thus rescued from farther decay, standing on ground contiguous to his own garden, and near the scene of his scientific explorations and experiments, may well be regarded as his monument. As a relic of our American antiquity it is unique and precious, endeared by sacred associations to the hearts of Patriots and Christians. In former ages, tens and hundreds of thousands of pilgrims flocked, year after year, from the whole catholic, which was then the whole European, world, to pay devout homage to what was believed by them to be the house in which the mother of the Saviour dwelt. Here is our Loretto, and this the Santa Casa, to be visited by all, in coming ages, and from foreign lands, who share in the enlightened interest, ever deepening and spreading as civilization advances, that consecrates the memory of the founders of the free institutions of the New World.

Daniel A. White, the first President of the Essex Institute, continued in office until his death in 1861. Asahel Huntington, who succeeded him, retired in 1865; and Francis Peabody was, in the same year, elected to the office. Soon after he visited England and the continent. At this time he undoubtedly communicated to his kinsman, George Peabody of London, a full account of the

history, condition, and usefulness of the Institute. A warm friendship had long been cherished between him and the Great Philanthropist, who reposed entire confidence in his character and judgment, and was therefore disposed to enter heartily into his views; and our society was included within the scope of that noble scheme of munificence which has showered such unparalleled benefactions upon Europe and America.* The endowment of the Peabody Academy has placed the scientific part of the Essex Institute on a foundation that secures its permanent preëminence as a School of Philosophy and the Arts. The historical department, at the same time, has been relieved of a large portion of its burden, and indirectly benefited in various ways. It has, thus far, been sustained by the devoted zeal of uncompensated laborers, and the friendly influence of an appreciating community. It will continue its great work in the same spirit and with the same support. Its claims will meet the response of a grateful public; generous hearts will warm towards it, and benefactors be raised up to carry it onward; so that we may now feel sure that ultimately the hopes and prayers of the first colonists here will be realized. We shall not, indeed, have a college, but we shall have an institution that, in its proper sphere, will bear the character of a University. The application of philosophy to life, and the elucidation of our early history, will reach a point not elsewhere surpassed. The Peabody Academy of Science, and the Essex Institute, working side by

* George Peabody, of London, is a descendant of John, who was born in 1642, the eldest son of the founder of the family in America, the first Francis. John's third son, David, was born in 1678. His third son, David, was born in 1724. His second son, Thomas, was born in 1762. His fourth son, GEORGE, was born February 18th, 1795.

side, or consolidated into a grand scheme of knowledge, combining the highest classic titles ever given to seats of learning, the "Peabody Academy of Science and the Essex Institute of Natural and Civil History," will make this another Athens. The fact that one man, our lamented President, was, at the head of both the Academy and the Institute, foreshadows this happy consummation.

Colonel Peabody had strong family and domestic affections. The death of a beloved daughter, on the 12th of December, 1866, produced a shock from which he never recovered. She was worthy of the love and admiration with which all who knew regarded her, and was endeared to her father by earnest and active sympathy in his favorite pursuits, and by embellishments given to his works by her refined taste, and delicate pencil. She died away from home; and the intelligence came unexpectedly upon him. Although he bore it with manly firmness, and the devout submission of a christian, it could not fail to be noticed that his spirit never fully rose again to its accustomed buoyancy. The blow reached the vital centre of his being, and the effect on his general health soon became quite manifest. It was followed, on the 20th of January, 1867, with a slight apoplectic attack, which was repeated on the 2d of September.

After the death of his daughter I had a long conversation with him, in which he laid bare before me the sentiment of his soul under the bereavement; and I can truly say that I have never witnessed a stronger manifestation of the resignation and faith, that are the highest and last attainments of a follower of the Saviour. His spirit bowed in humble but elevated recognition of the Providence that orders and numbers our days, and was sustained by the consolations and reflections that will come,

under such an affliction, bringing peace to a believing and thoughtful mind.

About the time of the announcement of the donation by his friend and kinsman for the advancement of science among us, in developing some of his views as to its proper application, he expressed to me the expectation that he should not live long, and might at any moment be taken away. He spoke on the subject with perfect calmness, and in a manner to convince me that his thoughts and views had been brought to a state of perparation for the summons whenever it should come. He entered particularly upon the consideration of such an event in connection with his plans as charged with the trust of organizing the Academy in accordance with the purposes, and fulfilment of the wishes, of its illustrious founder. This led to general remarks on the subject of death, especially if it should suddenly come, and he expressed the idea, that he felt no anxiety, and allowed himself to indulge no preferences, as to the time or mode of its occurrence, but experienced entire relief in leaving all to a Providence that was infinitely wise and benignant. I was much impressed with the seriousness, sincerity, perfect acquiescence of spirit, and devout submission to the Divine will, he manifested throughout. His instincts were religious, and had ever been cherished by reflection, and strengthened by habit. The sentiments he expressed were evidently such as he had long entertained, of the willingness and readiness, with which every child of God ought to commit life and events to the disposal of The Father.

During the month of October he continued to fail. On the afternoon of the 29th, when standing at the window of his chamber, looking out upon the cold and blustering

autumnal air, and following the foliage, falling from the branches that had sustained its life, blown hither and thither, and strown on the ground, he said, "we do all fade as a leaf," and immediately turned to his bed. He fell, at once, into a quiet and gentle sleep from which he never awoke in the body. Not a pang, nor a struggle, nor a movement, told when his spirit passed away. His death, only indicated by his ceasing to breathe, was in the evening of the 31st of October, 1867.

In looking over the memoir that has now been presented, justice requires me again to state, that it is but a cursory and quite imperfect enumeration of the scientific and mechanical operations in which the life of Francis Peabody was employed. Fully described, they would require a minute technical analysis such as only persons particularly conversant with such subjects could present; and ranging, as they do, over so many distinct departments, demand separate treatises. In the course of the narrative many traits of his character have incidentally been given. Some general views of it may properly be offered in conclusion.

Colonel Peabody was a business man of marked energy, exactitude and capacity. As a manufacturer and merchant his transactions showed sagacity, prudence, and intelligence. Like all his other engagements, they were suggested and guided by his predominating taste for scientific pursuits, and the knowledge thus acquired. His business operations were illustrations, on a large scale, of the application of philosophy to practical objects. His experiments and studies were, in one sense, kept in subordination to his business, and never allowed to occupy his time or engross his thoughts, to the disadvantage of any important interests in which he was

concerned. Although all but profuse in the expenditure of money in the prosecution of investigations, he was never wasteful, inconsiderate, or careless in its use. He exercised his own judgment in the application of his means, made his outlays in such directions as he saw fit, and could not easily be drawn upon by inducements, addressed to the love of applause or popularity. His own idea of the methods in which he could best promote the public welfare ruled his conduct. In concluding a bargain or a purchase of any kind, he was not to be imposed upon, and, in no degree, did his enthusiasm in favorite pursuits detract from his vigilance or caution as a business man. He was as thorough, skilful and extensive a merchant, as if commerce had been his only employment. For some years before his death he managed a trade, and owned a tonnage, equal to that of his father, when the ships of that great merchant frequented every port of the Altantic shore of Europe from the Baltic to Gibralter, around the Mediterranean, and in both the Indies. And what was most extraordinary, with all his ships, cargoes, manufactures, building houses, embellishing estates, experiments in the laboratory, operations in the workshop, and the study of authorities from the shelves and cases of his library, he was, as much as any man among us, on hand to participate in local interests or social movements, ready to attend to any call for consultation or coöperation, and apparently at leisure to enjoy intercourse, or engage in conversation, with any one at any time. Always busy, but never in such a hurry that he could not stop to converse with friends or townsmen, as met by the way — with time to spare for all the demands of family, neighborhood, or society. The activity and elasticity of his faculties never failed. His inexhaustible spirits sup-

plied both mind and body with inexhaustible strength. He was never known to be tired, and did not seem to need rest. His business and his amusements were so organized that they never interfered with each other. His multifarious engagements were so methodized that he could, whenever he chose, fly away from them; but present or absent, his business went on, his vessels kept under sail, and the wheels of his mills continued to revolve. Few men have done more work, and few have found more gratification outside of what is ordinarily called work. In this respect he was remarkably successful in solving the problem of life. He experienced an equal exhilaration, in meeting its obligations and enjoying its pleasures. He turned its labors into pleasures, and kept the heart in sunshine however dark the cloud over head.

He must be allowed to have been one of the most useful persons we have ever had among us. The period of his activity in the affairs of society embraced nearly half a century, and, from first to last, he spread activity around him. The various industrial enterprises he started, the institutions of usefulness he helped to establish, and the numbers he brought into employment in several departments of business and labor, constitute an aggregate scarcely to be estimated, and not often to be traced to one originating mind. At the time of his death, and for many years before, it is probable that, at least three hundred persons were profitably occupied in carrying on his business by sea and by land, in trades, arts, labors, and handicraft of all sorts. And it is observable that the employments he thus opened will continue to diffuse their benefits and privileges to countless numbers indefinitely; for experience has shown that his enterprises were the result of good judgment and stand the test of

time. The machines he improved and constructed, the processes he introduced, the manufactures he set in motion, lead works, paper oil and jute mills, some of them passed into other hands, are still, and probably always will be, in vigorous and prosperous action. The buildings he erected or embellished, the lecture-room he designed, like his stone arch at Harmony Grove, have durability impressed on them, survive their constructor, and bid fair to survive the lapse of generations.

He was a good citizen in all respects, regarding with interest the advancement of society, and retaining to the end a disposition to aid in all enterprises that commended themselves to his judgment. While always ready to act with others, he was often in a minority upon local as well as national questions, but he loved the people and rejoiced in their prosperity and happiness. He was a true patriot. Nothing could wean him from attachment and devotion to his country. No extent of what he might have thought mal-administration: no defeat of the parties to which he may have belonged, whether based upon questions of policy affecting the general government of the Union, or on state or municipal affairs; no amount of supposed error or wrong in the temporary phases of society; none of the trappings of foreign courts or seductions of foreign travel; neither the pomp nor pageantry elsewhere seen, nor the glitter which wealth, like his, in other forms of society enables its possessor to command, could estrange him from the land of his birth or the home of his fathers. While abroad he gloried in and yearned for his country, and came back, each time, with a conviction that there was no country like his own, and no spot, in that country, better than this to live in, and die in. His conviction that our institutions are

founded in truth and right, and his faith in their perpetuity, were never shaken, and his vision of the future glories of America never grew dim.

Few men have been more free from pride or pretension, in spirit or manners. The riches he had inherited and accumulated, did not lift him out of the community, or estrange him from the sentiments, ways, or company of the common people. He talked and acted with them as an equal. To this admirable trait of his character a cloud of witnesses could be raised from every position in society, and in every stage of his life. Such a man was a true republican, to whatever party he belonged.

His private character, from the beginning to the end of life, was irreproachable. No taint ever sullied the purity of his sentiments. Neither fashion nor folly undermined the integrity of his principles. He was a temperate, exemplary, ingenuous, and honest man. The utterances of his lips, as well as the habits of his life, were always under the restraints of propriety. He respected all that was excellent, and reverenced all that is sacred in humanity. His thoughts were innocent, his affections kind, and his faith in man and in God immovable. He appreciated the value of religious institutions, and reposed, with steadfast fidelity, on his religious convictions. He allowed no vain speculations or casual annoyances, to cast a shadow on the path that leads the christian heart to the service and worship of God.

The example, that has now been contemplated, presents a moral, which I would leave particularly impressed on every mind.

"The vanity of human wishes" is not the morbid complaint of a melancholy temperament. It is a solemn verity. Failure to realize mere worldly happiness is the

lesson taught by universal experience. The fact that this lesson is never received, is the mystery and enigma of life. We toil and struggle with ever unabated eagerness for what, upon clutching it, always proves an illusion. We find it to be a shadow but pursue it still. To an eye, looking down upon the sublunary scene, what a strange spectacle is presented in the whole race of man absorbed in this always baffled effort, this never ceasing, ever fruitless chase. Wealth, it is thought certain, will place in our hands the embellishments and blessings of life, and secure perpetual contentment. We gain it; but elegant mansions and overflowing incomes, leave the soul poorer than before. Existence, desire accomplished, becomes a burden; and we sink into dreary dulness, or fly to other abodes, which in turn soon grow wearisome; again we shift the scene, and wander without rest and without a home. Ambition contends for the prizes of public station. They may all be won, and the successful aspirant left the most dissatisfied citizen of the state. The young king of Macedon sighed for universal dominion; and entered upon a career to attain it, crowded with more success than ever reached before or since; but at its close, when the whole world, subjected to his victorious arms, was at his feet, wept for other worlds to conquer. The Hebrew monarch surveyed his riches and splendors and luxuries and glories, and revealed to himself the utter emptiness of them all—"vanity of vanities—all is vanity." The history of the ages confirms the teachings of our own observation and experience, and stamps disappointment upon the fulfilment of earthly hopes.

When Francis Peabody had reached the age of manhood and become the head of a household, he was in possession of all the happiness that can be desired or

imagined, and it lasted through life. Why this exemption from the lot of humanity? Because his faculties and aspirations had early opened and entered upon a field, outside of, and above, the sphere in which enjoyment is ordinarily sought. In the pursuit of knowledge, in forms that included the ever exhilarating activities of the intellect, he found the elixir whose infusion in his cup kept it from palling on his lips.

Let every young man, especially let those in the possession or the acquisition of fortune, secure a like refuge, by choosing some department of science, philosophy, literature, or art, and make it a recreation amidst the toils of business, and a refreshment when other objects lose their zest. He who adopts this course, will have, ever after, no void in his heart, no weariness in his hours. His labors will all be lightened, his joys will retain their relish, contentment and cheerfulness will crown his days. The elasticity of his spirits, and the enthusiasm of his youth, will continue unimpaired to the end.

The foregoing Memoir was read at a meeting of the Essex Institute, July 18, 1868, the President, Dr. Henry Wheatland, in the chair. At its conclusion, Hon. Asahel Huntington, Ex-President of the Society, after speaking in strong terms of praise of the reader's treatment of his theme, offered the following vote, which, being seconded by Abner C. Goodell, Jr., Esq., Vice-President, was unanimously passed:

"That the thanks of the Institute be presented to Mr. Upham for his address, and that the same be referred to the appropriate Committee for publication."

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF HON. EDWARD D. BAKER,

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

ON

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1861.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1862.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

FRIDAY, *January* 24, 1862.

Resolved, That ten thousand copies of the Eulogies delivered on the occasion of the announcement of the death of Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER, Senator from Oregon, be printed for the use of the House.

Attest:

EM. ETHERIDGE,
Clerk.

UNIVERSITY
Library.
Of California

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF HON. EDWARD D. BAKER.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1861.

DEATH OF HON. EDWARD D. BAKER.

The President of the United States entered the Senate Chamber, supported by Hon. LYMAN TRUMBULL and Hon. O. H. BROWNING, Senators from the State of Illinois. He was introduced to the Vice President, and took a seat beside him on the dais appropriated to the President of the Senate. J. G. Nicolay, Esq., and John Hay, Esq., Private Secretaries to the President of the United States, took seats near the central entrance.

Address of MR. NESMITH, *of Oregon.*

Mr. PRESIDENT: The usage of this body imposes upon me the melancholy duty of announcing the death of my late colleague, EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER, United States Senator from the State of Oregon, who fell gloriously fighting under our national flag, at the head of his command, near Leesburg, in Virginia, on the 21st day of last October. Mr. BAKER was a native of England. While young his family emigrated to Philadelphia,

where he resided with them for several years, and subsequently emigrated to the State of Illinois. He early embraced the profession of the law, and became eminent as an advocate at the bar, composed of the ablest lawyers in the West, many of whom have since achieved honorable distinction in other pursuits.

Mr. BAKER was twice chosen a Representative to Congress from Illinois, and at the commencement of the war with Mexico was selected to command a regiment of his constituents. He served with distinction at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and assumed the command of his brigade after the fall of General Shields. In 1852 he went to California, and by his commanding ability soon secured a fine legal practice, which he retained until he changed his residence to Oregon. As an orator, Mr. BAKER ranked high, and was peculiarly fascinating in his manner and diction; as a soldier, he was possessed of a rare aptitude for the profession of arms, combined with that cool, unflinching courage which enabled him to perform the most arduous duties under trying circumstances, and to look upon the most fearful peril with composure. We all recollect how, during the late session of Congress, he threw his influence on the side of his country; and when responding to what he denominated the "polished treason" of a Senator upon this floor, he declared himself in favor of "bold, sudden, forward, and determined war." What he said as a senator he was willing to do as a soldier.

It is but a few short months since, in the presence of this body, he took upon himself a solemn oath to support the Constitution of the United States; that covenant has been sealed with his heart's blood. Death has

silenced his eloquence forever; and his manly form has been consigned to its last resting place on the shores of the distant Pacific.

In the glowing eloquence of his own words, as he stood by the grave of his friend Broderick, "the last words must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of Death must be fulfilled. Thus, O brave heart, we bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life no other voice among us so rang its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amidst our mountains and our valleys until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart."

Mr. President, I shall leave to others more competent than myself to do justice to the character and many virtues of my colleague; and

> "No further seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
> There they alike in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his Father and his God."

I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the members of the Senate, from a sincere desire of showing every mark of respect due to the memory of Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER, deceased, late a Senator from the State of Oregon, will go into mourning by wearing crape on the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved, That, as an additional mark of respect for the memory of Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER, the Senate do now adjourn.

Ordered, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Address of MR. MCDOUGALL, *of California.*

Mr. PRESIDENT: Within the brief period I have occupied a seat on this floor, I have listened to the formal announcement of the decease of the two Senators nearest to me by the ties of association and friendship, both representative men, and among the ablest that ever discoursed counsel in this Senate.

I trust I shall be pardoned if it be thought that there is something of pride in my claim of friendship with such distinguished and not to be forgotten men.

The late Senator from Illinois, as well as the late Senator of whom I am about to speak, were my seniors in years, and much more largely instructed than myself in public affairs. Differing as they had for a period of more than a quarter of a century, they had met together, and in the maintenance, in all its integrity, of the great governmental institution of our fathers, they were one. Coming myself a stranger to your counsels, I looked to them for that home advice in which there is no purpose of disguise or concealment.

Their loss has been, and is, to me, like the shadows of great clouds; but while I have felt, and now feel, their loss, as companions, friends, and counselors, in whose truth I trusted, I feel that no sense of private loss should find expression when a nation suffers. I may say here, however, that while for the loss of these two great Senators a nation suffers, the far country from whence I come feels the sufferings of a double loss. They were both soldiers and champions of the West—of our new and undeveloped possessions. A few months since the

people of the Pacific, from the Sea of Cortez to the Straits of Fuca, mourned for Douglas: the same people now mourn for BAKER. The two Senators were widely different men, molded in widely different forms, and they walked in widely different paths; but the tread of their hearts kept time, and they each sought a common goal, only by different paths.

The record of the honorable birth, brilliant life, and heroic death of the late EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER has been already made by a thousand eloquent pens. That record has deen read in cabin and in hall from Maine to furthest Oregon. I offer now but to pay to his memory the tribute of my love and praise. While paying this tribute with a proud sadness, I trust its value will not be diminished when I state that for many years, and until the recent demands of patriotism extinguished controversial differences, we were almost constant adversaries in the forum and at the bar.

A great writer, in undertaking to describe one of the greatest of men, said: "Know that there is not one of you who is aware of his real nature." I think that, with all due respect, I might say of the late Senator the same thing to this Senate, as I am compelled to say it to myself. Of all the men I have ever known, he was the most difficult to comprehend.

He was a many-sided man. Will, mind, power radiated from one centre within him, in all directions; and while the making of that circle, which, according to the dreams of old philosophy, would constitute a perfect being, is not within human hope, he may be regarded as one who at least illustrated the thought.

His great powers cannot be attributed to the work

of laborious years. They were not his achievements. They were gifts, God-given. His sensations, memory, thought, and action went hand in hand together, with a velocity and power which, if not always exciting admiration, compelled astonishment.

Although learned, the late Senator was not what is called a scholar. He was too full of stirring life to labor among the moldy records of dead ages; and had he not been, the wilderness of the West furnished no field for the exercise of mere scholarly accomplishments.

I say the late Senator was learned. He was skilled in metaphysics, logic, and law. He might be called a master of history, and of all the literature of our own language. He knew much of music—not only music as it gives present pleasure to the ear, but music in the sense in which it was understood by the old seekers after wisdom, who held that in harmonious sounds rested some of the great secrets of the infinite.

Poetry he inhaled and expressed. The afflatus called divine breathed about him. Many years since, on the then wild plains of the West, in the middle of a star-lit night, as we journeyed together, I heard first from him the chant of that noble song, "The Battle of Ivry." Two of its stanzas impressed me then, and there are other reasons why they impress me now:

"The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high:
Right graciously he smiled on us, as ran from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'God save our Lord the King!'
And if my standard-bearer fall, and fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,

Press where ye see my white plume shines, amidst the ranks of war;
And be your oriflamme to-day, the helmet of Navarre.

Hurrah! the foes are moving—hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin;
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Gueldres and Almagne.
'Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge! for the golden lilies—now upon them with the lance!'
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed! while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre."

It was the poetry which embodies the life of great and chivalrous action which moved him most, and he possessed the power to create it.

He was an orator. Not an orator trained to the model of the Greek or Roman school, but one far better suited to our age and people. He was a master of dialectics, and possessed a skill and power in words which would have confounded the rhetoric of Gorgias, and demanded of the great master of dialectics himself the exact use of all his materials of wordy warfare.

He was deeply versed in all that belongs to the relations and conduct of all forms of societies, from families to States, and the laws which have and do govern them.

He was not a man of authorities simply, because he used authorities only as the rounds whereby to ascend to principles.

Having learned much, he was a remarkable master of all he knew, whether, it was to analyse, generalise, or combine his vast materials.

It was true of him, as it is true of most remarkable

minds, that he did not always appear to be all he was. The occasion made the measure of the exhibition of his strength. When the occasion challenged the effort, he could discourse as cunningly as the Sage of Ithaca, and as wisely as the King of Pylus.

He was a soldier. He was a leader—"a man of war"—fit, like the Tachmonite, "to sit in the seat, chief among the captains." Like all men who possess hero blood, he loved fame, glory, honorable renown. He thirsted for it with an ardent thirst, as did Cicero and Cæsar; and what was that nectar in which the gods delighted on high Olympus but the wine of praise for great deeds accomplished? Would that he might have lived, so that his great sacrifice might have been offered, and his great soul have gone up, from some great victorious field, his lips bathed with the nectar that he loved.

None ever felt more than he—

> "Since all must life resign,
> Those sweet delights that decorate the brave
> 'Tis folly to decline,
> And steal inglorious to the silent grave."

But it was something more than the fierce thirst for glory that carried the late Senator to the field of sacrifice. No one felt more than he the majestic dignity of the great cause for which our nation now makes war. He loved freedom—if you please, Anglo-Saxon freedom; for he was of that great old race. He loved this land—this whole land. He had done much to conquer it from the wilderness; and by his own acts he had made it his land.

Hero blood is patriotic blood. When he witnessed

the storm of anarchy with which the madness of depraved ambition sought to overwhelm the land of his choice and love—when he heard the battle call—

"Lay down the ax, fling by the spade,
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade,
For arms like yours, are fitter now.
And let the hands that ply the pen,
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

"Our country calls—away! away!
To where the blood-streams blot the green!
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That time in all its course has seen!"—

it was in the spirit of the patriot hero that the gallant soldier, the grave Senator, the white-haired man of counsel, yet full of youth as full of years, gave answer, as does the war-horse, to the trumpet's sound.

The wisdom of his conduct has been questioned. Many have thought that he should have remained for counsel in this hall. Mr. President, the propriety of a Senator taking upon himself the duties of a soldier depends, like many other things, on circumstances; and certainly such conduct has the sanction of the example of great names.

Socrates—who was not of the councils of Athens simply because he deemed his office as a teacher of wisdom a higher and nobler one—did not think it unworthy of himself to serve as a common soldier in battle; and when Plato seeks best to describe, and most to dignify, his great master, he causes Alcibiades, among other things, to say of him:

"I ought not to omit what Socrates was in battle; for in that battle after which the generals decreed to me the prize of courage, Socrates alone, of all men, was the saviour of my life, standing by me when I had fallen and was wounded, and preserving both myself and my arms from the hands of the enemy. But to see Socrates, when our army was defeated and scattered in flight at Delias, was a spectacle worthy to behold. On that occasion, I was among the cavalry, and he on foot, heavily armed. After the total rout of our troops, he and Laches retreated together. I came up by chance; and seeing them, bade them be of good cheer, for that I would not leave them. As I was on horseback, and therefore less occupied by a regard of my own situation, I could better observe than at Potidœa the beautiful spectacle exhibited by Socrates on this emergency." * * * * * * * "He walked and darted his regards around with a majestic composure, looking tranquilly both on his friends and enemies; so that it was evident to every one, even from afar, that whoever should venture to attack him would encounter a desperate resistance. He and his companion thus departed in safety; for those who are scattered in flight are pursued and killed, whilst men hesitate to touch those who exhibit such a countenance as that of Socrates, even in defeat."

This is the picture of a sage painted by a sage; and why may not great wisdom be the strongest element of a great war?

In the days when the States of Greece were free—when Rome was free, when Venice was free—who but their great statesmen, counselors, and senators, led their armies to victorious battle? In the best days of all the great and free States, civil place and distinction was never held inconsistent with military authority and conduct. So far from it, all history teaches the fact that those who have proved themselves most competent to direct and administer the affairs of government in times of peace, were not only trusted, but were best trusted with the conduct of armies in times of war.

In these teachings of history there may be some lessons we have yet to learn; and that we have such lessons to learn I know was the strong conviction of the late Senator.

It is with no sense of satisfaction that I feel it my duty to say that I have been led to the opinion that there is much soundness in the opinion he entertained.

It is but a brief time since the late Senator was among us, maintaining our country's cause with wise counsel, clothed in eloquent words. When, in August last, his duties here as a Senator for the time ceased, he devoted himself exclusively to the duties of a soldier. Occupying a subordinate position, commanded where he was most fit to command, he received his orders. He saw and knew the nature of the enterprise he was required to undertake. He saw and knew that he was required to move underneath the shadow of the wings of Azrael. He did not—he would not—question the requirement made of him. His motto on that day was: "A good heart, and no hope." He knew, as was known at Balaklava, that some one had blundered; yet he said: "Forward, my brigade, although some one has blundered."

Was this reckless rashness? No!

It may be called sacrifice, self-sacrifice; but I, who know the man who was the late Senator—the calm, self-possessed perfectness of his valor—and who have studied all the details of the field of his last offering with a sad earnestness, say to you, sir—to this Senate, to the country, and particularly to the people of the land of the West, where most and best he is known and loved—that no rash, reckless regardlessness of danger

can be attributed to him. It is but just to say of him, that his conduct sprung from a stern hero, patriot, martyr spirit, that enabled him to dare unflinchingly—with a smile to the green earth, and a smile to the bright heavens, and a cheer to his brave companions—ascend the altar of sacrifice.

A poet of the middle ages, speaking of Carthage as then a dead city, the grave of which was scarcely discernible, says:

"For cities die, kingdoms die; a little sand and grass cover all that was once lofty in them, and glorious; and yet man, forsooth, disdains that he is mortal! Oh, mind of ours, inordinate and proud."

It is true cities and kingdoms die, but the eternal thought lives on. Great thought, incorporate with great action, does not die, but lives a universal life, and its power is felt vibrating through all spirit and throughout all the ages.

I doubt whether or not we should mourn for any of the dead. I am confident that there should be no mourning for those who render themselves up as sacrifices in any great, just, and holy cause. It better becomes us to praise and dignify them.

It was the faith of an ancient people that the souls of heroes did not rest until their great deeds had been hymned by bards, to the sounds of martial music.

Bards worthy of the ancient time have hymned the praise of the great citizen, senator, and soldier who has left us. They have showered on his memory

"Those leaves, which, for the eternal few
Who wander o'er the paradise of fame,
In sacred dedication ever grew."

I would that I were able to add a single leaf to the eternal amaranth.

In long future years, when our night of horror shall have passed, and there shall have come again

"The welcome morning with its rays of peace,"

young seekers after fame, and young lovers of freedom, throughout all this land—yea, and other and distant lands—will recognise, honor, and imitate our late associate as one of the undying dead.

Mr. President, I second the resolutions of the Senator from Oregon.

Address of Mr. Browning, *of Illinois.*

Mr. President: On taking my seat in the Senate at its special session in July last, my first active participation in its business was on the occasion of the proceedings commemorative of the death of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, my immediate predecessor; and now, sir, at the commencement of this my second session, it becomes my melancholy duty to bear a part in the ceremonies in honor of another, who had been longer a citizen of the State of Illinois, whose memory is not less dear to the hearts of her people, and whose tragical and untimely death has shrouded the State in mourning.

Hon. Edward D. Baker was, and had ever been, my personal and political friend, and, from earliest manhood, the relations between us had been of the closest and most confidential character that friendship allows; and there are but few whose death would have left so large a void in my affections.

Something my junior in years, he was my senior in the profession to which we both belonged; and commencing our professional career in the same State, and very near the same time, traveling much upon the same circuit, and belonging to the same political party, a friendship grew up which was cemented and strengthened by time, and continued, from our first acquaintance amid the collisions of the bar and the rivalries of politics, without ever having sustained a shock or an interruption even for a moment; and I owe it to the memories of the past, and to the relations which subsisted between us whilst he lived, to offer some poor tribute to his worth now that he is dead.

Few men who have risen to positions of great distinction and usefulness, and left the impress of their lives upon their country's history, have been less indebted to the circumstances of birth and fortune. He inherited neither ancestral wealth nor honors; but whatever of either he attained was the reward of his own energy and talents. He was, very literally, the "architect of his own fortunes."

Commencing the practice of law before he had reached the full maturity of manhood, and in what was then a border State, but among lawyers whose talents and learning shed lustre upon the profession to which they belonged, without the patronage of wealth or power, he soon made his way to the front rank of the bar, and maintained his position there to the hour of his death.

But he did not confine himself exclusively to professional pursuits, and to the care of his own private affairs. He was a man of rare endowments, and of such fitness and aptitude for public employments as were sure to

attract public attention. He could not, if he would, have made his way through life along its quiet, peaceful, and secluded walks; and it does him no discredit to say he would not if he could.

He was too fully in sympathy with his kind to be indifferent to anything which affected their welfare, and too heroic in character to remain a passive spectator of great and stirring events. He was eminently a man of action; and although fond of literature and science and art, and possessed of a refined and cultivated taste, he yet loved the sterner conflicts of life more than the quiet conquests of the closet; and whilst a citizen of Illinois, served her both as a soldier and civilian, and won distinction wherever he acted. He had elasticity, strength, versatility, and fervor of intellect, and a mind full of resources.

His talents were both varied and brilliant, and capable of great achievements; but their usefulness was, perhaps, somewhat impaired by a peculiarity of physical organization, which made him one of the most restless of men, and incapable of the close, steady, and persevering mental application without which great results cannot often be attained. It was not fickleness or unsteadiness of purpose, but a proud and impatient spurning of restraint, contempt for the beaten track of mental processes, and disgust with the dullness and weariness of confinement and inaction. But this defect was, to a very great extent, compensated by the wonderful ease and rapidity with which he could master any subject upon which he chose to concentrate the powers of his mind; by the marvelous facility with which he acquired knowledge, and the felicity with which he could use it.

Whatever he could do at all he could do at once, and up to the full measure of his capacity. Whatever he could comprehend at all he comprehended with the quickness of intuition, and gained but little afterwards by investigation and elaboration. He did not reach intellectual results as other men do—by the slow processes of analysis or induction; but if he could reach them at all, he could do it at a bound. And yet it was not jumping at conclusions, for he could always state, with almost mathematical clearness and precision, the premises from which he made his deductions, and guide you along the same path he had traveled to the same goal. He saw at a glance all the material, and all the relations of the material, which he intended to use, to the subject in hand, but which another would have carefully and laboriously to search out and collect to be enabled to see at all, and diligently to collate before understanding its uses and relations.

To a greater extent than most men, he combined the force and severity of logic with grace, fancy, and eloquence, filling at the bar at the same time the character of the astute and profound lawyer, and the able, eloquent, and successful advocate; whilst in the Senate, the wise, prudent, and discreet statesman was combined with the chaste, classical, brilliant, and persuasive orator.

But with all his aptitude for, and adaptation to, the highest and noblest pursuits of the civilian, he had a natural taste, talent, and fondness for the life of the soldier. There was something in the bugle-blast of war and the cannon's roar which roused his soul to its profoundest depths; and he could no more remain in inglorious ease at home, while the desolations of war

blackened and blasted the land, than the proud eagle could descend from his home in the cloud to dwell with the moping owl.

Three times, in his not protracted life, he led our citizen soldiers to the embattled plain to meet in deadly conflict his country's foes. Alas! that he shall lead them no more! that he shall never more marshal them for the glorious strife! never more rouse to the "signal trumpet tone!" He has fallen! "The fresh dust is chill upon the breast that burned erewhile with fires that seemed immortal."

> "He sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last battle;
> No sound shall awake him to glory again."

He fell—as I think he would have preferred to fall had he had the choice of the mode of death—in the storm of battle, cheering his brave followers on to duty in the service of his adopted country, to which he felt that he owed much, which he loved well, and had served long and faithfully. It does him no dishonor to say that he was a man of great ambition, and that he yearned after military renown; but his ambition was chastened by his patriotism, his strong sense of justice, and his humanity; and its fires never burned so fiercely in his bosom as to tempt him to purchase honor, glory, and distinction for himself, by needlessly sacrificing, or even imperiling, the lives of others. He was no untried soldier, with a name yet to win. It was already high on the roll of fame, and indissolubly linked with his country's history. Years ago, at home and abroad, he had drawn his sword in his country's cause, and shed his blood in defence of her rights. Years ago he had led

our soldiers to battle, and by his gallantry shed new lustre upon our arms, and historic interest upon Cerro Gordo's heights; and now he had that fame to guard and protect. He had to defend his already written page of history from blot or stain, as well as to add to it another leaf equally radiant and enduring. But, Mr. President, it would be a poor, inadequate, and unworthy estimate of his character which should explore only a selfish ambition and aspirations for individual glory for the sources of his action.

The impelling causes were far higher and nobler. He was a true, immovable, incorruptible, and unshrinking patriot. He was the fast, firm friend of civil and religious liberty, and believed that they should be the common heritage and blessing of all mankind; and that they could be secured and enjoyed only through the instrumentality of organized constitutional government, and submission to, and obedience of, its laws; and the conviction upon his mind was deep and profound that if the wicked rebellion which had been inaugurated went unrebuked, and treason triumphed over law, constitutional government in North America would be utterly annihilated, to be followed by the confusion of anarchy, and the confusion of anarchy to be succeeded by the oppressions and atrocities of despotism. He believed that whatever the horrors, and plagues, and desolations of civil war might be, they would still be far less in magnitude and duration than the plagues and calamities which would inevitably follow upon submission and separation. The contest in which we are engaged had been, without cause or pretext of cause, forced upon us. We had to accept the strife, or so submit to an arrogant

assumption of superiority of right as to show ourselves unworthy of the liberties and blessings which the blood, and treasure, and wisdom, and virtue of illustrious sires had achieved for us; and he believed that the issue of the contest was powerfully and vitally to affect the welfare and happiness of the American people, if not, indeed, of all other nations, for centuries yet to be. With these views, both just and patriotic, he recognised it as his duty to give his services to his country whenever and in whatever capacity they could be of most value and importance; and with as much of self-abnegation as the frailties of humanity would allow, he took his place in the serried ranks of war; and in the strict and discreet discharge of his duty as a soldier, fighting for his country in a holy cause, he fell.

And it is, Mr. President, to me, his friend, a source of peculiar gratification, that the history of the disastrous day which terminated his brilliant career, when it shall have been truthfully written; will be his full and sufficient vindication from any charge of temerity or recklessness regarding the lives of those intrusted to his care. He was brave, ardent, and impetuous, and "when war's stern strength was on his soul," he no doubt felt that "one crowded hour of glorious life was worth an age without a name." But his was not the fitful impetuosity of the whirlwind, which unfits for self-control or the command of others, but the strong, steady, and resistless roll of the stream within its prescribed limits, and to its sure and certain object. Not the impetuosity which culminates in fantastic rashness, but that which, in the presence of danger, is exalted to the sublimity of heroism.

I have said he was ambitious, but there was never ambition with less of the taint and dross of selfishness. He was incapable of a mean and unmanly envy, and was ever quick to perceive and ready to acknowledge the merit of a rival, and would stifle his own desires, and postpone his own aggrandizement, for the advancement of a friend. Nobly generous, he could and did make sacrifices of both pecuniary and political advantages to his friendships, which, with him, were real, sincere, and lasting. He never sought to drag others down from moral or social, professional or political eminence, that he might rise upon the ruin; nor regarded the good fortune of another, in whatever vocation or department of life, as a wrong done him, or as any impediment to his own prosperity. Brave and self-reliant, but neither rash nor presumptuous, he could avenge or forgive an injury with a grace and promptitude which did equal honor to his boldness of spirit and kindness of heart. Under insult or indignity he was fierce and defiant, and could teach an enemy alike to fear and respect him, and, in the collisions of life's battle, may have given something of the impression of harshness of temper; but in the domestic circle, amid the social throng, and under friendship's genial and enchanting influences, he was as gentle and confiding in his affections as a woman, and as tender and trustful as a child.

Senator BAKER was not only a lawyer, an orator, a statesman, and a soldier, but he was also a poet, and at all times, when deeply in earnest, both spoke and acted under high poetic inspiration. At one time, when I traveled upon the same circuit with him and others who have since been renowned in the history of Illinois, it

was no uncommon thing, after the labors of the day in court were ended, and forensic battles had been lost and won, for the lawyers to forget the asperities which had been engendered by the conflicts of the bar in the innocent if not profitable pastime of writing verses for the amusement of each other and their friends; and I well remember with what greater facility than others he could dash from his pen effusions sparkling all over with poetic gems; and if all that he has thus written could be collected together, it would make no mean addition to the poetic literature of our country. Its beauty, grace, and vivacity would certainly redeem it from oblivion.

Yet he did not aspire to the character of a poet, but wrought the poetic vein only for the present amusement of himself and intimate friends; and I am not aware that any of the productions of which I speak ever passed beyond that limited circle. They were not perpetuated by "the art preservative of all other arts."

The same thing is true of his forensic efforts, many of which were distinguished by a brilliancy, power, and eloquence, and a classic grace and purity, that would have done honor to the most renowned barrister, but which live now only in the traditions of the country. Stenography was at that day an unknown art in Illinois, and writing out a speech would have been a prodigality of time and labor of which an Illinois lawyer was probably never guilty.

To Senators who were his cotemporaries here, and who have heard the melody of his voice—who have witnessed his powerful and impassioned bursts of eloquence, and felt the witchery of the spell that he has

thrown upon them—it were vain for me to speak of his displays in this Chamber. It is no disparagement to his survivors to say that he stood the peer of any gentleman on this floor in all that constitutes the able and skilful debater, and the classical, persuasive, and enchanting orator.

But his clear and manly voice shall be heard in these halls no more. Never again shall these crowded galleries hang breathless on his words; never again the thronging multitudes who gathered where'er he spoke be thrilled by the magic of his eloquence. The voice that could soothe to delicious repose, or rouse to a tempest of passion, is now hushed forever. The heart once so fiery brave lies pulseless in the tomb, and all that is left to his country or his home, is the memory of what he was.

I will not attempt, Mr. President, to speak poor, cold words of sympathy and consolation to the stricken hearts of his family. I know, sir, how bitter and immedicable their anguish is. I know, sir, how it rends the heart-strings, all willing though we be, to lay our loved ones as sacrifices even on our country's altar. The death-dealing hand of war has invaded my own household and slain its victim there, and I know that words bring no healing to the grief which follows these bereavements. The heart turns despairingly away from "honor's voice," which provokes not the silent dust, and from the flatteries which cannot

> "Soothe the dull, cold ear of death;"

and the spirits ebb, and

> "Life's enchanting scenes their lustre lose,
> And lessen in our sight."

Time alone can bring healing on its wing;

> "Time! the beautifier of the dead,
> Adorner of the ruin, comforter
> And only healer where the heart hath bled,"

can alone mitigate, chasten, and sanctify the crushing sorrow. And not till after Time has done its gentle work, and stilled the tempest of feeling, can the sorrowing hearts around his now desolate hearthstone find consolation in remembering how worthily he lived, and how gloriously he died; that he is "fortune's now, and fame's;" and that when peace, on downy pinion, comes again to bless our troubled land, and all hearts have renewed their allegiance to the beneficent government for which he died, history will claim him as its own, and canonize him in the hearts of his countrymen as a heroic martyr in the great cause of human rights, and chronicle his deeds on pages illuminated with the gratitude of freemen, and as imperishable as the love of liberty.

Address of MR. COWAN, *of Pennsylvania.*

MR. PRESIDENT: Pennsylvania also droops her head among the States that mourn on this occasion. She, too, sheds her tears and utters her wail of lamentation over the fall of the senator and soldier. She was his foster-mother. A national orphan, in his infancy and youth she was his guardian for nurture. Perhaps he had no recollection of any other country he could call his "native land" but Pennsylvania, and she loved him

as though he had been actually to her "manor born." He died under her regimental flag, bearing her commission, and leading her soldiers in the deadly strife. She therefore laments his heroic and untimely death with a grief that yields to that of none else in its depth and intensity. Let Oregon, his last and fondest love, steep herself in sorrow as she may, Pennsylvania still claims an equal place at her side in this national manifestation of distress at his loss. She can hardly now realize that in his life he was not all her own, since he died so near her, and was carried from the battle-field borne upon her shield.

It is not my purpose either to speak of the virtues and accomplishments which adorned the private life of Colonel BAKER, or to enter into the detail of his public services to the country: all that has been done by his old and cherished friends, as they only could do it; and the tribute to his worth they have offered here to-day is in itself a noble monument to his memory.

It was not my fortune to have known him personally for a long time; and I shall endeavor only to give the impression he made upon me, and I think also upon the public, by his well-known career in such widely different situations.

This man had a remarkable life, and his history is strikingly illustrative of that of his race. He was evidently of pure English blood—at home anywhere on the globe, with a strong desire to be dominant wherever he was. To such a one the American continent, with its restless population, furnished the theatre exactly suited to his tastes and abilities; and had not that population been here, he would have brought them if he could.

They were an emigrating and colonizing people, and he was a man eminently of that sort; so that wherever they went he was sure to be in the van to lead them. He would have lived all over the world had it been possible, and he would have carried with him his civilization and favorite institutions.

Born in London, his first voyage was across the Atlantic in his earliest infancy. During his youth his home was in Philadelphia; his next move was away across the Alleghanies, and his young manhood was passed upon the great western prairies; but, not content, he departs from thence, and in riper age—in his prime—he was beyond the great deserts and the Rocky Mountains dwelling on the shores of the Pacific. He had leaped the continent.

Nor did he wander always along isothermal lines, but with the boldest of his race, he extended his range from the great lakes of North America to the Caribbean sea. He had tried causes nearly as far north as Chicago, and he had helped to build a railroad across the Isthmus of Darien. He had raised regiments in Illinois, and led them to battle in the gorges and on the high plateaux of the Mexican Cordilleras. No climatic differences seemed to deter him, and he trod the torrid with the same fearless freedom he did the temperate zone. No matter to him where his tent was pitched—whether on the cool and salubrious banks of the Upper Mississippi, or on the stifling and pestilential banks of the Chagres—it was all one. He had settled on the plain of Tacubaya, beside the failing sea of Anahuac, nearly as soon as beside the snow-clad mountains which overhang the Columbia river. All these seduced him by the very

novelty of their dangers. Had he lived in olden times, he had been a viking—a sea-rover—and had come down with Hengist and Horsa, skilled in the Sagas, and knowing the Runes by heart; or he might, perhaps, have come over with Leif, the son of Eric the Red; because anything that was noble, dangerous, and difficult had such charms for him that he sought it as naturally as he would have sought food when he was hungry. This was his Saxo-Norman nature, and to gratify its cravings he would have been delighted to have gone to the Holy Land with the Crusaders, or to have led a company of free lancers in the wars of Italy.

He was also a man of intellect—cool, clear, sharp, and ready. His culture was large, without being bookish; he was learned, without being a scholar; and studious, without being a student. He acquired that which he thought useful to him, and he had it all at his fingers' ends; and his first glance was so keen that it served him as well as an hour's gaze—perhaps better. It cannot be doubted that he was a great criminal lawyer—great by force of his reason rather than by the illumination of the books—and no jury could well withstand his eloquence. He was a true orator, because he confined himself to his subject; and expressing himself with such ease that all understood him, he was effective. He did not seem to trouble himself so much as to whether he was following a classic model as whether he was getting everybody to believe just as he did. He never went out of his way for effect; therefore, he produced effects. Drawing the sentiments he uttered as they welled up fresh from his soul, the pitchers of his audience were all filled, and they went away satisfied. He had

no art, because he had the highest art—that of simplicity. All those who heard him thought he was saying just what they would have said could they have stolen his wondrous power of speech.

At the hustings he must have been unrivaled; and it is no wonder he was the idol of the people wherever he went. A man with such human sympathies, and such rare gifts, could not fail to find some response in every heart. He had a fine personal appearance, and his manners were self-possessed and easy as actual contact with all ranks of men could make them. He was also a brave man, physically and morally; and although it is said that, before his last terrific battle, he had heard the weird song of the fatal sisters, and felt that his doom impatiently awaited him, yet he bore himself as gallantly in the fight as if on parade; and true to his instincts as a soldier and gentleman, his last moment on the earth was loaded with the double duty of directing the battle and giving cheer and condolence to the officers and soldiers who were maimed and bleeding about him. Still Heaven was kind—he was saved all lingering torture, for his life went out through a dozen wounds, any one of which had been mortal.

He is gone! whether the victim of man's folly, or of inexorable fate, is for future inquiry; and it is hoped that the tears of his countrymen, shed over his grave in sorrow, may not become hot with indignation against any wrongly accused with causing the disaster. He is gone! and his name and character henceforth belong to history. His children will glory in both, and be known to men because of him—the proudest legacy he could leave them. His country, too, will honor his memory;

and when the roll of her dead heroes is called, his name will resound through the American Valhalla among the proudest and most heroic.

Address of MR. DIXON, *of Connecticut.*

Mr. PRESIDENT: When death, in any of its ordinary forms, enters this Chamber, and terminates the labors, the responsibilities, and the anxieties of the position here occupied, the occasion is necessarily one of the highest interest to us as members of this body, and scarcely less so to the entire nation. How much of added interest is imparted by the peculiar circumstances that surround the sad event which we are this day called to deplore! A senator, in the prime and glory of manhood, enjoying the homage so lavishly and cheerfully paid by mankind to genius; endowed with an eloquence truly wonderful in its scope, its fullness, and its resistless power; and adding to this full measure of political honor that still more brilliant and more coveted object of ambition in noble minds—military glory—is suddenly arrested in his distinguished career. The voice to which men thronged to listen with such eager attention is silent. The flow of that torrent of ideas, expressed in that boundless copiousness of language, and illustrated by that exhaustless exuberance of fancy which has often excited our wonder not less than our admiration, has ceased forever with the life which our departed friend offered on the field of battle, as his willing sacrifice in the cause of his country. A life like his—so honored, so occupied, so rewarded by all that men most desire on

earth, and so closed, in such a cause as that which his martyr-blood has doubly consecrated—surely is worthy not only of interrupting the daily offices of the Senate and of the Executive, but of arresting the attention and exciting the profound sorrow of a mourning nation.

The peculiar circumstances of the death of Colonel BAKER have been already related. After he assumed a command in the army of the Potomac, although not unaccustomed to military life, there was, as many of his friends perceived, an unwonted sadness in his expression, always serious and contemplative. He had looked upon civil war as an event certain to happen, unless averted by some extraordinary means of negotiation. He had declared himself willing to sacrifice somewhat of his own not extreme views, to avert the impending calamity, which he so clearly foresaw. But when the last hope of a peaceful solution of our troubles, had been destroyed by the flagrant acts of rebels in arms against the government, he was not satisfied with merely giving his vote as a senator, and his voice as an orator to the cause of the Constitution. His sense of duty demanded of him more than this. Yet, as I have already intimated, there was perceived a more than usually saddened expression in his eye, and an almost tender melancholy in the tones of his voice, which might have satisfied any observer that no selfish motive, no vulgar ambition, had prompted him in the sacrifice he was making. I was not therefore surprised when, in the last conversation I had with him, I discovered with how deep a spirit of patriotic devotion he had entered the military service.

The death which has so gloriously ended his earthly labors was not unexpected; and in recalling his words

on the occasion to which I allude, I can hardly suppose it was undesired. He felt and deplored, more deeply perhaps than most of us, the condition of the country; and there was also, possibly, a presentiment in his highly imaginative mind of his approaching end. If so, there was no dread, no shrinking from any post of duty, however perilous. But I well remember how—here, near the spot where I now stand, in language more emphatic and more expressive than any I can now recall or command—he disavowed having been actuated by any desire for military glory, in taking up arms for the defence of the Constitution and the Union. It was the voice of duty, and this alone, which called him to the field; and, in obeying that call, he felt that he was offering his life. I think, too, there was that in his bold and adventurous spirit, that gave a mysterious charm to any duty accompanied by danger. Indeed, his nature seemed scarcely capable of quiet and repose. There was a restlessness, an impatience in his constitution, which would not suffer him to be an unparticipating spectator in any great conflict, much less in one that involved the existence of the nation. For him, therefore, to withhold his hand from the sword, in this great controversy, would have been an impossibility under any circumstances. Had he known what death he was to die, his course would have been the same; for he was evidently born of that blood and imbued with that spirit which makes men feel that it is

> "Better to die beneath the shock,
> Than moulder, piecemeal, on the rock."

Although I became somewhat familiarly acquainted with Colonel BAKER nearly sixteen years ago, I know

little of his early mental habits, or of his course of discipline and study. Yet it was impossible to listen to his ordinary conversation, or to his elaborate efforts in the Senate, or, more especially, to those unsurpassed specimens of eloquence which, without a moment's preparation, he threw off, burning and sparkling, in the heat and glow of extemporaneous debate, yet profusely illustrated by allusions to all the varied fields of literature and science, without being assured that his intellect, naturally of a high order, had been cultivated, strengthened, and enlarged, by close and careful study, and enriched and adorned by an intimate acquaintance with the choicest literature of our language. As an orator, he was remarkable for an assured self-possession, which gave him, at all times and under all circumstances, the complete control of his mental powers. To this he added a command of the English language so full and complete, as perhaps to tempt him sometimes to indulge in an affluence of diction too ornate and copious to satisfy the strictest canons of criticism. Yet who that listened to him in popular assemblies,—who that heard or read his speeches in the Senate, or his occasional addresses—especially that memorable oration uttered on the shores of the Pacific, over the dead body of his friend, the brave, the still lamented Broderick, the surpassing eloquence of which seemed to resound, in sad, funereal tones, as far as the Atlantic coast,—could have been willing that one of those glowing, expressive, perhaps redundant words, had been omitted?

The brilliant talents of Senator BAKER—his unsurpassed powers as an orator, his self-poised reliance upon his own capacities, his courage and his patriotism—

would not have been sufficient in themselves, without the higher moral qualities which I think he possessed, to win for him that large share of the admiration of his countrymen which he enjoyed. He was, I have reason to believe, not only a great, but a good man. He acknowledged his accountability to his maker, and walked through life in the light of that law of God, which irradiates the path of every man who seeks to know and to perform his duty. Of the peculiar tenets of his religious faith, I am uninformed; but his life, judging from its outward manifestation here, was that of a Christian statesman. What glories illustrated its close a grateful country will not soon forget. It needed only to have been breathed out in the arms of victory to have been the end which he would have chosen. But though that might have added to the joy with which he welcomed death, nothing in his end was wanting to its glory. What nobler epitaph could he have desired—what nobler epitaph could any of those patriots desire who now, in unnumbered hosts, emulous of his fame, are ready to share his fate on the field of battle—than this: HE DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY!

Address of MR. SUMNER, *of Massachusetts.*

Mr. PRESIDENT: The Senator to whom we to-day say farewell was generous in funeral homage to others. More than once he held great companies in rapt attention while he did honor to the dead. Over the coffin of Broderick he proclaimed the dying utterance of this early victim, and gave to it the fiery wings of his own

eloquence: "They have killed me, because I was opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt administration;" and as the impassioned orator repeated these words, his own soul was knit in sympathy with the dead; and thus, at once, did he endear himself to the friends of freedom, even at a distance.

> "Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
> Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme."

There are two forms of eminent talent which are kindred in their effects—each producing an instant present impression, each holding crowds in suspense, and each kindling enthusiastic admiration. I mean the talent of the orator and the talent of the soldier. Each of these, when successful, wins immediate honor, and reads his praise in a nation's eyes. BAKER was orator and soldier. To him belongs the rare renown of this double character. Perhaps he carried into war something of the confidence inspired by the conscious sway of great multitudes, as he surely brought into speech something of the ardor of war. Call him, if you will, the Prince Rupert of battle; he was also the Prince Rupert of debate.

His success in life attests not only his own remarkable genius, but the benign hospitality of our institutions. Born on a foreign soil, he was to our country only a step-son; but were he now alive, I doubt not he would gratefully declare that the country was never to him an ungentle step-mother. The child of poverty, he was brought, while yet in tender years, to Philadelphia, where he began life an exile. His earliest days were passed in the loom rather than at school; and yet, from this lowliness, he achieved the highest posts of trust

and honor—being at the same time senator and general. It was the boast of Pericles, in his funeral oration at the Ceramicus over the dead who had fallen in battle, that the Athenians were ready to communicate all the advantages which they enjoyed; that they did not exclude the stranger from their walls; and that Athens was a city open to the human family. The same boast may be proudly repeated by us with better reason, as we commemorate our dead fallen in battle.

From Philadelphia the poor man's son was carried to the West, where he grew with the growth of that surprising region. He became one of its children; and his own manhood was closely associated with its powerful progress. The honors of the bar and of Congress soon were his; but his impatient temper led him from these paths into the Mexican war, where he gallantly took the place of Shields—torn with wounds and almost dead—at Cerro Gordo. But the great West, beginning to teem with population, did not satisfy his ambition, and he repaired to California. The child whose infancy was rocked on the waves of the Atlantic—whose manhood was formed in the broad and open expanse of the prairie—now sought a home on the shores of the Pacific, saying, in the buoyant confidence of his nature,

> "No pent up Utica contracts our powers;
> But the whole boundless continent is ours."

There again his genius was promptly recognised. A new State, which had just taken its place in the Union, sent him as Senator; and Oregon first became truly known to us on this floor by his eloquent lips.

In the Senate he at once took the place of orator. His voice was not full or sonorous, but it was sharp

and clear. It was penetrating, rather than commanding; and yet, when touched by his ardent nature, it became sympathetic, and even musical. His countenance, body, and gesture, all shared the unconscious inspiration of his voice, and he went on, master of his audience—master also of himself. All his faculties were completely at command. Ideas, illustrations, words, seemed to come unbidden, and to range themselves in harmonious forms, as in the walls of ancient Thebes each stone took its proper place of its own accord, moved only by the music of a lyre. His fame as a speaker was so peculiar, even before he appeared among us, that it was sometimes supposed he might lack those solid powers, without which the oratorical faculty itself can exercise only a transient influence. But his speech on this floor in reply to a slaveholding conspirator, now an open rebel, showed that his matter was as good as his manner, and that, while he was a master of fence, he was also a master of ordnance. His controversy was graceful, sharp, and flashing, like a cimeter; but his argument was powerful and sweeping, like a battery.

You have not forgotten that speech. Perhaps the argument against the sophism of secession was never better arranged and combined, or more simply popularized for the general apprehension. A generation had passed since that traitorous absurdity—the fit cover of conspiracy—had been exposed. It had shrunk for awhile into darkness, driven back by the massive logic of Daniel Webster and the honest sense of Andrew Jackson.

"The times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again."

As the pretension showed itself anew, our orator undertook again to expose it. How thoroughly he did this, now with historic, and now with forensic skill, while his whole effort was elevated by a charming, ever-ready eloquence, which itself was aroused to new power by the interruptions which he encountered—all this is present to your minds. That speech passed at once into the permanent literature of the country, while it gave to its author an assured position in this body.

Another speech showed him in a different character. It was his instant reply to the Kéntucky Senator, not then expelled from this body. The occasion was peculiar. A Senator, with treason in his heart, if not on his lips, had just taken his seat. Our lamented Senator, who had entered the Chamber direct from his camp, rose at once to reply. He began simply and calmly; but as he proceeded his fervid soul broke forth in words of surpassing power. As on the former occasion he had presented the well-ripened fruits of study, so now he spoke with the spontaneous utterance of his own natural and exuberant eloquence, meeting the polished traitor at every point with weapons keener and brighter than his own.

Not content with the brilliant opportunities of this Chamber, he accepted a commission in the army, and vaulted from the Senate to the saddle, as he had already vaulted from Illinois to California. With a zeal that never tired, after recruiting men, drawn by the attraction of his name, in New York and Philadelphia, and elsewhere, he held his brigade in camp near the Capitol, so that he passed easily from one to the other, and

thus alternated between the duties of a senator and a general.

His latter career was short, though shining. At a disastrous encounter near Ball's Bluff he fell, pierced by nine balls. That brain which had been the seat and organ of such subtle power, swaying assemblies, and giving to this child of obscurity place and command among his fellow-men, was now rudely shattered; and that bosom which had throbbed so bravely was rent by numerous wounds. He died with his face to the foe; and he died so instantly, that he passed without pain from the service of his country to the service of his God—while with him passed more than one gallant youth, the hope of family and friends, sent forth by my own honored Commonwealth. It is sweet and becoming to die for one's country. Such a death—sudden, but not unprepared for—is the crown of the patriot soldier's life.

But the question is painfully asked, who was the author of this tragedy, now filling the Senate Chamber, as it has already filled the country, with mourning? There is a strong desire to hold somebody responsible, where so many perished so unprofitably. But we need not appoint committees or study testimony in order to know precisely who took this precious life. That great criminal is easily detected—still erect and defiant, without concealment or disguise. The guns, the balls, and the men that fired them, are of little importance. It is the Power behind them all, saying, "The State, it is I," which took this precious life; and this Power is Slavery. The nine balls which slew our departed brother came from Slavery. Every gaping wound of his slashed

bosom testifies against Slavery. Every drop of his generous blood cries out from the ground against Slavery. The brain so rudely shattered, and the tongue so suddenly silenced in death, speak now with more than living eloquence against Slavery. To hold others responsible, is to hold the dwarf agent and to dismiss the giant principal. Nor shall we do great service if we merely criticise some local blunder, while we leave untouched that fatal forbearance through which the weakness of the rebellion is changed into strength, and the strength of our armies is changed into weakness.

Let not our grief to-day be a hollow pageant; let it not expend itself in this funeral pomp. It must become a motive and an impulse to patriot action. But patriotism itself—that commanding charity, embracing so many other charities—is only a name, and nothing else, unless you resolve—calmly, plainly, solemnly—that Slavery,—the barbarous enemy of our country; the irreconcilable foe of our Union; the violator of our Constitution; the disturber of our peace; the vampire of our national life, sucking its best blood; the assassin of our children, and the murderer of our dead senator,—shall be struck down. And the way is easy. The just Avenger is at hand, with weapon of celestial temper. Let it be drawn. Until this is done, the patriot, discerning clearly the secret of our weakness, can only say, sorrowfully—

> ——— "bleed, bleed, poor country!
> Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
> For goodness dare not check thee!"

Address of MR. LATHAM, *of California.*

Mr. PRESIDENT: Several years ago, in my own home, one of the most brilliant tributes to the talented dead I ever heard, fell from the lips of him whose memory we to-day unite to honor. After a feeling review of the eloquence and genial nature of the gifted Ferguson, Colonel BAKER suddenly paused, and, with a sadness of tone that was a fitting echo to the thought, exclaimed, "Who will thus speak of me when I am dead?" The desire then expressed, but no doubt soon forgotten. is more than fulfilled in the just tribute we must all pay to the gallant BAKER.

Mr. President, during the lifetime of the deceased, although not classified among his warmest friends, yet our relations were of the most amicable and cordial nature. Always opposed in political opinion, through several strifeful years, the pleasant recollection yet remains of not one unkind word or act to blight the respect felt for him while living, and my sincere sorrow at his death. I never knew a man of more kindness of disposition, more willing to make allowance for the shortcomings common to all, or more ready in praise, when deserved. Seemingly conscious of his power, he never deemed it necessary for his own advancement to disparage true talent and personal worth in others. An entire absence of vindictive malice, the quick forgetfulness of even an injury or wrong inflicted, quiet composure amid trying scenes of an eventful life, all bespoke those gentle qualities which made him a fond father, a good husband, and a devoted friend.

It is not my purpose to analyze Colonel BAKER's character. Others, who enjoyed more of his confidence, can speak more accurately. If one quality marked him in public life more than any other, and impressed his whole career, it was his singleness of purpose. His early struggles in life, his self-taught mind, his school of adversity, his ardent and poetical temperament, all infused into his very soul the most powerful and sincere love of individual emulation and freedom, in the broadest acceptation of that term. He has left upon record as glowing sentiments as ever fell from the lips of man in that great cause. Upon this subject, on every occasion—at the bar, on the hustings, and in the Senate—wherever his mind seized upon it, it became not "eloquence," it was fiery inspiration. Views upon the rights of human liberty and the dignity of free labor, were with him no "mawkish sentimentality;" they controlled and influenced his whole life from boyhood to the grave. Hence it was that when this unprecedented rebellion raised its front against our just and free government, Senator BAKER, by his life and the occupation of each moment, was willing to prove the sincerity of his words. But two weeks prior to his death, he remarked to me, as he had to others: "I shall never come out this struggle alive. The presentment of death is upon me." Even then the dark wings of the coming messenger were over him, and he walked courageously forward beneath their sad shadow—

> "As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
> And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
> So fall our thoughts into the dark hereafter,
> And their mysterious echo reaches us."

Endeavoring to persuade him that he should not give way to gloomy forebodings, well calculated to destroy his peace of mind and usefulness in his duties, I shall never forget, Senators, the sad but earnest manner in which he replied: "I am charged with having much to do by my speech in bringing these troubles upon our country. I only hope to have more to do by my acts in ending them."

> "Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
> His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
> Nor number, nor example with him wrought
> To swerve from truth or change his constant mind,
> Though single."

The most brilliant mental efforts of his life are not upon record. The sudden bursts of his often matchless eloquence have passed away with the time and occasion of their utterance. Those preserved of his addresses on different occasions are cold and formal, compared with others uttered without premeditation, when under the inspiration of the moment his mind glowed with the fire of genius and strength. His ease and grace of delivery, his felicity of expression, his wonderful flow of harmonious language, the musical intonations of his voice, can never be forgotten by those who have heard him in many of his happy efforts. His eulogies upon Senator Broderick and Mr. Ferguson, a State senator of California, are specimens of the highest oratorical pathos; while his oration in San Francisco upon celebrating the laying of the Atlantic cable, contains passages of the greatest sublimity and beauty. In my judgment, his impromptu reply to Senator Breckinridge, during our session in July,

was his ablest in the Senate. But the genial nature, the eloquent tongue, the mind which reveled in its own exuberant creations, now sleeps in those cerements which at last embrace with their chill folds all the children of men.

Mr. President, let us not mourn the death of our companion. With my estimate of his character, it was a noble conclusion to an almost romantic history. As we are told

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

why regret the certain end, when the feet of the noble dead have trod all the flowery ways of enthusiasm, eloquence, and patriotism? Colonel BAKER was ambitious, he died a Senator; he was eloquent—he held a Senate captive and heard the plaudits of an admiring people; he was patriotic—he could do no more than sacrifice his life upon the altar of his country amid the shock of battle, and leading the van. The measure of human aims with him was complete. Half a century of winters had scattered their snows upon his head—public judgment had awarded him a place among the most eloquent, and thus honored and beloved he has filled his destiny.

Our people on the far off Pacific will gather around his bier and by silent tears testify not his but their own loss and affliction.

The restless waves of a great ocean will moan for ages to come beside his grave, and his honored ashes lie in the peaceful shadow of the Lone Mountain, that natural monument for the loved and lost of our new empire.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously, and the Senate adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1862.

DEATH OF SENATOR BAKER.

A MESSAGE from the Senate, by Mr. HICKEY, its chief clerk, communicated to the House resolutions passed by the Senate on the occasion of the announcement of the death of Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER, late a Senator from the State of Oregon.

The message from the Senate was read, as follows:

IN SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
December 11, 1861.

Resolved, unanimously, That the members of the Senate, from a sincere desire of showing every mark of respect due to the memory of Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER, deceased, late a Senator from the State of Oregon, will go into mourning by wearing crape on the left arm for thirty days.

Resolved, unanimously, That, as an additional mark of respect for the memory of Hon. EDWARD D. BAKER, the Senate do now adjourn.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

Address of MR. SHEIL, *of Oregon.*

If the message just read has not startled us from our usual decorum by announcing an unexpected calamity, its effect is not the less painful, since it awakens memories of a rooted sorrow.

Colonel E. D. BAKER is dead. He fell at the head of his column, while bravely, gallantly engaging the enemy at Ball's Bluff, in the State of Virginia, on the 21st of last October. His fellow officers and men bear honorable and gratifying testimony of his daring courage in that his first engagement during the present war. Such courage as he there displayed has commanded the universal admiration of all times; and so ennobling is this enthusiasm for the truly brave, that we can confess to be hero worshippers without being guilty of idolatry.

In the personal history of the deceased, there is a lesson well calculated to inspire hope and stimulate ambition for worthy purposes in the youth of our coming generations. No pampered ease or "castle of indolence" was his by virtue of his birthright. The solemn but merciful decree passed upon "man's first disobedience"—that *in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread*—promised him no royal road to this world's honors. Yet there was no sinking of the heart, no relaxing of the muscles, nor paling of the cheek, when he went forth as a volunteer to the great and most merciless of all battle-fields—the world. Years rolled on, and manhood found him still in the *field*, but without promotion.

At this period his mind must have been improved by refining and elevating studies, or some new impulse must have awakened an ambition that at no time previous seemed to have engaged his thoughts or influenced his actions; for thenceforth he evidently determined to seek glory by the mind, rather than by bodily strength. His repeated triumphs, and the many honors fairly won in his new field of labor, fully justified him in his high resolve.

A youth when landing upon our shores, without friends, fortune, or even what is considered an education, before he reached the meridian of life he was honored with the credentials of a Senator in the Senate of the United States by the legislature of the State of Oregon—the highest honor that a sovereign State of this Union can confer upon her citizens.

Those of us who have been so fortunate as to have heard Colonel BAKER in his forensic efforts before the people, or on the floor of this House or of the Senate, cannot easily let slip the silver thread of memory that renews our pleasures by reviving such delightful reminiscences. True, he had not the statesmanlike gravity and ponderous utterance of a Webster, nor the oratorical elegance of a Clay, nor the stern and unanswerable logic of a Calhoun; but he had a mind stored with the richest treasures of English literature; a fluency as inexhaustible as a well of living waters; a vivid imagination, though never violating the rules of correct taste; a memory that had complete control over the storehouse of his knowledge; and a delivery apparently unstudied, and yet so graceful, that gave to his eloquence a power which, if it did not always convince, it was always certain to please.

On the successful completion, as it was believed for a short time, of the submarine telegraph between the United States and Great Britain, our citizens, from one end of the land to the other, manifested their delight by speeches, processions, and other public demonstrations, for what they regarded as the greatest achievement of modern science. The citizens of San Francisco celebrated the event with becoming ceremony. They selected Colonel BAKER as orator for the occasion; and fully did his peerless effort justify their choice. He saw not "as in a glass, darkly," but by the clear light of intelligent calculation, that while one end of *the line* might be in London, the other must ultimately be on the shores of the Pacific. And thus the ties of home, and kindred, and friends, and the bonds of interest were no longer to be loosened by time, nor weakened by distance. To the citizens of that Ultima Thule of the Republic such a picture of such a future, though drawn by an inferior hand, would appeal with thrilling effect. But while the original enterprise failed—an enterprise so grand in its conception, so beneficent in its anticipated results—its extension across the continent is a successfully established fact. Yet while we rejoice in this noble proof of American enterprise, the melancholy reflection will be ever associated with these incidents, that among the first telegrams sent over this same line to the Pacific, there was one that announced the death in battle of the gifted orator.

The remarks which I have just made have been necessarily very brief. My limited acquaintance with Colonel BAKER, owing to the shortness of his residence in Oregon, as well as a wide divergence in our political

views and faith, prevent me from detailing more particularly the traits of his character, as also the distinguished achievements of his military prowess. Aware that there are others who will fully and more ably supply my deficiency, I feel less apprehension than I otherwise should.

As the representative of the State of Oregon, duty, consecrated by an impulse that finds a home in every generous heart, demands this offering to the memory of the deceased.

But, sir, there is something more than a sense of duty that prompts me to take part in this solemn ceremony. I would do injustice to my feelings if I refused, on such an occasion as the present, to pay my humble tribute to the memory of a gallant officer and an eloquent Senator.

I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives of the United States has received with the deepest sensibility the intelligence of the death of Hon. E. D. BAKER.

Resolved, That the members and officers of the House of Representatives will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, as a testimony of the profound respect that the House entertains for the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this House in relation to the death of Hon. E. D. BAKER be communicated to the family of the deceased by the Clerk.

Resolved, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

Address of MR. PHELPS, *of California.*

Mr. SPEAKER: In sorrowfulness of spirit, such as I have seldom felt, I rise to second the resolutions proposed by the honorable member from Oregon.

As a friend and admirer of the deceased Senator, and as a representative of California, I should be doing injustice alike to my own feelings and to the feelings of those who have honored me with a seat upon this floor, did I allow the opportunity to pass without adding my tribute, however humble, to his memory and worth.

This, Mr. Speaker, is a time in our history that tries the materials of which men are made. It may have been difficult heretofore, but now the chaff is easily separated from the wheat—the base metal from the gold. Perhaps no higher eulogy could be passed upon the lamented Senator than to say, no man who knew EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER ever doubted his loyalty and devotion to the Federal Government. When this rebellion burst upon the country, enveloping it in darkness black as night,—when no friendly star penetrated the gloom—when a large portion of our people had forgotten the struggles and teachings of our fathers, and the beauties and blessings of our liberal institutions, and had allowed their hearts to become alienated from the Government, until they found themselves arrayed in arms against and endeavoring to overthrow it, and a greater number still were apathetic—when the very pillars were crumbling, and the foundation stones were settling away, threatening a total destruction of the whole structure,—it was not doubted where Colonel BAKER would be found. All

knew that his eloquent voice would be heard defending the Constitution and Government; that he would speak such words of encouragement and hope as would energize the timid and the weak, and that his arm would be reached out to protect and to defend.

Oh! that all of his associates in the Senate had been like him! Then the earth would not have been convulsed by the mighty throes of this great Republic; then the nation would not have bled from every pore, as she now bleeds. He was always ready to defend the honor of the Government, whether upon the stump, in the National Councils, or in the tented field. His great heart was so wedded to it that it had not a pulsation but what was devotional, and could not, by any possibility, have been swerved from its loyalty. Like the old cannon at Sumter, which, though it had been used perhaps a hundred times to thunder forth salvos in honor of the stars and stripes when proudly and defiantly unfurled to the breeze, yet when used to salute it on being hauled down, after capitulation to a treasonable foe, burst into fragments; so would the heart of Colonel BAKER, ere it could have been turned from its allegiance to a government that had so long received its warmest pulsations and truest devotion.

It was a matter of congratulation with all loyal men in California—and, thank Heaven! the great mass of the people there are as loyal, and true, as any who breathe the inspiring air of liberty—that the country had Colonel BAKER in its chief council, in the place of one who had forgotten alike his duty to his government, and the binding force of his oath of office to support the Constitution. California never regarded him as

belonging particularly to Oregon, but as well to herself, and the whole country. Besides, as he was long a citizen there, she claims, by having given him prominence, no small share of the credit of his having been placed in the Senate.

It should be remarked that this loyal defender of the Government, to whom so many thousands looked for counsel and direction when that Government was attacked by this giant rebellion, this bold and daring warrior chieftain, whose fiery words of stirring eloquence, assisted so much in fanning into a flame the slumbering embers of patriotism in the bosoms of our people, was not a native of the country. Yet how many of our citizens, who are natives of the soil, and inherit the blood of revolutionary sires, might learn a lesson of duty and patriotism from him. The loyalty of BAKER, Sigel, Corcoran, and their brave countrymen, demonstrates the wisdom of our fathers in inviting them to our shores, and extending to them all the benefits of our republican institutions. They had struggled for years through difficulties that would have appalled a less brave and indomitable people, to gain the independence of the country, and which, being established, they magnanimously tendered to the oppressed of every land a home, and full participation in, and enjoyment of, its liberal provisions. In doing this, our fathers truly cast their bread upon the waters, which, after many days, has returned to aid us with the assistance of this class of our fellow-citizens, who are to-day gallantly bearing arms in defense of the government, and among the leaders of whom BAKER, Sigel, and Corcoran have been prominent.

It is no wonder that the leaders of the traitors, whose

headquarters are at Richmond, should desire to limit the right of the elective franchise, and to change our naturalization laws, as our foreign-born citizens furnish the poorest material out of which to manufacture traitors, for the reason that many of them have tasted of tyranny in the Old World, and have no longing for it here. General BAKER was born in the city of London, in the year 1811. In 1815 his father, Edward Baker, removed with his family to this country, settling in the city of Philadelphia, where they resided for about ten years. In 1825 he removed his family to Illinois, where the early manhood of EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER was spent, and where his remarkable mind ripened into full power and elegance. Young BAKER studied law in the office of Judge Caverly, at Carrolton, at which place he married a lady of high character and position, who still survives him. In 1835 he removed to Springfield, Illinois. In 1837 he was elected to the legislature of that State, and re-elected soon thereafter. He served from 1840 to 1844 in the State Senate. In 1844 he was elected to a seat in this branch of the National Legislature, serving with distinction until the breaking out of the difficulties with Mexico, when he proceeded to Springfield, and raised a regiment of young men, who were immediately accepted by the Government, and embarked for the war.

On arriving at Matamoros, irregularities were discovered that demanded immediate attention, and Colonel BAKER came to Washington as bearer of dispatches. When he arrived here Congress was in session, and availing himself of his right to a seat, he pleaded the cause of the volunteers, then in the field, in a speech of

great force and power. His mission to Washington accomplished, he resigned his seat in the House, and returned to his regiment in time to share in the siege of Vera Cruz, and served with distinction during the remainder of the war. After its close, he was again elected to a seat in this House, and served his term with great industry and success. His eulogy, pronounced during that term, upon the death of President Taylor, is one of the gems that ornament the proceedings of Congress. In 1852 he went to California, establishing himself in the city of San Francisco, where he practised his profession with success, notwithstanding he took strong grounds against certain popular movements, which would have destroyed the popularity of any other man. But Colonel BAKER could not be unpopular, as his eloquence always charmed, though it did not always convince the multitude.

It was my good fortune to become acquainted with him soon after his arrival in San Francisco. That acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and a friendly intercourse existed between us until his death.

On his advent into California, he found a political despotism reigning there, as corrupt, as it was intolerant, which had well-nigh crushed out the last relic of political freedom, and the last hope of freemen. This state of things was sufficient to enlist his earnest attention, and he finally yielded his determination to eschew politics altogether, to the clamors of those desiring reform in the city and State governments, who thought his popularity would secure his election, and his ability enable him to effect the desired reformation, and became a candidate for the State senate in 1855. I was among those selected on the legislative ticket with him; but

though a stirring canvass was made, we suffered a Waterloo defeat. This, however, instead of disheartening, only aroused his energies and fixed his determination. In 1856 he entered the field for Fremont, and, though there was no hope of carrying California, made a brilliant canvass of the State. During this campaign, it frequently happened that no person of his political sentiments could be found to introduce him to his audiences, when he would either introduce himself, or some person notoriously opposed to his principles, would volunteer to render him that service. But notwithstanding so few at this time agreed with him politically, so great was his reputation as an orator, he could always command larger audiences than perhaps any other man in the State; and though he suffered defeat after defeat, in successive campaigns, he never relaxed his energies, his hold upon the public mind, or his determination to see the complete triumph of freedom of speech in California. He knew that intolerance could not last always, and that reformation, justice, and freedom of speech and of the press, must finally prevail.

After struggling along from year to year until his object was nearly an accomplished fact, or at least until the dawn of a new era was faintly preceptible, he went in 1859 to Oregon, where he entered immediately the political arena, and after a brilliant campaign was elected to the Senate. From this period his acts are so intimately blended with the history of the country, and are so well understood, I need not advert to them. To his unyielding determination, coupled with his undying love for free institutions, his glowing eloquence and unanswerable logic, is California indebted, more than to

any other man, for the entire overthrow of the political despotism that so long held her in its traitorous grasp. And the whole country is also indebted to him in no small degree, that California is to-day in the Union by her own act and choice, and as true and loyal as any State over which the banner of freedom waves.

Years ago, when our present difficulties were only foreseen by the wise and cautious, and scarcely believed to be of probable occurrence by them, BAKER was engaged in moulding public sentiment, and inculcating something like a proper respect for the sacred right of freedom of speech upon all questions of public policy.

The oligarchy that ruled the State as with a rod of iron, claiming to represent it here and elsewhere, but who outraged every sentiment of the great mass of the people, and betrayed every trust confided to them, saw, doubtless, that he was dangerous to the existence of their power; but they could not reach him in any way. He gave them no cause of attack; cool, courteous, and affable, he would meet them with weapons they knew not how to use—logic, eloquence, and moral heroism. They were even forced to applaud his eloquence, which seemed to thrill and charm all who sat beneath it; but his clear logic they would seek to bury beneath their subtle sophistries, or dispel its force by mere denunciation.

Perhaps the most saddening event that befell Colonel BAKER in California was the death of his friend—the determined, true, loyal, gallant, lion-hearted Senator Broderick. They had just been through a campaign together, armed only with truth and justice; and followed by an undisciplined train of supporters, having had to meet an organization that had always held despotic sway, they

were, as might have been expected, unsuccessful. While their hearts were still sore at the want of success of their cherished principles, Broderick fell a victim to that code, unjust as it is cruel and barbarous, that, in some sections of the country, still disgraces alike humanity and the age in which we live. The whole State was sensibly affected by the death of one they had looked upon as a champion, as true to his principles as the needle to the north pole. Thousands, even among those who had always opposed him politically, as they gazed upon his inanimate form, paid the tribute of tears to the fallen hero. Colonel BAKER, by general consent, became the funeral orator, and in words of pathetic eloquence did justice to the memory of one so daring, so noble, and so true. But where will the orator be found in California, or here, who will be able to do justice to the memory of the self-sacrificing, patriotic, and gallant Colonel BAKER?

As a noticeable incident, I may be permitted to remark, that some years ago, when it was supposed that a strong and durable cable had been laid through the Atlantic, that would thereafter pulsate with thought between the great hearts of the Old and New World, the people of the metropolis of the Pacific duly celebrated the event. Always enterprising and enthusiastic, the citizens turned out in vast numbers; and Colonel BAKER, being one who could always meet the expectations of the people, was chosen to deliver an address on the occasion, and acquitted himself with great credit. All those who had the pleasure of listening to him on that occasion pronounced his effort one of the most chaste and elegant discourses to which they had ever listened. Years of busy tumult had rolled their round, when certain energetic persons

determined upon the construction of a trans-continental telegraph line, that should unite the far-off shores of the Pacific with the Atlantic sea-board. In due time the great work was commenced, and the people watched its progress with much interest, until finally they were told that on the morrow it would be completed, and they brought within instant communication with their old homes; when, though separated by mountain chains, valleys, and wide-spreading deserts, husbands and fathers could converse, by the aid of the electric current, with wives and children, from whom they had been separated for years, as though they again surrounded the family hearth. That morrow came, and the citizens of San Francisco had prepared to celebrate that event, also, with fitting demonstrations of joy. The wires were at last joined together. Distance had been overcome. The stormy Atlantic and the peaceful Pacific, separated since the beginning of time, if not now united, were at least brought within speaking distance of each other. But all rejoicing was soon terminated. The first message that flashed from east to west over the wires announced the death of Colonel BAKER. Quick almost as the electric flash that conveyed the message there, did the current of sorrow run through the city. Joy faded from the faces of the multitude. The crowded streets were hushed into silence; and in place of loud rejoicing came the whispered accents of mourning. All who loved the Union and the old flag, felt that one of the most eloquent defenders of the former had fallen heroically defending the latter. All agreed a great man had passed away. Thousands mourned in him the loss of a true and generous friend. All mourned for the great orator whose

silvery voice they had so often heard as it stole out in harmonious cadences upon the evening air, on occasions well remembered, when his eloquence had seemed to lift them above the conflicting elements of the world into a sphere of poetry and thought which his genius had created. A great party mourned the loss of an intrepid leader. who had done so much to call it into existence in that State, and cause it to become the ruling power. They felt that, to use his own words, pronounced upon the death of the lamented Broderick, "as in life no other voice among us so rang its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amidst our mountains and our valleys, until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart."

And there were others there whose sorrow could only be comforted by the hand of the Almighty Father who had called the gallant hero home. A loving, trusting wife was apprised by that despatch that she was thenceforth a widow, and daughters were informed that a kind and indulgent father had died "doing duty." I would not disturb the sublimity of their sorrow, or quietude of their woe; and yet, I would assure them that a grateful country will hold in sacred remembrance those who fall in defense of our great inheritance—the Constitution and the Union. To the sorrow-stricken widow and children I would say, weep not, grieve not; it is glorious to die in defense of one's country, in the performance of the highest earthly duty; and dying thus, to the patriot death is robbed of its sting.

Could I speak to-day to Washington and his compatriots, who struggled so long to establish this Government for us, and to BAKER, Lyon, and Ellsworth, and

their brave comrades who have fallen in its defense, I would acknowledge to the former that we have sinned deeply; that the Government which they established has taken to its bosom many vipers, who, after being warmed into strength and power, have stung it until every artery has flowed with a green, corrupting, and poisonous current; but I would assure them that it is recovering from it; and that we see cheering evidences that it will soon be restored to full health, strength, and vigor in all its parts, without undergoing the amputation of any member of its great body; and the latter I would assure, that the great cause for which they risked and sacrificed their lives is constantly progressing, and that the armed hosts marshaled in defense of the Constitution will onward, and onward, and onward move, until every armed foe is driven from the limits of the country, and every rebel footprint is obliterated from our soil. To accomplish this, let the loyal people emulate the self-abnegating example of the brave Colonel BAKER. Let our Army strike quick, and hard, and home upon the enemy, and treason will melt and flee away. Follow his example,

> "And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
> O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

in every State and Territory, that has ever acknowledged its sway.

The remains of the late Senator have been removed for burial to my far-off home of the West, where the waves of the mild Pacific gently lave the golden sands from the Sierra's slopes.

"Good friend! true hero!" to your memory hail: to the kind face, the genial companion, the manly form, farewell!

Address of MR. COLFAX, *of Indiana.*

Mr. SPEAKER: The funeral procession of the departed BAKER has passed through the crowded streets of our Atlantic cities. The steamer, perhaps to-day, is bearing its precious burden between the portals of the Golden Gate. The thousands who, with enthusiastic acclaim, cheered his departure as a Senator, stand, with bowed frames, and bared heads, and weeping eyes, to receive with honor, but with sorrow, the lifeless remains that are to be buried in their midst. And there devolves upon us, his former associates, brought by the telegraph almost to the side of his open grave, the duty of rendering also our tribute of affection to his memory.

To say that the deceased Senator was an extraordinary man, is simply to reiterate what the whole country long since conceded. He carved out his own niche in the temple of fame. He built his own pedestal in our American Valhalla. And if the French philosopher D'Alembert was correct in saying that there are but three ways of rising in the world—to soar, to crawl, and to climb—our friend's history is a striking exemplification of the last and worthiest of these ways. The hand-loom weaver boy of Philadelphia—the friendless lad, with his whole fortune in a meager bundle, turning his face westward—the patient journey, footsore and weary, over mountains and valleys—the deputy in the clerk's office at Carrolton, patiently mastering the principles of the law—his rapid rise in his profession—his election to Congress from the capital of Illinois—his volunteering in the Mexican war, and raising, equipping, and marching his regiment within fourteen days—his brilliant

charge at Cerro Gordo, when following up the victory which his impetuous and dashing heroism had mainly won, he pursued the enemy for miles with fearful slaughter—his removal, on his return, to another congressional district, which he carried by his wonderful eloquence against its previous political convictions—his removal to California—his thrilling oration over the murdered Broderick—his triumphant canvass in Oregon—his election to the Senate by a legislature, a large majority of which differed with him in their political associations—his brilliant and impromptu denunciations of traitors, whom, in the Senate Chamber, he prophetically hurled from the Tarpeian rock—his exchanging the robe of the Senator for the sword of the Soldier—his daring struggle to wrest victory, against overwhelming odds, from fate itself—and his death at the head of his column, literally with his back to the field and his face to the foe—what an eventful life, to be crowned by such a glorious death.

We know not but that death may have been as welcome to him as life, especially when he fell in such a sacred cause. Some long for death on the battle-field, knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die, and that he who dies for his country is enshrined forever in thousands upon thousands of patriot hearts. Others who, if we could put a window in their breasts, we would find that they carried a burden of care or sorrow through life, feel that the shaft of death, when sped by its messenger, would have no pain for them. And with others, life is so joyous that the hour of their departure is one of gloom, and thick darkness encompasses the valley their feet must tread. But for our friend, who

had won his way to his highest ambition, and who fell, in the very zenith of his fame, in defense of the Constitution and the Union, charging at the head of advancing columns, careless of danger, of odds, or of death, leaving behind him a glory which shall survive long after his tombstone has molded into dust—we should rather weave for him a garland of joy than a chaplet of sorrow.

I know there was sadness in the family, which no earthly sympathy can assuage. I know there was sadness at the White House, where his early friends mourned their irreparable loss. I know there was sadness at the Capitol; sadness on the Atlantic coast; sadness in the valley of the Mississippi; sadness as one of the first messages flashed along the wire he had so earnestly longed to see stretched from ocean to ocean, bore to the Pacific the tidings of their great loss. There was sadness around the camp-fires of over a half-million gallant volunteers, who, like him, had offered their lives to their country in its hour of trial. So, too, if the legends of antiquity intend to commemorate some patriotic sacrifice of life by the story of Curtius leaping into an open gulf to save the Roman republic, was there sorrow doubtless at his fate. And sadness, too, when Leonidas, at the head of his feeble band, looked death calmly in the face, and gave up his narrow span of earthly life to live immortalized in history.

But, though there may be sadness such as this, let us also rejoice that our friend has left behind him such a record and such a fame, heightened by his magical eloquence, and hallowed forever by his fervid patriotism. For, doubly crowned, as Statesman and as Warrior,

"From the top of fame's ladder he stepped to the sky."

Address of MR. DUNLAP, *of Kentucky.*

Mr. SPEAKER: EDWARD D. BAKER was an Englishman born; yet as an adopted American citizen, a tribute to his memory even by one far removed from the scenes of his active life, will not be deemed obtrusive, for his was a national character. His infancy was cradled on the bosom of the ocean, his manhood careered in the storms of war, his penetrating mind discerned his fatal fall, and he now sleeps in a warrior's grave. Bold and fearless, his eloquent voice was lately heard in the councils of the nation, in withering denunciations of treason, and his last vital action was a patriot's martyrdom. Conspicuous in all his movements, he was the marked object of his opponents, and the fatal field in mute silence enshrouds his form. Poverty was his inheritance, civil and military pre-eminence, his testamentary bequest. Reared by no bountiful hand, his early days spent in a city life of unenvied toil, he brooked the frowns of penury and want, and on the sunset side of the Alleghanies, in the boundless prairies of the West, he sought a home of future usefulness. Proud of his profession, he rivaled the nation's Douglas. His ambition was of no ordinary mould; stimulated by the surroundings of his adopted home, just bursting the bands of primeval beauty, and gradually emerging into national usefulness, his new-made friends appreciated his energy of character, and tendered him legislative preferment.

Civil honors awaited him, and with almost matchless eloquence his advocacy of the Mexican war, gave him an elevated position in this new theater, and won for him the name of Orator. His patriotic devotion was not

surpassed by the native-born citizen. Guided by that love that masters the soul, in the hour of peril, he gave up the emoluments and trappings of civil office, and sought the tented field. Upon Cerro Gordo's heights, he aided in planting the banner of the American Union, which, in his fall, became his winding sheet. Upon the restoration of peace, his restless and ambitious spirit sought other climes, and California, with her gilded beauty, became the spot of the patriot's care, where clustered for a time the joys of home, and the rich reward for eminent services was a people's devotion. He was generous, brave, and manly, winning favor by his mildness of character, yet decisive action. In political or legal conflicts he dealt his blows with artistic skill. As a commander in the field or leader in party contests, he stood pre-eminent for his firmness, bravery, and gallantry. Possessing a mind bold in conception, grand in design, and powerful in execution, he was fitted for every crisis that marked the eventful age in which his brilliant career shone forth so conspicuously. Indomitable energy and burning zeal for his country, were characteristics that stamped his every action. With no model, he was the architect of his own fortunes. His persuasive manner captivated his hearers in debate, and his true nobleness of character won for him a myriad of friends. Separated from the social ties, which linked his temporary destiny, with all that could stimulate a generous heart, he cast his eye upon the EMPIRE CITY OF THE WESTERN OCEAN, with recollections of sweet endearment, and bid it farewell for the spot that last honored him with civil promotion. Infant Oregon found in him a devotee to her fast-developing resources, and a confiding con-

stituency trusted the gifted stranger with her fortunes and her fate. He was to speak for her in the national Capitol. True as she was to that Union, which constituted the elevated aim of his highest, his proudest aspirations, he won for her an enviable position. A nation's peril led him to the field; and, like the gallant Lyon, he sought death rather than defeat.

That a deep sorrow pervades the heart of the American people, at the loss of a man so energetic, firm, and true to her interests in this trying struggle for a nation's integrity, none will gainsay; yet with that feeling there is mingled an exultant pride, that he, the distinguished dead, was one of us. He emphatically belonged to the people. From their ranks he sprung; for their advancement and prosperity he labored; for their approval he toiled; for the perpetuity of their honor he died. How commendable such a death! to leave a name enshrined in the heart of this great nation. He felt a firm conviction that he would fall a martyr in stemming the culmination of this wide-spread treason; but nothing daunted, with heart of fire and brow of steel, he unbosomed his front to the torrent that overwhelmed his gallant form. Naught but the frame of such a spirit can ever die. The spirit will live, to animate all patriots. Ball's Bluff, in all recorded time, will proclaim his martyrdom. "The din of battle and clash of arms" awake not the sleeping dead. Oregon raises the wail of woe, State after State joins in the sad chorus, and the private circle wears a melancholy cast. EDWARD D. BAKER is gone, and, in his eloquent and touching language at the grave of Broderick, let us for him exclaim: "Good friend, true hero, hail! and farewell."

Address of MR. RICHARDSON, *of Illinois.*

Mr. SPEAKER: I am sure the House will indulge me while I add a few words in reference to the illustrious dead. I first met Colonel BAKER, sir, in 1832, upon the northwestern frontier of the State of Illinois. We were soldiers in the ranks in different commands. At the close of that campaign we returned and lived in adjoining counties. We met frequently at the bar. We were members together of the House of Representatives of that State in 1837. We served two years in the Senate of that State together. During the war with Mexico he commanded a regiment; I was a subordinate officer of another regiment during the same period. We served together during one Congress in this Hall. I have known him well. It has been my fortune, in all the various relations where we have met, to encounter him in debate. We belonged to different and opposing political parties; and at the bar, in both branches of the legislature, before popular assemblies, in this House, I never came from a contest with him the victor. I have met but few men in public life, sir, who were more brilliant as orators than Colonel BAKER, and he added to it high scholastic attainments. But, sir, it would be drawing an imperfect sketch of his character if we only gave him these attributes. While his mind "possessed the brilliancy of the diamond, it had its solidity, too."

Before popular assemblies his brilliancy of display attracted and commanded the admiration of his audience. It was for the adversary to discover that in these con-

troversies there was more than the flowers of rhetoric. I have met but few men in public life whom I regarded as so dangerous an adversary in a political contest as Colonel BAKER few who had deeper convictions than he had. I might refer to numerous instances of the depth of his convictions, but one will be sufficient. When, at the grave of his friend, the late Senator from California, Mr. Broderick, to which the Representative from California [Mr. Phelps] has referred, Colonel BAKER denounced the practice of dueling as inhuman and barbarous, he uttered no new sentiment of his. In 1850, during a memorable occasion here, a collision was about to occur between Colonel Bissell, of Illinois, and Jefferson Davis. In a casual conversation which I had with Colonel BAKER and some others of our then colleagues, he denounced the practice of dueling as imfamous, barbarous, and inhuman. It struck us all with a good deal of astonishment, showing that we had had but an imperfect knowledge of his character. Brave, daring, gallant, as we knew him to be, we thought he would interpose no objection to the fight. We combatted his arguments as best we could; but they left on each of us a deep impression. But for that conversation, no adjustment of the difficulty would have been made. Having returned to the Hall of the House of Representatives, General Dawson, then a Senator from the State of Georgia, came to my seat and expressed a desire to speak with me in the rotunda. I went there with him. He said, "We can settle this thing." I agreed to try with him to settle it. But for the conversation which had taken place a few moments before in which Colonel BAKER had taken such a conspicuous part, I should have rejected the proposition at once. I

will not relate the whole history of that transaction, but will only say that it was adjusted without dishonor to Colonel Bissell.

Mr. Speaker, Colonel BAKER has fulfilled the prophetic words which he uttered on this floor in 1850. He said, at the conclusion of one of his speeches,

"I have only to say that if the time should come when disunion rules the hour and discord is to reign supreme, I shall again be ready to give the best blood in my veins to my country's cause. I shall be prepared to meet all antagonists with lance in rest, to do battle in every land in defense of the Constitution of the country which I have sworn to support, to the last extremity, against disunionists and all its enemies, whether of the South or North; to meet them everywhere, at all times, with speech or hand, with word or blow, until thought and being shall be mine no longer."

He has fulfilled the prophecy.

The people of Illinois felt as deep anguish in the death of Colonel BAKER as did the people on the distant shores of the Pacific, or as any people in this nation. He was bound to them by many ties. His mother resides among them. His brother and sister are there. His early manhood's struggles and triumphs were there. He led her sons in the hour of battle to victory. They honored him by conferring on him places in the legislature and in Congress, and he reflected honor on them by the brilliancy of intellect which he brought to the discharge of his duties.

Death has been busy with that bright array of intellect which shone so brightly in the State of Illinois in our times. We have mourned at the graves of Harden, and Ford, and Harris, and Bissell, and our cherished leader, Douglas; and now we mourn at the grave of BAKER. The gems have dropped away from that circle. Some

of its brightest stars have been stricken out and obscured. A few years must sweep away from existence those who have been the rivals and compeers of the illustrious dead; and, sir, if the survivors can bring a nation sorrowing around their graves as have done those who have gone before them to the tomb, we shall have cause to rejoice in them.

I can say, from my knowledge of Colonel BAKER, that he was the manly and courteous opponent, the unselfish friend, the statesman without reproach, the brilliant orator, the gallant soldier. In obedience to his orders, in compliance with his duties, at the head of his command, standing beneath the flag, in support of the Constitution of the country, he has fallen, and gone to his rest forever. He has faithfully discharged his duties to his country and to mankind.

Address of MR. SARGENT, *of California.*

Mr. SPEAKER: With unaffected sadness I rise to add a few words of tribute to the memory of my deceased friend, although little remains to be said by way of biography, or even of eulogy. I speak with intimate knowledge of the man from long association socially and politically—from a sympathy with his principles and active coöperation with him in many of his undertakings. Tame and dull seem any words of eulogy applied to that splendid intellect, that valorous heart, unless they could

be conceived in his own brain of fire, and uttered by his affluent tongue. But

"His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy—
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs!"

His faults, which were few, were those of the generous and social; his virtues were many and heroic. Deeply ingrained in his nature was a love of freedom; a reverence for free institutions, free labor, free men; a pleasure in the elevation of the masses that no demagogue can appreciate. Hence, his noblest efforts of oratory and richest gems of thought are found in those orations where he appealed directly to his people to be true to the principles of American liberty, and reminded them of the privileges of freemen. Hear him, after the goal of his ambition was won, the highest position his birth enabled him to fill, as he gives the key-note of his whole political life. He said, at San Francisco, when on his way to take his seat in the United States Senate,

"As for me, I dare not, will not, be false to freedom. Where the feet of my youth were planted, there, by freedom, my feet shall ever stand. I will walk beneath her banner; I will glory in her strength. I have watched her in history struck down on a hundred chosen fields of battle. I have seen her friends fly from her; her foes gather around her. I have seen her bound to the stake; I have seen them give her ashes to the winds. But when they turned to exult, I have seen her again meet them face to face, resplendent, in complete steel, brandishing in her strong right hand a flaming sword, red with insufferable light. I take courage. The people gather around her. The genius of America will at last lead her sons to freedom."

Seizing upon the Republican party, in 1856, as the exponent of these his cherished convictions, in advance of nearly all other leaders, he traversed our hills and valleys and talked to the miners and farmers of the dignity of that free labor by which they had created a State, and magically illustrated the great issues of that contest. His prophetic mind, even at that early period, looked forward to the troubles with which we now contend. He appreciated the baleful effects that would be produced by the advancing, aggressive slave power of this nation, even to the destruction of the Union and Constitution; for he was learned in the hearts of men, and his penetrating mind had not been deceived by the specious pretenses of the men who even then cloaked treason with a fair exterior. Therefore he sought to prepare the minds of the people for effectual resistance to its usurpations. He was in advance of the age in that remote State; but such labors could not fail of effect. Those who have heard in the other Chamber his noble defense of the integrity of this Union against its assailants, who have seen his logical sword piercing to the dividing of the joints and marrow of the controversy, have an idea of the keenness of his intellect and the felicity of his language. But his electric power over the masses was yet superior to any force he wielded in such debates. He appealed to their better natures in behalf of their best interests, and he aroused them to tumultuous enthusiasm, or subdued them to tears, at his will. I do but strict justice to his memory when I say that California is largely indebted to EDWARD D. BAKER that she is not to-day within the grasp of secessionists, and that she is represented no longer in this Hall by politicians of

the Calhoun school, but by men charged to declare her unalterable fidelity to the Union.

Colonel BAKER was eminently a leader of public sentiment. With his gallant and daring nature he would never follow, would not timorously feel after public opinion. He was always in the van. Therefore, he never asked if a measure was popular as a condition of his support; he only cared if it was right. No matter how great might be the public opposition to any measure he deemed just and beneficial, he was not deterred from its support, but only labored harder to secure its success. Relying upon his great powers of intellect, the influence his unrivaled oratory enabled him to exert over his fellows, he dashed against popular opposition, and frequently turned it back where other men would have been trampled under foot. He had a faculty of identifying himself with his audiences, expressing their thoughts, leading their sympathies, speaking from their level with mingled simplicity and dignity, that dissolved prejudice and captivated their hearts. Possessed of enormous power for good or evil, the admiration that follows his memory is mingled with love and gratitude that he devoted his rare gifts to the good of humanity and to the noblest patriotism.

His original and fearless mind could be but little controlled by party ties. He looked through party to principles. His spirit was eminently catholic. He gladly welcomed co-laborers, coming from whatever source, and gave his services to elevate his nominal opponents. Calling himself a Republican, and sincerely such in principle, he was anxious to unite all who agreed in essentials. He set the example, in his political action and speeches, of discarding prejudices and minor distinc-

tions from that true policy which best serves and advances vital interests. Hence he disregarded party names, to fight by the side of his friend Broderick, when that noble Senator returned to California, after his first session, with the thunders of the Administration leveled at his head, for his opposition to its corruptions and to the extension of slavery. And when Mr. Broderick fell, a martyr to his devotion to human liberty, Colonel BAKER'S oration over his body, in the hearing of weeping thousands, in the public square in San Francisco, had the intensity of grief of that of Marc Antony over the body of Cæsar:

> "My heart is in the coffin there, with Cæsar,
> And I must pause till it come back to me."

And there is a passage in that noble oration almost foreign to the gentle nature of the late Senator, as he spoke of the patient grief of the people, who hung upon his words, over their inestimable loss, that recalls the bitterness of those other words of the Roman orator—

> "But were I Brutus,
> And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
> Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
> In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
> The stones of Rome to rise in mutiny!"

Was not the great champion of liberty slain? The labor of years destroyed in an hour? The first victory of freedom turned to bloody disaster? What wonder that, mingled with his eloquent sorrow, were thoughts of that vengeance that strikes like the thunderbolts of fate. Heart-broken he turned from the scene, and his eloquent voice was heard no more in our State until the

blood of Broderick had been best avenged by the triumph of the principles for which he was slain.

Honored by a seat in the national Senate by our sister State of the Pacific, a position which we of California would gladly have conferred upon him if we had had the power, and which he valued as the most dignified and honorable that could be bestowed, with true patriotism and noble gallantry he laid his position, his fortune, and his life upon the altar of his adopted country, and fell, as a patriot warrior should, contending against its foes. It is true, that he fell in an objectless fight; that no commensurate result followed the great sacrifice; but not the less noble the patriotism that animated him. Where shall we look in the annals of this or any war for a more heroic display of sublime courage than was exhibited on the disastrous day that witnessed his death, as he moved from rank to rank of his feeble command, encouraging his comrades by cheerful words, calmly directing their efforts, sharing their toil and utmost danger, his majestic form the mark of every hostile bullet, yet disdaining precaution, the gallant leader of a forlorn hope, with death alike in front and rear, entrapped into a position where victory and retreat were alike impossible, and surrender worse than death? With the immediate cause of his sacrifice, with that fatal and ill-advised movement at Ball's Bluff, I do not intend to deal. I doubt not the disasters of that day have impressed their lesson where it was needed, and there I am content at present to leave them. Pity it is, that that lesson has cost us so dear.

With the many elements of the sublime in his nature, he was eminently kind and friendly. His disposition was social, his heart open and cheerful as the day. He was

approachable to the humblest, sincere in his friendships, mindful of favors, liberal in return. No enemy could provoke him to hatred, no ally complain of treachery. He was indebted as much to the sincerity of his nature, which was manifest in every word and act, as to his wonderful powers of oratory, for the ascendency he secured wherever he sought it. Prejudice melted in the sunlight of his smile. As imagination followed his bold flights through poetic realms, or reason labored to master his rapid deductions, his audiences would sway with admiration; and then, changing to deepest pathos—a pathos beyond affectation—that could spring only from a heart in sympathy with all that is good and gentle and true, he would move his listeners to tenderness and trust, opening his heart of hearts to their gaze, and captivating their affections by a glance into the riches of a nature so sympathetic that he bound them to his cause by very love of its advocate.

Mr. Speaker, we of California have not to-day the privilege of remembering the dead Senator as honored by us with his seat in the highest council of the nation. We have not the grateful recollection that the honor which he shed upon the Pacific States by his brief but splendid career in the Senate, is the peculiar treasure of our State. But California will ever claim and cherish the memory of EDWARD D. BAKER as one of her brightest jewels. Our State was the object of his earnest love—the theater of many of his highest achievements. He was familiar with our skies and mountains, our streams and forests, our cities and homes. He loved our people, and they loved him with fervent idolatry. Their hearts bled in anguish when the lightning flashed the dismal

intelligence of his untimely fate; and even now his ashes are borne over the waves to rest in the soil he loved, by the side of that other slain Senator. in the shadow of the Lone Mountain. In his own magnificent phrase, "As in life, no other voice among us so rang its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amidst our mountains and our valleys until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart." I but inadequately speak the emotions of the people of my State, as I seek in feeble words to do honor to his memory. I would this tribute were worthier, that I could hang a garland upon his tomb worthy of his illustrious shade.

But the future will be just to his fame. When history makes record of the heroic deeds done in this holy war, the name of EDWARD D. BAKER will inspire to sublimest praise, and his memory be preserved from age to age like the sacred fire upon Vesta's altar. For myself I desire no higher motive for my public acts than inspired his glorious patriotism, his undying love of freedom. And, sir, I trust that the declaration of his truthful lips, made a little over one year ago, and which I shall quote—a declaration made in bitter mortification, in contemplation of the spectacle we presented to the civilized world, may have lost its truth and meaning by means of the national regeneration this war is producing:

"Here, [said he] in a land of written constitutional liberty, it is reserved for us to teach the world that under the American stars and stripes, slavery marches in solemn procession; that under the American flag, slavery is protected to the utmost verge of acquired territory; that under the American banner, the name of freedom is to be faintly heard, the songs of freedom faintly sung; that while Garibaldi, Victor Emanuel, every great and good man in the world, strives, struggles, fights, prays, suffers, and dies, sometimes on the scaffold,

sometimes in the dungeon, often on the field of battle, rendered immortal by his blood and his valor; that while this triumphal procession marches on through the arches of freedom, we, in this land of all the world, shrink back trembling when freedom is but mentioned."

Sir, the spell is broken. We dare to be free. The traditions of our race sadly teach that freedom is only bought with blood; and noble blood has been shed to emancipate us from the domination of that despotism which has fettered liberty and corrupted conscience. It seems a fearful price to pay when our Lyons and Bakers, our Winthrops and Ellsworths, are cut down in the glory of useful manhood. But the nation is being educated in heroism, and we are giving to the future holy names, and memories, and examples—inestimable gifts that will be cherished by our children's children as their richest inheritance.

Address of MR. KELLEY, *of Pennsylvania.*

Mr. SPEAKER: My personal acquaintance with Senator BAKER was of recent date. It commenced about the time of the inauguration of President Lincoln. But under the influence of his graceful and genial manners and confiding nature, it soon ripened into mutual friendship, attested, on his part, by acts gratefully received and now sacredly remembered by a number of my young constituents, who desired to prove their patriotism by following him when he should lead a column 'mid the "sheeted fire and flame" of some second Cerro Gordo.

He was a fascinating companion; and I knew not which most to admire, the heartiness, ease, and grace of his social intercourse, or his power as a thinker, orator, and leader of men. Who that has seen his eye flash as his voice swayed the Senate or the assembled multitude of eager listeners, shall forget its fire? Or who, that has heard him quietly relate some mirth-moving incident, will forget the genial light with which it illuminated his sweet smile? Alas! that it should have closed in death while the blood of vigorous manhood poured from his many wounds.

But, Mr. Speaker, sorrow as we may with those whom he so tenderly loved; grieve as we may for our country, to whose welfare and glory his life was so unsparingly devoted, let us not mourn his death, for in it a well-spent life was fitly rounded. The enduring monuments of a nation are the stories of its men, which, if these were truly great, illuminate the future while they exemplify the past; and when EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER died, another name was indelibly graven on the imperishable rolls of American orators, statesmen, and soldiers.

He was not a native of the city which I have the honor, in part, to represent. The people of Philadelphia knew that he was born in England; that he came to manhood in Illinois, and, as a colonel from that State, bore the unsullied flag of our country from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico; that it was as a citizen of distant California he had thrilled the heart of a great and wide-spread people by the utterance of his indignant sorrow over the body of the murdered Broderick; and that it was as Senator from more distant Oregon he had hurled from the "Tarpeian rock" the Cain-like son of Kentucky,

who, impelled by ambition lawless as that of Lucifer, prated of the sanctity of the Constitution, that, by the arts of Judas, he might betray a confiding people; yet they loved him as one of themselves.

His early youth was passed in Philadelphia. Many of his relatives still reside there; and he always loved the city in which his father—yet kindly remembered by many—essayed to maintain his family by the labors of a teacher, and in which he first felt the quenchless flame of honorable ambition; and, after having publicly dedicated himself "to fight for country, home, law, Government, Constitution, right, freedom, and humanity," he came thither to enlist a regiment, to follow him to victory or the grave, in so grand a cause. He came to raise one thousand men. The announcement of his name and purpose was magical as the summons of Roderick Dhu. More offered than could be accepted.

> "From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
> Could hardly buckle on his brand,
> To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
> Were yet scarce terror to the crow;
> Till at the rendezvous they stood
> By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood."

And when his so-called California regiment left its place of rendezvous, it embraced three battalions and mustered over fourteen hundred of the flower and pride of Philadelphia. The day on which they passed through our city to encamp in a neighboring park was a gala day. I saw them as they moved along one of our principal thoroughfares; the music to which they marched was the plaudits of dear kindred, friends, and neighbors. It was a goodly sight to look upon. Beside the acute

lawyer, experienced legislator, glowing orator, and tried soldier, Colonel BAKER—whose name the fondest and proudest hopes of the city garlanded—rode the brave and accomplished young Quaker, Wistar, upon whom, with the affection of a father, he relied with such well-placed confidence as his "good right arm." And in the column that followed was as grand an embodiment of character, culture, courage, and loyalty as ever regimental officer commanded. No holiday or hireling soldiers were they; but men with tender ties, bright prospects, and noble aspirations—men who knew what peace and freedom are, and how worthless life would be without them. How dauntless was their courage, how perfect their devotion to chief and cause, Massachusetts and New York will tell when they write the story of their sons whose conduct on that ill-chosen field invests with a radiant halo the doubts and disasters of Ball's Bluff.

When his regiment had been in the field a short time the Government offered Colonel BAKER a general's commission, which he refused to receive; but while he gracefully declined the rank and pay, he accepted the labors and responsibilities of the station. About that time the business of recruiting seemed to flag, and with characteristic energy he undertook the labor of enlisting the additional regiments required to complete his brigade. Again he came to Philadelphia. Colonels Baxter, Owens, and Moorhead having served three months, and been honorably mustered out of service, had each gathered about him the nucleus of a regiment for the war. He saw and conferred with them. Moorhead had known him, as youth knows a gallant leader, "when pursuing honor on the distant fields of Mexico." Baxter, one of

their number, was appealing to our firemen to encounter on a new field the toil and danger with which their unrequited labors make them so familiar; and in Owen he found an intelligent and educated representative of the courage and enthusiasm of the Irish-American people. He authorized them to announce their regiments as part of his brigade, and thus again disclosed the magical power of his name; for however tardily recruiting had gone on before, men now rallied around the standard of these officers more rapidly than the Government could arm and equip them; and in a few days an exultant people cheered the departure of the last of them for the embattled field.

The qualities which gave Colonel BAKER so controlling an influence among men seem to me to have been his frankness, his fidelity, and that great-hearted humanity which interested him in whatever concerned the rights, comfort, or welfare of those about him. In him my young townsmen declare they found not only the soldier's first need—discipline and guidance—but also a patient listener, wise counselor, and sympathetic friend.

His career illustrates the beneficence of our institutions. Neither, the poverty of his childhood, nor the fact of his foreign birth, depressed him. And as his restless energy bore him westward from the Atlantic even to the Pacific coast, he found under the Constitution of our country legitimate scope for all his activities. It is not generally known that with his varied powers he also possessed a fine poetic gift. It was, however, well known to his intimate friends; and I have sometimes thought that, though under other Governments or in other times he might not have been known as an orator,

statesman, or soldier, he would still have achieved lasting fame. The man who could close the rhythmical expression of an exquisite fancy with the exclamation—

"It were vain to ask as thou rollest afar,
Of banner or mariner, ship or star;
It were vain to seek in thy stormy face
Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace.
Thou art swelling high, thou art flashing free,
How vain are the questions we ask of thee!

"I too am a wave on a stormy sea;
I too am a wanderer, driven like thee;
I too am seeking a distant land
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand;
For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And they who once reach it shall wander no more."

The man, I say, who, with Colonel BAKER'S love of right and large human sympathy, could give such expression to his fancy, might not have attained political power under institutions affording less scope to his activity, but would probably have shone in literature, and enrolled his name with those of Korner, Schiller, and Burns.

Mr. Speaker, our sympathy will not reanimate the moldering remains of our departed friend; but we can see to it that the people realize the hope in which he rejoiced: "That the banner of our country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves, there glory may pursue and freedom be established."

Address of MR. RIDDLE, *of Ohio.*

MR. SPEAKER: The nation mourns her dead, not as in the peace-time, when one of her kingly ones went from a rounded and perfect career, leaving our sky brightened with his passage, and glittering with the new stars his hand had set in it. Then indeed she mourned, but it was with a proud and satisfied sorrow, as she inurned his ashes in her bosom and transferred his glory to her diadem, brighter for the tears with which she embalmed it. Now, we feel as if a strong and beautiful column had been shattered in our midst ere it was finished, and leaving a temple tottering for its support. It is as if we had suddenly stumbled upon the corpse of the dead Senator, not composed in the dignity of calm death, with his robes about him, but mangled upon a rent field, with the cloud of battle on his brow, and its flash still flickering in his eye; with his battle blade shivered in his hand, and the nation's ensign torn from its staff, scorched and crimsoned and trampled into the red earth beneath him. This is the picture that starts fresh and ghastly before us, and we contemplate it with pallid surprise, with the gush of first grief, and with a fierce indignation, for we know the hand that robbed us of this regal form and royal soul. And as we contemplate it, other forms marred by the hand of this war come in mourning procession and range themselves about this grand figure.

There is the shadowed face of Ellsworth, whose winged spirit bore him a step beyond frigid duty to a murderer; yet that spot is a shrine, and the dark edifice that holds it is chipped away for memorials and amulets and talismans. We now know the meaning of that nameless

shadow that deepened his boyish beauty. And Winthrop, radiant in young genius, with his hilt wreathed with the offerings of poesy and romance, rushing as blithely to battle and to death as a young bridegroom to the couch of expectant love.

And Lyon, from the far-off Missouri, who hurled his four or five regiments into the battle-embrace of twenty thousand enemies, and grasped victory out of the iron fangs of fate, and relinquished it only to the hand of death.

They throng about us, pale and shadowy, from scores of fields of glory and disaster.

Hundreds of our broad-browed, open-eyed youths—without a taint in their blood or a stain on their souls, pure as the mothers who bore them, and beautiful as the sisters in their homes—have been lost in fierce conflict, where individuality is dropped, melted out in the fiery mass of molten valor that roars and swells and breaks in red waves; when wounds do not smart, and death does not sting. Many—oh! how many—in rude, dilapidated hospitals and chilly tents, untended and uncared for, have passed away, solaced only by fever-dreams of far-off homes, bringing the images of cool hands and loved forms they shall meet never, save in the "silent land."

These were not enough! A higher sacrifice; the highest the land could offer—he whom the Constitution, written by our fathers, made the peer of the President; and whom the constitution, written by the finger of God, made the peer of the proudest, living or dead—was demanded. And there, in that narrow, fire-girt field, at the close of that shortened autumn day, under that gray, pitiless sky, amid defeat, disaster, and death, that sacrifice

was made. It was perfect. The sky circled no nobler victim. That man-form was swayed by the brain of a statesman, and garnered the wisdom of a sage. It was warmed by the heart of a hero, and held the arm of a warrior. In it burned the imagination of a poet, and its utterances were with the tongue of an orator; and over all reigned a soul angelic in its elevation.

The nation mourns her dead; and when, in the anguish of this great loss, we contemplate the measureless calamity of which it is a part, and see the springs and causes and the hands that worked this dire woe, demands for an almost religious vengeance struggle for place and expression in our grief. We feel as if we should summon hither our young legions, and bidding them dip their weapons in this sacred blood, we should hurl them on the guilty land, to drive the plowshare of utter destruction through a soil that reeks with the feculence and slaver of all crime. That we should here invoke that the red-visaged angel of retributive wrath be loosened and sent to hover on the pinions of fright and terror over that doomed clime, and distil images of dire horror among the ghastly, shivering, guilty wretches below. Pardon me if such emotions should find no utterance here where everything should be softened and elevated to the tender grand sorrow of a great nation in the presence of a great grief.

Mr. Speaker, what fruition is to spring from all this wide, wild waste and desolation? What great fitting conclusion is to leap or grow from this crushing of the caskets of so many priceless lives? Are all these sacrifices to be in vain? or may we gather from them inspiration and courage and strength and stature, to confront and

grapple with the event that so overshadows and dwarfs us all? or shall they, furnishing the only light on the darkest page of American history, be transmitted for the benefit of a better generation, to whom that page shall tell the story of our visitation, and our opportunity, of the means before us and our weakly turning from them? That instead of our springing into the proportions of giants, and doing giants' work, we dwindled and driveled and shriveled and shrunk, and were buried under a burden that we could not carry.

This crowning loss shall be all a loss, if, like blinded men in darkened rooms, we waste our strength and energy in buffeting shadows and phantoms and shams that mock us as we smite. Not in vain, if, with the one great object we go confidently forth into the field of God's providence, and in the clear, white light, read the inscription emblazoned on the front of this huge treason, and apprehend the lesson it teaches. There, too, we shall find an ample means and a golden opportunity, like severe-browed yet staying angels, awaiting our footsteps.

A nation mourns her dead, and questions while she mourns.

Mr. Speaker, it was not needed that I should add a single leaf to the rich and varied garlands scattered with the profuse hand of national and individual grief upon the resting-place of the dead Senator. I had no ambition to bring a wrought wreath; I only wished to lay upon or near it one little broken spray.

The question was taken, and the resolutions were adopted.

Library.
Of California.

Samuel George Morton

A

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON, M.D.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA:
[illegible] AND P. G. COLLINS.
1853.

out his whole professional life, maintained with him a frequent and friendly intercourse.

The delineation which follows is necessarily in miniature; for, independently of the comparatively short time which can be devoted to such communications in the business of the College, the pages of our journal, to which it is customary in the end to consign them, are too limited to receive in its fulness a portraiture which might readily be made to occupy volumes. I shall, however, endeavor, by excluding irrelevant commentary, and by expressing myself as concisely as possible, to introduce within the limits assigned the greatest practical amount of biographical matter.

Dr. Morton sprang from a highly respectable family, residing at Clonmell, in Ireland. His father, George Morton, the youngest of four brothers, emigrated at the age of sixteen to this country, with another brother somewhat older, who soon afterwards died. He settled in Philadelphia, and, having acquired the requisite experience in a counting-house in a subordinate capacity, afterwards engaged in mercantile business on his own account. Here he married Jane Cummings, a lady having a birthright in the religious Society of Friends, which, according to a well-known rule of that Society, she lost upon her marriage with one who was not a member, Mr. Morton belonging to the English Church. He died on the 27th of July, 1799, leaving his widow with three children, a daughter and two sons, the youngest of whom was the subject of the present sketch, and at that time an infant in arms. The older boy, James, was soon afterwards sent to an uncle in Ireland, who adopted him; but he died before maturity. The sister still survives to lament the loss of both her brothers.

Dr. Morton was born on the 26th of January, 1799, and was consequently about six months old at the death of his father. In her bereavement the widow sought consolation in religion, and still entertaining the faith in which she had been educated, applied for restoration of membership in the Society of Friends, and was received. With a view to be near a beloved sister, she removed from Philadelphia to West Chester, in the State of New York, but a few miles from the metropolis, where her sister resided. Wishing that her children should be brought up in her own religious faith, and surrounded in early life by those safeguards which are eminently provided by the discipline of Friends, she sought for their admission

into the Society; and they were accordingly received as if members by birth.

Custom, if not positive rule, requires among Friends that children should as far as practicable be educated in schools under the care of the Society, so that their tender years may be protected until their principles shall have sufficiently taken root to resist the seductions of the world. As no school of this kind existed in her immediate neighborhood, Mrs. Morton felt herself compelled, when no longer satisfied with her own tuition, to send her young son from home; and, for several years of her residence at West Chester, he was placed in one or another of the Friends' boarding-schools in the State of New York, where he acquired the usual rudiments of an English education.

At this early age, the boy evinced a literary turn of mind, being extremely fond of historical reading, and frequently trying his hand in writing verses, an exercise very useful to the young by giving them a command of language not so easily attained in any other way. I am told that his bent towards natural science was also received at this period. Among the visitors of his mother was Thomas Rogers, a gentleman belonging to the Society of Friends living in Philadelphia, who had a great fondness for mineralogy, and imparted a portion of the same fondness to the young son of his hostess, whom he delighted to take with him in his exploratory walks in the neighborhood.

The visits of Mr. Rogers resulted in his marriage with Mrs. Morton, and her return with him to Philadelphia along with her two children, whom he loved and treated as if they were his own. Dr. Morton always spoke in the kindest and most affectionate terms of his step-father. He was about thirteen years old when this change took place.

After the removal to Philadelphia, he was sent for a time to the famous boarding-school of Friends at West Town, in Chester County, Pennsylvania; and subsequently, in order to complete his mathematical studies, to a private school in Burlington, New Jersey, under the care of John Gummere, a member of the Society of Friends, and eminent as a teacher.

Having remained for one year under the instruction of Mr. Gummere, he left the school, in the summer of 1815, and entered as an

apprentice a mercantile house in this city, in which he continued until the death of his mother in 1816.

His heart was not in his business; and, though there is no reason to believe that he neglected the duties of his position, he devoted most of his leisure hours to reading, and gave his thoughts rather to history, poetry, and other branches of polite literature than to mercantile accomplishment.

The last illness of his mother was protracted, requiring the frequent attendance of physicians; and several of the most distinguished practitioners of Philadelphia were in the habit of visiting her professionally. Drs. Wistar, Parrish, and Hartshorne, were men calculated to impress favorably the mind of a bright, and at the same time thoughtful youth; and the attentions they paid to him, elicited no doubt by their observation of his intelligence and studious tendencies, had the effect of greatly strengthening the impression. His respect and affection for these eminent physicians naturally inclined him to their profession, and suggested the wish that he might be prepared to tread in their footsteps. This, I am informed, is what first directed his thoughts towards the study of medicine; though, as stated by Dr. Meigs, it is not improbable that the reading of the published introductory lectures of Dr. Rush may have been the immediate cause of his change of pursuit.

In the year 1817, being in the nineteenth year of his age, he entered as a pupil into the office of the late Dr. Joseph Parrish, then in the height of his practice, and distinguished as a private medical teacher. It was here that I first formed his acquaintance, being about to close my pupilage under the same preceptor, when he began his. As I was, soon after graduation, engaged by Dr. Parrish, to aid him in the instruction of his rapidly increasing class, I had, both as a companion and teacher, the opportunity of witnessing the industry and quick proficiency of the young student, and formed a highly favorable opinion of his general abilities. He attended the lectures in the University of Pennsylvania regularly, and, having complied with the rules of the institution, received from it the degree of Doctor of Medicine, at the commencement in the spring of 1820.

During the period of his medical studies, he continued to reside with his step-father, and to this association probably owed in part his continued predilection for the natural sciences. It was to be

expected from such a predilection, that he would give especial attention to Anatomy, which, indeed, he cultivated with much diligence and success. Similarity of taste and pursuit in this respect, led to a friendly association, about this period, with the late Dr. Richard Harlan, who superintended the anatomical studies of Dr. Parrish's pupils, and subsequently became distinguished as a naturalist.

Soon after his graduation, Dr. Morton became a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, thus commencing his professional career as a member of that body, over which he presided at the time of his death.

Having been pressingly invited by his paternal uncle, James Morton, of Clonmell, before commencing the practical duties of life, to pay a visit to his relatives in Ireland, and eager to improve both his professional knowledge and his knowledge of the world, he concluded to make a voyage to Europe, and accordingly embarked for Liverpool in May, 1820. On arriving in England, he proceeded immediately to Clonmell, where he spent about four months in a delightful intercourse with friends and relatives proverbially hospitable, improving in manners through the polishing influence of refined society, and cultivating his taste by varied reading. It is probable that, in this association, whatever bent his mind may have received from early education towards the peculiarities of Quakerism, yielded to the influences around him; for though, throughout life, he reaped the advantages of that guarded education in an exemplary purity of morals, and simplicity of thought and deportment, he connected himself subsequently with the Episcopal Church, to which his forefathers had been attached.

The uncle of Dr. Morton very naturally valued a European degree more highly than an American, and was desirous that his nephew, before entering on his professional career, should obtain the honors of the Edinburgh University. The Doctor yielded to his wishes, and left his Irish friends to enter upon a new course of medical studies at the Scotch capital. In consequence of exposure, in his journey from Dublin to Belfast, on the top of a coach, he was seized with an illness, believed to be an affection of the liver, which confined him for some time to his bed in Edinburgh, and probably served as the foundation of that delicacy of health, which attended him for the rest of his life. On his recovery, he com-

menced an attendance upon the medical lectures, and at the same time upon those of Geology, by Professor Jamison, thus showing that his attachment to natural science still continued.

Another attack of illness, early in the year 1821, interrupted his studies. Recovering from this, he made an excursion into the Highlands of Scotland, and afterwards returned to the relaxation and enjoyments of a residence among his friends at Clonmell.

In the autumn of the same year, he made a journey to Paris, where he spent the winter very profitably in the prosecution of his studies, and in improving his knowledge of the French language.

In the following spring, he left Paris upon a tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy, in which he consumed the summer.

In the autumn of 1822, we find him again at Edinburgh, where he continued through the winter, attending lectures, making up for early deficiencies in classical education by the study of Latin, and otherwise preparing himself for graduation. Having written and presented a thesis in Latin, *De Corporis Dolore*, and undergone satisfactorily an examination on medicine in the same language, he received the honors of the University in August, 1823.

He had thus been six years occupied, more or less steadily, in the study of medicine, carrying on, during the same period, a process of self-education, which more than compensated for the deficiencies of his early life, and attaining a proficiency in various branches of natural science, which contributed greatly to his future eminence.

In June, 1824, he bade farewell to his friends in Ireland, and, returning to Philadelphia, immediately engaged in the practice of his profession.

His success was gradual. Young physicians are apt to complain of their slow progress in a remunerative business; but what they consider a misfortune, is in fact, if properly used, a blessing. Their early years have been devoted to the acquisition of elementary knowledge, their later will be occupied by practical duties. It is in the intermediate period that the opportunity is offered of extended research into the records of science, of confirming or correcting the results of reading and study by observation, of making original investigations into the worlds of matter and of thought, and thus bringing forth to the light truths which may benefit mankind, and at the same time serve as the basis of honor and success to their discoverer. He who leaps at once from professional study

into full professional action, finds all his time and powers occupied in the application of the knowledge already attained, and seldom widens materially the circle of science, or attains higher credit than that of a good, or a successful practitioner. It was undoubtedly fortunate for Dr. Morton's reputation, that his time was not, at the outset, crowded with merely professional avocations. He had thus the opportunity of going out into the various fields of natural science; and, while he neglected none of the means requisite to the honorable advancement of his business as a physician, he pushed his researches and labors in those fields to the most happy results.

As an aid and stimulus to his researches in this direction, he entered at once into hearty co-operation with his fellow members of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and took an active part in the affairs of that Institution. He was almost immediately made one of the auditors; in December, 1825, was appointed to the office of Recording Secretary, which he held for four years; served actively for a long time on the Committee of Publication; aided materially in increasing and arranging the collections; delivered before the Academy lectures on Mineralogy and Geology during the years 1825 and 1826; drew up a report of its transactions for these two years; and began a series of original papers upon various subjects of natural science, which have contributed greatly to his own credit, and that of the Institution.

His first medical essay was on the use of cornine in intermittent fever, and was published in the *Philadelphia Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences* (XI. 195, A. D. 1825). Under the name of cornine, a material had been given to him, purporting to be an alkaline principle extracted from common dogwood bark, and, having been used by him in several cases of intermittent fever, proved to be an efficacious remedy. Dr. Morton was responsible only for the correctness of his own statements as to the effects of the substance given to him, and not for its chemical character, which must be admitted to be at best doubtful. Positive proof is still wanting of the existence of any such active alkaline principle.

His first strictly scientific papers were two in number, both read on the 1st of May, 1827, before the Academy of Natural Sciences, and afterwards printed in the *Journal* of the Academy. They were entitled respectively, "Analysis of Tabular Spar, from Bucks

County, Pennsylvania, with a notice of various minerals found at the same locality," and "Description of a new species of Ostrea, with some remarks on the Ostrea convexa of Say."

These were followed in rapid succession by other scientific communications; and the *Transactions* of the Academy continued to be enriched by his labors from this date till within a short period before his death. There were not less than forty of these contributions, besides others to the *Transactions* of the American Philosophical Society, and the *American Journal of Science and Art*, edited by Professor Silliman. They were on the various subjects of mineralogy, geology, organic remains, zoology, anatomy, ethnology, and archaiology; and, by their diversified character, richness in original matter, and accuracy and copiousness of description, speak more strongly than could be done in mere words of the industry, scientific attainments, powers of observation, and truthfulness of their author.*

But, in this slight sketch of his contributions to periodical works of science, I have been anticipating the course of his life, and must return to a period but shortly subsequent to the commencement of these labors.

He had at that time considerably widened his social circle, had formed intimacies with many persons of distinction in science and in the common walks of life, had become favorably known in the community at large, and was rapidly extending his business as a practitioner of medicine. Only one thing was wanting to give permanence to his well-being, by affording a point towards which his thoughts and energies might ever tend, as the centre of his life. This want was supplied by his marriage, October 23, 1827, with Rebecca, daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Pearsall, highly respected members of the Society of Friends, originally of New York, but at that time residing in Philadelphia. This connection was, in all respects, a most happy one for Doctor Morton. He secured by it not only a devoted companion, who could appreciate, if not participate in, his pursuits, and lighten by sharing with him the burthens of life, but the blessing, also, of a loved and loving family, which gave unwearied exercise to his affections, and sus-

* For a catalogue of these and of the other works of Dr. Morton, the reader is referred to the Appendix of the Memoir prepared by Dr. Meigs.

tained a never-ceasing strain of grateful emotion, that mingled sweetly with the toils, anxieties, and successes of his professional career, and gave an otherwise unattainable charm to his intervals of leisure.

It is reasonable to suppose that his professional business was increased by his marriage. That he possessed, in some measure, the confidence of the public as a practitioner, is shown by his appointment, in the year 1829, as one of the physicians to the Philadelphia Almshouse Hospital. Here he enjoyed ample opportunities for pathological investigations, of which he availed himself extensively, especially in relation to diseases of the chest, towards which his attention had been particularly directed by attendance on the clinical instructions of Laennec, during his stay in Paris. The fruit of these investigations will be seen in a work which will be more particularly noticed directly.

In the year 1830, Dr. Morton added to his other duties those of a medical teacher. A brief notice of the association with which he was connected may not be amiss; as it was one of the first of those organizations, now familiar to the profession in Philadelphia, in which a number of physicians unite in order to extend to their private pupils advantages, which, separately, it would be impossible for them to bestow. It is quite unnecessary that I should speak of the benefits which have accrued from this plan of instruction to the profession in this city. Most of those who now hear me have, I presume, been taught under that system, and some are at this moment teachers. You can, therefore, appreciate its advantages; but it is only the older among you who can do so fully, as it is only they who can compare it with the irregular and inefficient plan of private tuition that preceded it. Another incidental advantage has been the training of a body of lecturers, from among whom the incorporated schools have been able to fill their vacant professorial chairs with tried and efficient men, and thus to sustain, amidst great competition, the old pre-eminence of Philadelphia as the seat of medical instruction.

The late Dr. Joseph Parrish, from the increasing number of his office pupils, was induced to engage the services of a number of young medical men, to aid him, by lectures and examinations on the different branches of medicine, in the education of his class. This arrangement was in efficient operation for several years, but was at

length superseded by another, in which all the teachers were placed on a footing of perfect equality, the private pupils of each one of them being received on the same terms, and those of other private teachers, not belonging to the association, being admitted on moderate and specified conditions. It was in January, 1830, that this little school was formed. In accordance with the simple tastes of its most prominent member, it took the modest name of "Philadelphia Association for Medical Instruction," a title which still survives in a highly respectable existing summer school, though the original association has long been dissolved. The first lecturers were the late Dr. Joseph Parrish on the practice of medicine, Dr. Franklin Bache on chemistry, Dr. John Rhea Barton on surgery, Dr. Morton on anatomy, and myself on materia medica. About the same time, another combination of the same character was formed, denominated, I believe, the "School of Medicine," in which Dr. C. D. Meigs taught midwifery. By an arrangement, mutually advantageous, the services of Drs. Bache and Meigs were interchanged; the pupils of the "Association" attending the lectures of the latter on midwifery, and those of the "School of Medicine" the chemical instructions of the former. Dr. Morton continued to deliver annual courses on anatomy in this association for five or six years, when it was dissolved. His instructions were characterized by simplicity and clearness, without any attempt at display, and, so far as I have known, gave entire satisfaction both to his associates and pupils.

On the 28th of November, 1831, he was chosen Corresponding Secretary of the Academy of Natural Sciences, and was thus brought into official communication with many scientific men in Europe and America.

Reference was a short time since made to a work based mainly upon his pathological investigations in the Almshouse Hospital. It was denominated "Illustrations of Pulmonary Consumption," was printed in the early part of 1834, and contributed no little to the increase of his reputation as a practitioner. The work is an octavo of about 180 pages, treats of phthisis in all its relations, and is illustrated by several painted plates, executed with skill and accuracy. At that time little was known in this country of the admirable work of Louis on Consumption, and the book of Dr. Morton no doubt contributed to the spread of sound views, both pathological and therapeutical, upon the subject. He particularly

insists on the efficacy of exercise in the open air in the treatment of the disease, following in this respect in the footsteps of his preceptor, Dr. Parrish, to whose memory great honor is due for his successful efforts to revolutionize the previously vague and often destructive therapeutics in phthisis.

Very soon after the publication of this work, in the year 1834, Dr. Morton had an opportunity of making a voyage to the West Indies, as the companion and medical attendant of a wealthy invalid. On this occasion he visited several of the islands, making observations as he travelled in relation to their geological structure, and at the same time investigating, with peculiar attention, the influence of their climate upon phthisis, and their relative fitness as places of resort for consumptive patients from colder regions.

Some time after his return from the West Indies, he edited an edition of Mackintosh's *Principles of Pathology and Practice of Physic*, adding explanatory notes, and making numerous additions to supply deficiencies in the original work. A second American edition was published in 1837, under his supervision.

When it was that he began to turn his attention especially to ethnological studies I am unable to say; but it is probable that the idea of making a collection of human crania, especially those of the aboriginal races of this continent, both ancient and modern, originated soon after he entered into practice, if not even previously; and among the earliest recollections of my visits to his office is that of the skulls he had collected. It is well known to you that much of his time and thoughts, and not a little of his money, were expended in extending and completing this collection, in which he was also materially assisted by his own private friends, and the friends of science in general, who were glad to contribute their aid to so interesting an object. The cabinet thus commenced was gradually augmented, embracing the crania of the lower animals as well as those of man, until at length it grew to a magnitude almost beyond precedent; and, at this moment, it forms one of the greatest boasts of our country in relation to natural science. It is ardently to be hoped that means may be found to secure its retention here, and that it may ever continue to enrich the varied collections of our Academy, among which it has been deposited.*

* I have been informed, on the very best authority, that, independently of all the assistance in making the collection afforded by others, it cost Dr. Morton somewhere between ten thousand and fifteen thousand dollars.

The possession of such materials naturally led to the wish to give diffusion and permanence to the knowledge which they laid open. Hence originated Dr. Morton's great work on *American Crania*, in which accurate pictorial representations are given of a great number of the skulls of the aborigines of this continent, with descriptions, historical notices, and various scientific observations; all preceded by an essay on the varieties of the human species, calculated to give consistency to the necessarily desultory statements which follow. The preparation of this work cost the author a vast deal of labor, and an amount of pecuniary expenditure which has never been repaid, unless by the reputation which it gained for him, and the consciousness of having erected a monument to science, honorable to his country, and likely to remain as a durable memorial of his own zeal, industry, and scientific attainment. It was published in 1839. It is due to Dr. W. S. W. Ruschenberger to state, that the work was inscribed to him by Dr. Morton, with the acknowledgment that some of its most valuable materials were derived from his researches in Peru.

In September, 1839, Dr. Morton was elected Professor of Anatomy in the Pennsylvania Medical College, the duties of which office he performed until November, 1843, when he resigned. In this Institution he was associated with the late Dr. George McClellan, who may be looked on as its founder, and for whom he formed a friendship which ended only with life.

On the 26th of May, 1840, he was elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Academy of Natural Sciences, in which capacity he very often presided at its meetings, in the absence of the President.

He was engaged about this time in preparing a highly interesting memoir on the subject of Egyptian Ethnography, based mainly upon the observation and comparison of numerous crania, in the collection of which he was much aided by Mr. George R. Gliddon, whose residence in Egypt gave him opportunities, which an extraordinary zeal in all that concerns the ancient inhabitants of that region, urged him to employ to the best possible advantage. This memoir was embraced in several communications to the American Philosophical Society, in the years 1842 and 1843, which were published in the *Transactions* of that Society (Vol. IX., New Series, p. 93, A. D. 1844), and also in a separate form under

the title of "Crania Egyptiaca, or Observations on Egyptian Ethnography," with handsomely executed drawings of numerous skulls derived from the pyramid of Saccara, the necropolis of Memphis, the catacombs of Thebes, and other depositories of the ancient dead in that region of tombs.

In January, 1845, Dr. Morton was elected a Fellow of this College. That we did not more frequently see him among us, was probably owing to the unfortunate coincidence, at that time existing, of the meetings of the College and Academy, which would have rendered necessary a neglect of his official duties in the latter institution, had he attended at the sittings of the former. It may be proper here to mention, though not in strict chronological order, that, by the appointment of the College, he prepared a brief biographical sketch of Dr. George McClellan, which was read in September, 1849, and published in the *Transactions* of that date.

In the years 1846 and 1847, he prepared essays "On the Ethnography and Archæology of the American Aborigines," and "On the Hybridity of Animals and Plants in reference to the unity of the human species," which were read before the Academy, and afterwards published in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* (III., 2d ser., A. D. 1847). In these papers he advanced opinions upon the origin of the human family, which led to an unfortunate controversy, that, with his delicacy of feeling, could not but have in some measure disturbed the tranquillity of the latter years of his life. It is due to Dr. Morton to say, that he did not consider the views advocated by himself as conflicting with the testimony of Scripture, or in any degree tending to invalidate the truths of revealed religion.

During the year 1848, much of his time was devoted to the preparation of an elementary work on "Human Anatomy, Special, General, and Microscopic," illustrated by a great number of figures, and aiming to be an exposition of the science in its present improved state. Among his inducements to this work, not the least, as he states in the preface, was the desire to be enrolled among the expositors of a science that had occupied many of the best years of his life. Though laying no claim to originality in its facts or illustrations, the treatise cost him a great deal of labor, not only in the arrangement of the matter, the care of the engravings, and the superintendence of the press, but also in the

verification, by microscopic observation, of the accuracy of the pictorial representations of minute structure in which it abounds. It was issued from the press early in 1849; but, even before its publication, he had begun to feel the effects upon his health, never robust, of the toilsome task he had undertaken, in addition to professional and official engagements, which alone would have been sufficient for the wholesome employment of his time and energies.

Scarcely had his last duties in connection with this work on Anatomy been performed, when, in December, 1848, he was attacked with a severe pleurisy and pericarditis, which brought him into the most imminent danger of life, and from the effects of which he never fully recovered; for though, after a long confinement, he was enabled to go about, and even to resume his professional duties, he was left with great and permanent derangement of his thoracic organs.

The very obvious depression of his left shoulder, and the falling in of the corresponding side of the chest evinced, at a glance, that with the absorption of the pleuritic effusion the lung had not expanded; and the loud murmur, obvious upon auscultation over the heart, proved to his professional friends that this organ had not escaped without serious injury. Notwithstanding, however, the amount of local derangement, his system rallied, and after an absence of some weeks from the city, he returned so much improved in health and strength, that he felt himself authorized to resume his active professional avocations and general previous course of life, though with some abatement of his labors in the fields of original investigation and of authorship.

Could his sense of duty at this period, and the disposition to strong mental activity, which had probably become by habit almost a necessity of his nature, have permitted him to withdraw from all vigorous exertion, and to devote his time for the future rather to quiet enjoyment than to laborious effort, it is not impossible that his life might have been considerably prolonged. Such was the advice of some of his medical friends; but stronger influences impelled him to exertion; and, like most men who feel themselves irresistibly drawn into a certain course of action, he succeeded in reconciling this course not only to his general sense of duty, but even to his views of what was required under the particular circumstances of his health. He was convinced that by active bodily exertion he should

be most likely to bring his defective lung back again to the performance of its function; and certainly, for a time, his improving appearance and increasing strength under exercise seemed to justify the system he had adopted.

Before adverting to the closing scene, let us stop for a very few minutes to take a view of his character and position at this period, which, if the consideration of his health be omitted, was the most prosperous of his life.

His election to the presidency of the Academy of Natural Sciences, which took place December 25, 1849, had given him an official position than which he could not expect to gain one more honorable, and than which society in this country have few more honorable to bestow. Of an amiable and benevolent temper, indisposed to give offence, or to wound the sensibilities of others, he had conciliated general good-will; while his affectionate disposition, his deep interest in those to whom he was attached, and his readiness to serve, secured him warm friends, especially in the circle of his patients, who in general had much affection for him personally, as well as great trust in his skill. Powers of quick and accurate observation, and a sound cautious judgment were perhaps his most striking intellectual characteristics, and naturally led him into those departments of science where they could be most efficiently exercised.

By strict attention to his professional duties, even in the midst of his scientific researches, by an affectionate interest in his patients, inspiring similar sentiments on their part, and by a system of cautious but successful therapeutics, he gained a large, and for Philadelphia, a lucrative practice, which, with some income derived by inheritance from an uncle in Ireland, enabled him to live handsomely, and not only to entertain his scientific friends and associates on frequent occasions at his house, but also to extend hospitalities to strangers whom his reputation attracted towards him upon their visits to our city. His friends will not soon forget the weekly *soirées*, at which they enjoyed the pleasure of combined social and scientific intercourse, and had the frequent opportunity of meeting strangers distinguished in the various departments of learning and philosophy.

His extensive professional relations, and his reputation both as a practitioner and teacher of medicine, attracted to his office many

young men disposed to enter into the profession; and he usually had under his charge, towards the close of his life, a considerable number of private pupils, to whom he devoted much time, and his most conscientious endeavors to qualify them to be good physicians.

Numerous learned and scientific associations in different parts of America and Europe had enrolled him among their members, and perhaps few men in this country had a more extensive correspondence with distinguished individuals abroad.* To be praised by the praised is certainly a great honor; and this Dr. Morton was happy enough to have won in no stinted measure.

With these meritorious qualities, these well-earned distinctions, and these diversified sources of comfort and enjoyment, with the crowning pleasures, moreover, of domestic confidence and affection, and bright hopes for a rising family, our late friend and fellow-member may be considered, at this period of his life, as one of the most happy of men in all his exterior relations. The only drawback was the uncertain state of his health.

From early manhood he had been of delicate constitution. Two attacks of severe hæmatemesis had on different occasions threatened his life; and for a long time he suffered much with excruciating attacks of sick headache, which most painfully interrupted his scientific and professional avocations, and not unfrequently confined him for a time to his bed. For many years of his earlier life, his pale complexion and spare form indicated habitually feeble health; but at a more advanced period he seemed to have greatly improved in this respect, exhibiting a more healthful color and more robustness of frame; and, but for the terrible attack which prostrated him in the winter of 1848–49, there seemed to be no reason why he should not live to a good old age. But the fiat had gone forth; and, though a respite was granted, it was destined to be short.

A painful incident which happened about this time may possibly have had some effect in aggravating the morbid tendencies already unhappily strong. I refer to the illness and speedy death, in May, 1850, of an affectionate, dearly loved, and highly promising son,

* For a list of the societies of which he was a member, see the Appendix to Dr. Meigs's Memoir.

to whose future he was looking forward with much, and apparently well-founded, confidence.

Perhaps at no time was Dr. Morton more busily occupied in practical duties than during the year or two which preceded his death. He was indefatigable in attendance upon his numerous patients, devoted no little time to the instruction of his private pupils, and never voluntarily omitted the performance of his academic functions. In the midst of this career of usefulness, he was seized with an illness, which, commencing on the 10th of May with a moderate headache, became more severe on the following day, and, though afterwards relaxing so much as to give hopes of a return to his ordinary health, ended in an attack of stupor and paralysis, which proved fatal on the 15th, the very day upon which, one year previously, he had witnessed the death of his son.

Dr. Morton was considerably above the medium height, of a large frame, though somewhat stooping, with a fine oval face, prominent features, bluish-gray eyes, light hair, and a very fair complexion. His countenance usually wore a serious and thoughtful expression, but was often pleasingly lighted up with smiles during the relaxation of social and friendly intercourse. His manner was composed and quiet, but always courteous, and his whole deportment that of a refined and cultivated gentleman.

He left behind him a widow and seven children, five sons and two daughters, several of whom have advanced to adult age, and are engaged in active life. In the remembrance of the virtues, the attainments, the fruitful labors, and the well-earned reputation of the husband and father, they have a legacy far more precious than the gifts of fortune; an inheritance which no mischances of this world can impair, and which will be handed down as a priceless heirloom to their latest posterity.

MEMOIR

OF

THE LIFE AND SCIENTIFIC LABORS

OF

SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON, M. D.

(LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES AT PHILADELPHIA :)

BY

HENRY S. PATTERSON, M. D.,

EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS IN THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE:
FELLOW OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS; RECORDING SECRETARY OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY
OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Extracted from Nott and Gliddon's "Types of Mankind."

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Samuel George Morton

MEMOIR

OF

THE LIFE AND SCIENTIFIC LABORS

OF

SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON, M. D.

(LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES AT PHILADELPHIA:)

BY

HENRY S. PATTERSON, M. D.,

EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF MATERIA MEDICA AND THERAPEUTICS IN THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE;
FELLOW OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS; RECORDING SECRETARY OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY
OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

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Extracted from Nott and Gliddon's "Types of Mankind."

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Meigs, Wood, and Grant.* To Dr. Wood also we are indebted for his exposition of Morton's eminent services to medical science, both as a teacher and writer; a point too frequently overlooked in regarding him in the more prominent light of a Naturalist. Passing over these topics, my object will be to consider mainly his contributions to Natural Science, and especially to Ethnology. As introductory to a work upon anthropological subjects, we desire to present Morton as the Anthropologist, and as virtually the founder of that school of Ethnology, of whose views this book may be regarded as an authentic exponent.

Let me be permitted, however, a few words in relation to the personal character and private worth of Morton. At the mention of his name there arise emotions which press for utterance, and which it would do violence to my feelings to leave unexpressed. If I have felt this affection for him, it is only what was shared by all who knew him well. What was most peculiar in him was that magnetic power by which he attracted and bound men to him, and made them glad to serve him. This influence was especially manifested, as I shall have occasion to observe again, in the collection of his Cabinet of Crania. In looking over his correspondence now, it is surprising to see the number of men, so different one from another in every respect, who in all quarters of the globe were laboring without expectation of reward to secure a cranium for Morton, and to read the reports of their varied successes and disappointments. In his whole deportment, there was an evident singleness of purpose and a candor, open as the day, which at once placed one at his ease. Combined with this was a most winning gentleness of manner, which drew one to him as with the cords of brotherly affection. He possessed, moreover, in a remarkable degree, the faculty of imparting to others his own enthusiasm, and filling them, for the time at least, with ardor for his own pursuit. Hence, in a measure, his success in enlisting the numerous collaborators, so necessary to him in his peculiar studies. It may be affirmed that no man ever came within the sphere of his influence without forming for him some degree of

* A memoir of Samuel George Morton, M. D., late President of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, by Charles D. Meigs, M. D. Read Nov. 6th, 1851, and published by direction of the Academy: Philada. 1851.

A Biographical Memoir of Samuel George Morton, M. D., prepared by appointment of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, and read before that body Nov. 3d, 1852, by George B. Wood, M. D., President of the College: Philada. 1858.

[illegible]ch of the Life and Character of Samuel George Morton, M. D. Lecture, introductory to the course of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical Department of Pennsylvania College, Delivered Oct. 18th, 1851, by William R. Grant, M. D. Published by request of the Class. Philada. 1852

personal attachment. His circle of attached friends was therefore large, and the expression of regret for his untimely loss general and sincere.

It was in London, and while seated at the hospitable board of Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, (to whom I had been introduced by a letter from Morton,*) that I first heard the news of his decease. He was the subject of an animated and interesting conversation at the moment, (for Dr. H. and he had been classmates at Edinburgh,) when a gentleman entered with an American newspaper received by the morning's mail, and containing the sad intelligence. A cloud came over every countenance, and every voice was raised in an exclamation of sudden grief and regret; for he was more or less known to all present. My next appointment for that day was with Mr. S. Birch, of the Archæological department of the British Museum, who had been a correspondent of Morton, and could appreciate his great worth. During the day, Mr. Birch or myself mentioned the melancholy tidings to numerous gentlemen, in various departments of that great institution, and always with the same reply. All knew his name, and felt that in his decease the cause of science had suffered a serious deprivation.

And this seemed to me his true fame. Outside the walls of this noble Temple of Science rolled on the turmoil of the modern Babylon, with its world of business, of pleasure, and of care, to all which the name of Morton was unknown, and from which its mention could call up no response. Within these walls, however, and among a body of men whom a more than princely munificence enables to devote themselves to labor like his own, he was universally recognized and appreciated, and mourned as a leading spirit in their cosmopolite fraternity. But always there was this peculiarity to be noticed, that wherever a man had known Morton personally at all, he mourned not so much for the untimely extinction of an intellectual light, as for the loss of a beloved personal friend. Certainly the man who inspired others with this feeling, could himself have no cold or empty heart. On the contrary, he overflowed

* Among the letters with which Dr. Morton favored me, on my visit to Europe, was one to Dr. Alexander Hannay of Glasgow. This he particularly wished me to deliver, and to bring him a report of his old friend; for Dr. H. had been an intimate of his student days, although their correspondence had long been interrupted. The letter was written in a playful mood, and contained sportive allusions to their student life at Edinburgh, and a wish that they might meet again. On reaching Glasgow late in May, I sought Dr. H., and found that he had recently deceased. Morton himself, as I afterwards learned, had then also ceased to breathe. That letter, so full of genial vivacity and present life, was from the hand of one dead man addressed to another! And should they not meet again? Rather had they not already met where the darkness had become day! It is a beautiful and consolatory — and one that the subject of this notice could undoubtingly hold and rejoice in.

with all kindly and gentle affections. Quiet and unobtrusive in manners, and fond of the retirement of study, it was only in the privacy of the domestic circle that he could be rightly known; and those that were privileged to approach nearest the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of his happy home, could best see the full beauty of his character. That sacred veil cannot be raised to the public eye, but beneath its folds is preserved the pure memory of one who illustrated every relation of life with a new grace that was all his own, and who, in departing, has left behind him an impression on all hearts, which not the most exacting affection could wish in any respect other than it is.

The early training of Morton was in strict accordance with the principles of the Society of Friends, of which his mother was a member. His school education—whose deficiencies he always mentioned with regret, and remedied by sedulous labor in after years — was throughout of that character, and had all the consequent merits and demerits. It is a system which represses the imagination and sentiments, while it cultivates carefully the logical powers; and which strives to turn all the energies of the pupil's mind toward the useful arts, rather than what may be deemed merely ornamental accomplishments. When it carries him beyond the rudiments, it is usually into the higher mathematics and mechanical philosophy. Its aim is utility, even if necessary at the expense of beauty. It therefore does not generally encourage the study of the dead languages, with its incidental *belles-lettres* advantages, and free access to poets and rhetoricians. This plan of education I believe to be an unsuitable, and even an injurious one for a youth of cold temperament and dull sensibilities. When, however, the subject of its operation is one of opposite tendencies, so decided as to be the better for repression, it may become not only useful, but the best training for that particular case. Such I conceive to have been the fact in regard to Morton. Endowed by nature with a delicate and sensitive temperament, with warm affections, a keen sense of natural beauties, a fertile imagination, and that nice musical appreciation which made him delight in the accord of measured sounds, he had an early passion for poetical reading and composition. Even in boyhood he wrote very creditable verses; and his later productions, — for he continued to indulge the muse occasionally to the end of his life, although he would not publish, — often rose considerably above mediocrity.

The following lines may answer as an average specimen of his easy [illegible] of versification, as well as of his youthful style of thought and [illegible]g. They were written on the occasion of a visit to Kilcoleman [illegible], county Cork, Ireland, where Spenser lived, and is believed to [illegible] written his immortal poem.

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF SPENSER'S "FAERY QUEENE."

I.

Through many a winding maze in "Faery Lande"
O Spenser! I have followed thee along;
Aye, I have laughed and sigh'd at thy command,
And joy'd me in the magic of thy song:
Wild are thy numbers, but to them belong
The fire of Genius, and poetic skill;
'Tis thine to paint with inspiration strong,
The fate of knight, or dame more knightly still,
To sway the feeling heart, and rouse it at thy will.

II.

And musing still upon the fairy dream,
I sought the hall oft trod by thee before;
I bent me down by Mulla's gentle stream,
And, looking far beyond, gazed fondly o'er
Old Ballyhoura, where in days of yore
Thou watch'd thy flocks with all a shepherd's pride;
And fancy listened as to catch once more
Thy Harp's lov'd echo from the mountain side,—
But ah! no harp is heard in all that region wide!

III.

The flocks are fled, and in the enchanted hall
No voice replies to voice; but there ye see
The ivy clasp the sad and mould'ring wall,
As if to twine a votive wreath for thee:
All — all is desolate, — and if there be
A lonely sound, it is the raven's cry!
Let years roll on, let wasting ages flee,
Let earthly things delight, and hasten by,
But thy immortal name and song shall never die!

Had this inherent tendency been fostered, he would doubtless have taken a high rank among our American poets. Certainly he would have been another man than we have known him. Perhaps his nervous temperament, delicate fibre, acute feelings and ardent sympathies, might have been developed into the same super-sensitiveness we have seen in John Keats and other gifted minds of a constitution similar to his own. But the tendency was checked and repressed from the outset by his domestic influences, by his teachers, and subsequently by himself. When he devoted himself to a life of science, he was earnest to cultivate that style of thought and composition which accorded with his pursuits; for only by severe mental discipline, and long-continued effort, could he have acquired that cau-

tion and rigid accuracy of diction, which characterize his productions. His school appears to have been unsatisfactory to him, for he never had a fondness for the mathematics, the main topic of study. He was nevertheless of a studious turn, reading industriously, and with special interest, all the works on History to which he had access. It is probable that in these readings was laid the foundation of a taste for those anthropological studies which have since rendered him famous, and in the prosecution of which his extensive historical knowledge gave him eminent facilities.

At the same time probably he imbibed his first fondness for Natural Science. From his stepfather, (for his mother married again when he was thirteen years old,) he derived a taste for and knowledge of mineralogy and geology, the first branches to which he turned his attention.

Destined originally for mercantile pursuits, young Morton soon found the atmosphere of the counting-house uncongenial to him. He resolved to adopt the medical profession, which was indeed the only course open, to one of his tastes, and in his circumstances. The Society of Friends, by closing the Pulpit and the Bar against the able and aspiring among its youth, has given to Medicine many of its brightest ornaments, both in Great Britain and in this country. This fact will serve to explain the great success of so many physicians of that persuasion, as well as the preponderating influence of the medical profession in all Quaker neighborhoods. May not the eminence of Philadelphia in medicine be accounted for, in part at least, in the same way? Carlyle has said that to the ambitious fancy of the Scottish schoolboy "the highest style of man is the Christian, and the highest Christian the teacher of such." Hence his ultimate aspiration is for the clerical position. But to the aspiring youth among Friends there is but the one road to intellectual distinction,—that is through medicine and its cognate sciences. The medical preceptor of Morton was the late Dr. Joseph Parrish, then in the height of his popularity. Elevated to his prominent position against early obstacles, and solely by force of character, industry, and probity, he was extensively engaged in practice; and, although unconnected with any institution, his office overflowed with pupils. His mind was practical and thoroughly medical, and so entirely did his profession occupy it, that he seemed to me never to allow himself to think upon other topics, except religious ones, in which also he was deeply

A strict and conscientious Friend, he illustrated all the
in that character. As the remarkable graces of his person
y gave a beauty to the otherwise ungainly garb of his sect,
attractive upon him, so the graces of his spirit, obli-
might otherwise have been harsh or angular, contri-

buted to form a character gentle, kindly, lovely, that made him the light of the sick chamber, and a comforting presence at many a dying bed. To no member of our profession could the proud title of *Opifer* be more truly applied, for his very smile brought aid to the suffering, and courage to the despondent. The reader will pardon me this digression; but as the Highland clansman could not pass by without adding another stone to the monumental cairn where reposed his departed chief, so can I never pass by the mention of his name without offering some tribute, however humble, of reverence and respect, to the memory of my excellent old master. Such was the teacher from whom mainly Morton also received the knowledge of his profession; though, had the influence of Dr. Parrish alone controlled his mind, it would have been confined rigorously to the channels of purely medical study and investigation. But, in order to provide adequate tuition for his numerous pupils, Dr. Parrish had associated with himself several young physicians as instructors in the various branches. Among them was Dr. Richard Harlan, then enthusiastically devoted to the study of Natural History, between whom and the young student there was soon established a bond of sympathy in congeniality of pursuits. That the friendship thus originated was subsequently interrupted, was in no manner the fault of Morton, to whom it was always a subject of regret. Harlan has now been dead some years, and although by no means forgotten in the world of science, he has not been accorded the full measure of his merited distinction among American naturalists. An unfortunate infirmity of temper, which was not at all calculated to conciliate attachments, but rather the reverse, deprived him of the band of friends who should have watched over his fame, and so his memory has suffered by default. Yet at one period he was the leading authority on this side the Atlantic in certain departments of Zoology. By him Morton appears to have been introduced to the Academy of Natural Sciences, in whose proceedings he was afterwards to take such an important part. He attained his majority in January 1820, received his Diploma of Doctor of Medicine in March, and was elected a member of the Academy in April of the same year. He had probably taken an active interest in its affairs before this time, although not eligible to membership by reason of age; for in one of his later letters now before me, he speaks of it as an institution for which he had labored, "boy and man," now some thirty years.

Soon after this last event he sailed for Europe, on a visit to his uncle, James Morton, Esq., of Clonmel, Ireland, a gentleman for whom he always preserved a high regard and grateful affection. His transatlantic friends seem to have attached but little value to

American diploma, and desired him to possess the honors of the University of Edinburgh, then but little passed beyond the zenith of its glory. After spending the summer at his uncle's house, he went to Edinburgh, where he heard the last course of lectures, delivered by the chaste and classical Gregory. The American schools not being recognized by the University as *ad eundem*, he found himself obliged to attend the full term of an under-graduate. This would have left him ample leisure as far as his mere college studies were concerned; for the youth who had graduated with approbation under the tuition of Wistar, Physick, and James, and their compeers, could not have fallen far short of the requisitions of any other Medical Faculty in Christendom. But his time was not spent in idleness. He sedulously cultivated his knowledge of the classical tongues, hitherto imperfect, and he devoted himself to the study of French and Italian, both of which languages he learned to read with facility. He also attended with great interest the lectures of Professor Jameson on Geology, thus confirming and reviving his early fondness for that branch of science. After his return to America, he presented to the Academy a series of the green-stone rocks of Scotland, and a section of Salisbury Craig near Edinburgh, collected by himself at this time. In October 1821, he visited Paris, and spent the winter there mainly in clinical study. The next summer was devoted to a tour in Italy and other portions of the continent, and in the fall he returned again to Edinburgh, where, after attendance upon another session, he received the honors of the doctorate. His printed thesis* may be taken as a fair exponent of his mental condition and calibre at this period. It is very like himself, and yet with a difference from him as we knew him later in life. It is quiet and indeed even simple in tone, without affectation and without any of the declamation in which young writers are so apt to indulge. Its style is clear and sufficiently concise, and as a piece of Latinity it is correct and graceful. It takes up the subject of bodily pain, and considers it in regard to its causes, its diagnostic value, and its effects, both physical and psychical, leaving very little more to be said with regard to it. But it is evident throughout that the essay is the production of one who is more ambitious of the reputation of the *littérateur* than of the *savant;* who writes,—and that probably marks the distinction,—with his face turned to his auditory rather than to his subject. The sentence marches sometimes with a didactic solemnity almost Johnsonian, while the frequency of the poetical references and quotations,—Latin and Italian as well as English,—and the facile fitness with which they glide into

* Tentamen Inaugurale de Corporis Dolore, etc.—Edinburgi, M.D.CCCXXIII.

the text, show how familiar they must have been to the mind of the author. Indeed Edinburgh was, at the period in question, the principal centre of taste and philosophy, as well as of science, in Great Britain; and it is not likely that one of Morton's literary turn and studious habits would miss the opportunity to pasture in either of these rich fields. The ethical tone of this production is also worthy of note. It is characteristic of the writer, and grew in a great measure out of his mental constitution, which, free from all violence of passion, was habitually cheerful, hopeful, and kindly. Hence comes that beautiful spirit of philosophical optimism, which, perceiving in all seeming evil only the means to a greater ultimate good, attains all that stoicism proposed to itself, by the shorter way of a cheerful and unquestioning resignation to the Divine Will, not because it is omnipotent and irresistible, but solely because it is the wisest and best. The following extracts will sufficiently explain my meaning:—

"Alma rerum Parens nil frustra fecit; ne dolor quidem absque suis usibus est; et semper cogimur eum agnoscere veluti fidelem quamvis ingratum monitorem, et quoque inter præsidia vitæ nonnunquam numerandum." —(p. 9.)

"Dolor enim nos nascentes aggreditur, per totam vitam insidiosus comitatur, et quasi nunquam satiandus; adest etiam morientibus, horamque supremam angoribus infestat. At ego tamen Dolorem, quanquam invisum, et ab omnibus, quantum fieri potest, ab ipsis semotum, non omnino inutilem depinxi, sed potius eum protuli, ad vitam conservandam necessarium, a Deo Optimo Maximo constitutum." — (p. 37.)

This conviction animated Morton throughout his life, consoled him in suffering, cheered him in sickness, and gave to his deportment much of its calm and beautiful equanimity.*

* The subjoined graceful lines breathe the same spirit. They occur among his MSS. with the date of May 1828. I quote them as illustrative of the thought above indicated.

THE SPIRIT OF DESTINY.

Spirit of Light! Thou glance divine
Of Heaven's immortal fire,
I kneel before thy hallowed shrine
To worship and admire.
I cannot trace thy glorious flight
Nor dream where thou dost dwell,
Yet canst thou guard my steps aright
By thine unearthly spell.

I listen for thy voice in vain,
E'en when I deem thee nigh;
Yet ere I venture to complain,
Thou know'st the reason why;
And oft when, worldly cares forgot,
I watch the vacant air,
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—
Yet *know* that thou art there.

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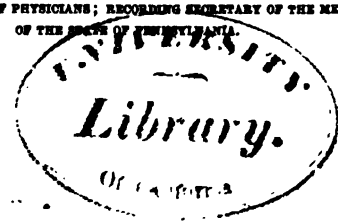

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"1st. That the American race differs essentially from all others, not excepting the Mongolian; nor do the feeble analogies of language, and the more obvious ones in civil and religious institutions and the arts, denote anything beyond casual or colonial communication with the Asiatic nations; and even those analogies may perhaps be accounted for, as Humboldt has suggested, in the mere coincidence arising from similar wants and impulses in nations inhabiting similar latitudes.

"2d. That the American nations, excepting the polar tribes, are of one race and one species, but of two great families, which resemble each other in physical, but differ in intellectual character.

"3d. That the cranial remains discovered in the mounds from Peru to Wisconsin, belong to the same race, and probably to the Toltecan family."

The publication of a work of such costly character, and necessarily addressed to a very limited number of readers, was a bold undertaking for a man of restricted means. It was published by himself at the risk of considerable pecuniary loss. The original subscription list fell short of paying the expense, but I am happy to say that the subsequent sale of copies liquidated the deficit. The reception of the book by the learned was all he could have desired. Everywhere it received the warmest commendations. The following extract from a notice in the London Medico-Chirurgical Review for October 1840, will show the tone of the British scientific press:

"Dr. Morton's method and illustrations in eliciting the elements of his magnificent Craniography, are admirably concise, without being the less instructively comprehensive. His work constitutes, and will ever be highly appreciated as constituting an exquisite treasury of facts, well adapted, in all respects, to establish permanent organic principles in the natural history of man."

"Here we finish our account of Dr. Morton's American Cranioscopy; and by its extent and copiousness, our article will show how highly we have appreciated his classical production. We have studied his views with attention, and examined his doctrines with fairness; and with perfect sincerity in rising from a task which has afforded unusual gratification, we rejoice in ranking his 'Crania Americana' in the highest class of transatlantic literature, foreseeing distinctly that the book will ensure for its author the well-earned meed of a Caucasian reputation."

From among the warmly eulogistic letters received from distinguished *savans*, I select but one, that of Baron Humboldt, who is himself a high authority on American subjects.

"Monsieur,—Les liens intimes d'interêt et d'affection qui m'attachent, Monsieur, depuis un démi-siècle à l'hemisphère que vous habitez et dont j'ai la vanité de me croire citoyen, ont ajouté à l'impression que m'ont fait presque à la fois votre grand ouvrage de physiologie philosophique et l'admirable histoire de la conquête du Mexique par M. William Prescott. Voilá de ces travaux qui étendent, par des moyens très differens, la sphère de nos connaissances et de nos vues, et ajoutent à la gloire nationale. Je ne puis vous exprimer assez vivement, Monsieur, la profonde reconnaissance que je vous dois. Américain bien plus que Sibérien d'après la couleur de mes opinions, je suis, à mon grand age, singulièrement flatté de l'interêt qu'on me conserve encore de l'autre coté de la grand vallée atlantique sur laquelle la vapeur a presque jeté un pont. Les richesses craniologiques que vous avez été assez heureux de réunir, ont trouvé en vous un digne interprète. Votre ouvrage, Monsieur, est également remarquable par la profondeur des vues anatomiques, par le détail

numérique des rapports de conformation organique, par l'absence des rêveries poétiques qui sont les mythes de la Physiologie moderne, par les généralités dont votre "Introductory Essay" abonde. Rédigeant dans ce moment le plus important de mes ouvrages qui sera publié sous le titre imprudent de *Kosmos*, je saurai profiter de tants d'excellents apperçus sur la destribution des races humaines qui se trouvent épars dans votre beau volume. Que de sacrifices pécuniares n'avez vous pas dû faire, pour atteindre une si grande perfection artistique et produire un ouvrage qui rivalise avec tout ce que l'on a fait de plus beau en Angleterre et en France.

"Agréez, je vous supplie, Monsieur, l'hommage renouvellé de la haute consideration avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être,

"Monsieur, votre très-humble et très-obeissant serviteur,

"ALEXANDRE HUMBOLDT.

"à Berlin, ce 17 Janvier, 1844."

The eminent success of this work determined definitely its author's ulterior scientific career. From this time forward he devoted his powers almost exclusively to Ethnology. He sought in every direction for the materials for his investigation, when circumstances led to his acquaintance with Mr. George R. Gliddon, whose contributions opened to him a new field of research, and gave him an unexpected triumph. Mr. G. first visited this country in 1837, being sent out by Mehemet Ali to obtain information, purchase machinery, &c., in reference to the promotion of the cotton-culture in Egypt. Morton, who never lost the opportunity of securing an useful correspondent, sought his acquaintance, but failing to meet him personally, wrote him at New York under date of Nov. 2d, 1837, inquiring his precise address, and soliciting permission to visit him in reference to business. Illness preventing this visit, he wrote again, Nov. 7th. The following extract is interesting, as displaying his mode of procedure in such cases, as well as the state of his opinions, at the date in question:—

"You will observe by the annexed Prospectus that I am engaged in a work of considerable novelty, and which, as regards the typography and illustrations at least, is designed to be equal to any publication hitherto issued in this country. You may be surprised that I should address you on the subject, but a moment's explanation may suffice to convey my views and wishes. The prefatory chapter will embrace a view of the *varieties of the Human Race*, embracing, among other topics, some remarks on the ancient Egyptians. The position I have always assumed is, that the present Copts are *not* the remains of the ancient Egyptians, and in order more fully to make my comparisons, it is very important that I should get a few *heads* of Egyptian mummies from Thebes, &c. I do not care to have them entirely perfect specimens of embalming, but perfect in the bony structure, and with the hair preserved, if possible. It has occurred to me that, as you will reside at Cairo, and with your perfect knowledge of affairs in Egypt, you would have it in your power to employ a confidential and well-qualified person for this trust, who would save you all personal trouble; and if twenty-five or thirty skulls, or even half that number can be obtained, (and I am assured by persons who have been there that no obstacles need be feared, but of this you know best,) I am ready to defray every expense, and to *advance* the money, or any part of it *now*, or to arrange for payment, both as to expenses and commissions, at any time or in any way you may designate. With the Egyptian heads, I should be ver-

glad to have a skull of a Copt and a Fellah, and indeed of any other of the present tribes in or bordering on Egypt, and which could be probably obtained through any one of your medical friends in Cairo or Alexandria. I hope before you leave to be able to send you one of the lithographs for my work, to prove to you that it will be no discredit to the arts of this country. Sensible how infinitely you may serve me in a favorite though novel inquiry, I cannot but hope to interest your feelings and exertions on this occasion, and therefore beg an early answer."

To this letter Mr. G. responded freely and cordially, readily undertaking the commission, which resulted in supplying Morton with crania, which form the basis of his renowned *Crania Ægyptiaca*. Without the aid thus afforded, any attempt to elucidate Egyptian ethnology from this side the Atlantic would have been absurdly hopeless; with it, a difficult problem was solved, and the opinion of the scientific world rectified in an important particular. The correspondence thus originated led to a close intimacy between the parties, which essentially modified the history of both, and ended only with life; and which resulted in a warmth of attachment, on the part of the survivor, that even death cannot chill, as the dedication of this volume attests. With the prospect of obtaining these Egyptian crania, Morton was delighted. How much he anticipated appears from the following passage in the preface to his *Crania Americana*:—

"Nor can I close this preface without recording my sincere thanks to George R. Gliddon, Esq., United States Consul at Cairo, in Egypt, for the singular zeal with which he has promoted my wishes in this respect; the series of crania he has already obtained for my use, of many nations, both ancient and modern, is perhaps without a rival in any existing collection; and will enable me, when it reaches this country, to pursue my comparisons on an extended scale." (p. 5.)

The skulls came to hand in the fall of 1840, and Morton entered eagerly upon their examination, and upon the study of Nilotic Archæology in connection therewith. Mr. Gliddon arrived in January 1842, with the intention of delivering a course of lectures in this country upon hieroglyphical subjects; and the two friends could now prosecute their studies together. They had already been engaged in active correspondence, Morton detailing the considerations which were impelling him to adopt views diverse, in several points, from what were generally considered established opinions. I regret that I have not access to the letters of Morton of this period, but the following extract from a reply of Gliddon, dated London, Oct. 21st, 1841, will show the state of their minds in regard to Egyptian questions at that time:—

"With regard to your projected work, (*Crania Ægyptiaca*,) I will, with every deference, state a few evanescent impressions, which, were I with you, could be more fully . I am hostile to the opinion of the *African* origin of the Egyptians. I mean *caste*—kings, priests, and military. The idea that the monuments support such

theory, or the conclusion that they *came down the Nile*, or that 'Merawe' is the Father of Egypt, is, I think, untenable, and might be refuted. Herodotus's authority, unless modified in the way you mention, *dark skinned* and *curly* haired, is in this, as in fifty other instances, quite insignificant. We, as hieroglyphists, know Egypt better *now*, than all the Greek authors or the Roman. On this ground, unless you are convinced from Comparative Anatomy, with which science I am totally unacquainted, and be backed by such evidence as is incontrovertible, I urge your pausing, and considering why the ancient Egyptians may not be of Asiatic, and perhaps of Arabic descent; an idea which, I fancy, from the tenor of your letters, is your present conclusion. At any rate, they are not, and never were, Africans, still less Negroes. Monumental evidence appears to overthrow the African theory. . . . . Look at the portraits of the kings of Egypt, in the plates of Prof. Rosellini's *Monumenti Storici*, and then read his 2d vol. text, at the end. They are facsimiles, and is there anything African in them, (excepting in the Amunoph family, where this cross is shown and explained,) until you come down to the Ethiopian dynasty? For 'Merawe' read Hoskins's Ethiopia — it is a valuable work, but I differ *in toto* from his chronology, or his connection between Egypt and 'Meroe' *down* the Nile.

"The Copts *may* be descendants of the ancient race, but so crossed and recrossed, as to have lost almost every vestige of their noble ancestry. I should think it would be difficult, with 100 skulls of Copts, to get at an exact criterion, they are so varied. Do not forget also the effect of wearing the turban on the Eastern races, except the Fellahs, who seldom can afford it, and wear a cap.

"It has been the fashion to quote the Sphinx, as an evidence of the Negro tendencies of ancient Egyptians. They take his *wig* for woolly hair — and as the nose is off, of course it is *flat*. But even if the face (which I fully admit) has a strong African cast, it is an almost solitary example, against 10,000 that *are not African*. We may presume from the *fact* that the tablet found on it bears the name of the 5th Thotmes—B. C. 1702—Rosellini, No. 106—that it represents some king, (and most probably Thotmes 5th himself,) who, by ancestral intermarriage, was of African blood. In fact, we find that Amunoph 1st—B. C. 1822 — and only five removes from this same Thotmes his successor, had an Ethiopian wife — a black queen — 'Aahmes Nofreari.' If the Sphinx were a female, I should at once say it stood for 'Nofreari,' who, as the wife of the expeller of the Hykshos, was much revered. The whole of the Thotmes and Amunoph branches had an African cast — *vide* Amunoph 3d — almost a Nubian: but this cast is expressly given in their portraits, in contradistinction to the aquiline-nosed and red Egyptians. Look at the Ramses family— their men are quite Caucasian — their women are white, or only yellowish, but I can see nothing African. I wish I were by your side with my notes and rambling ideas — they are crude, but under your direction could be licked into shape. The masses of facts are extraordinary, and known but to very, very few. Unless a man now-a-days is a hieroglyphist, and has studied the monuments, believe me, his authority is dangerous; and but few instances are there in which amongst the thousand-and-one volumes on Egypt, the work is not a mere repetition or copy of the errors of a preceding work — and this is but repeating what the Romans never comprehended, but copied from the Greeks, who made up for their ignorance then, as they do now, by *lies*. All were deplorably ignorant on Egyptian matters. Anything of the Champollion, Rosellini, and Wilkinson school for ancient subjects, is *safe* — for the modern, there is only Lane. I mention these subjects just to arrest your attention, before you take a leap; though I have no doubt you leave no stone unturned. Pardon my apparent officiousness, but I do this at the hazard of intruding, lest in your earnest comparisons of 'Crania,' you may not lay sufficient stress on the vast monumental evidences of days of yore, and mean this only as a 'caveat.'"

But they soon found themselves in want of books, especially of costly illustrated works. Not only was it essential to verify quotations by reference to the text, but the plates were absolutely indispensable

The desired books did not exist in any library in the United States, and Morton had already gone as far as prudence permitted. In a letter now before me, Gliddon writes him from New York in despair, stating that, for his part, he could not move a step further without access to Rosellini, (*Monumenti*, &c.,) of which there was not a copy in the country. This serious difficulty was finally removed by the munificent liberality of Richard K. Haight, Esq., of New York, who, actuated solely by a generous desire to promote the interests of science, imported and placed at the disposal of our students the superb volumes in question.

Morton's study now was more than ever "a place of skulls." His correspondence, having been widely extended, was at last bearing its fruit. Contributions came dropping in from various quarters, not always accompanied with reliable information, and requiring careful deliberation before being assigned a place in his cabinet. Nothing short of positive certainty, however, would induce him to place a name upon a cranium. The ordeal of examination each had to undergo was rigid in the extreme. Accurate and repeated measurements of every part were carefully made. Where a case admitted of doubt, I have known him to keep the skull in his office for weeks, and, taking it down at every leisure moment, sit before it, and contemplate it fixedly in every position, noting every prominence and depression, estimating the extent and depth of every muscular or ligamentous attachment, until he could, as it were, build up the soft parts upon their bony substratum, and see the individual as in life. His quick artistic perception of minute resemblances or discrepancies of form and color, gave him great facilities in these pursuits. A single glance of his rapid eye was often enough to determine what, with others, would have been the subject of tedious examination. The drawings for the *Crania Ægyptiaca* were made by Messrs. Richard H. and Edward M. Kern,*

* Even while I write (Dec. 1st, 1853) the news has reached us of the brutal murder by Utah Indians of Richard H. Kern, with Lieut. Gunnison, and others of the party engaged in the survey of the proposed middle route for a Pacific Railroad. So young, and so full of hope and promise! to be cut off thus, too, just as his matured intellect began to command him position, and to realize the bright anticipations of his many friends! The relations of Mr Gliddon and myself to this new victim of savage ferocity were so intimate, that we may be excused if we pause here to give to his memory a sigh — one in which the subject of our memoir, were he still with us, would join in deepest sympathy. But the sorrow we feel is one that cannot be free from bitterness, while the bones of Dick Kern bleach unavenged upon the arid plains of Deseret. We have had too much of sentimentalism about the Red-man. It is time that cant was stopped now. Not all the cinnamon-colored vermin west of the Mississippi are worth one drop of that noble heart's-blood. The busy brain, the artist's eye, the fine taste, the hand so ready with either pen or pencil,— could these be restored to us again, they would be cheaply purchased back if it cost the extermination of every miserable Pah-Utah under heaven! He is the second member of

who were then also engaged in preparing the magnificent illustrations of Mr. Gliddon's hierological lectures; and these gentlemen have informed me that not the slightest departure from literal accuracy could escape the eye of Morton. This was true, not only of human figures, but equally of the minutest hieroglyphic details. Dr. Meigs, in his Memoir, relates an instance of his acumen, in which, while inspecting the ægis in the hand of a female divinity, he noticed the resemblance to the face of a certain queen, and at once referred it to that reign; which, on examining the text, proved correct. The two following anecdotes, for which I am indebted to Mr. Gliddon, resemble the well-known instances of scientific acuteness and perspicacity that are related of Cuvier.

In the summer of 1842, Mr. G. met in New York with Mr. John L. Stephens, then recently returned from his second visit to Yucatan. The conversation turning upon crania, Mr. S. regretted the destruction of all he had collected, in consequence of their extreme brittleness. One skeleton he had hoped to save, but on unpacking it, that morning, it was found so dilapidated that he had ordered it thrown away. Mr. G. begged to see it, and secured it, comminuted as it was. Its condition may be inferred from the fact that the entire skeleton was tied up in a small India handkerchief, and carried to Philadelphia in a hat-box. It was given to Morton, who at first deplored it as a hopeless wreck. The next day, however, Mr. G. found him, with a glue-pot beside him, engaged in an effort to reconstruct the skull. A small piece of the occiput served as a basis, upon which he put together all the posterior portion of the cranium, showing it by characteristic marks to be that of an adult Indian female. From the condition of another portion of the skeleton, he derived evidence of a pathological fact of considerable moment, in view of the antiquity of these remains. How much interest he was able to extract from this handful of apparent rubbish will appear from the following passages:—

"The purport of his opinion is as follows:—In the first place, the needle did not deceive the Indian who picked it up in the grave. The bones are those of a female. Her height did not exceed five feet, three or four inches. The teeth are perfect and not appreciably worn, while the *epiphyses*, those infallible indications of the growing state, have just become consolidated, and mark the completion of adult age. The bones of the hands and feet are remarkably small and delicately proportioned, which observation applies also to the entire

his family that has met this melancholy fate. His brother, Dr. Benjamin J. Kern—a pupil of Morton, and surgeon to the ill-fated expedition of Colonel Frémont in the winter of 1848–49—was cruelly massacred by Utahs in the spring of 1849, in the mountains near Taos. So long as our government allows cases of this kind to remain without severe retribution, so long, in savage logic, will impunity in crime be considered a free license to murder at will.

skeleton. The skull was crushed into many pieces, but, by a cautious manipulation, Dr. Morton succeeded in reconstructing the posterior and lateral portions. The occiput is remarkably flat and vertical, while the lateral or parietal diameter measures no less than five inches and eight-tenths.

"A chemical examination of some fragments of the bones proves them to be almost destitute of animal matter, which, in the perfect osseous structure, constitutes about thirty-three parts in the hundred. On the upper part of the left tibia there is a swelling of the bone, called in surgical language a *node*, an inch and a half in length, and more than half an inch above the natural surface. This morbid condition may have resulted from a variety of causes, but possesses greater interest on account of its extreme infrequency among the primitive Indian population of the country."*

Mr. Gliddon, while in Paris in 1845–6, presented a copy of the *Crania Ægyptiaca* to the celebrated orientalist, M. Fulgence Fresnel, (well known as the decipherer of the Himyaritic inscriptions, and now engaged in Ninevite explorations,) and endeavored to interest him in Morton's labors. More than a year afterwards, having returned to Philadelphia, he received there a box from R. K. Haight, Esq., then at Naples. The box contained a skull, but not a word of information concerning it. It was handed over to Morton, who at once perceived its dissimilarity to any in his possession. It was evidently very old, the animal matter having almost entirely disappeared. Day after day would Morton be found absorbed in its contemplation. At last he announced his conclusion. He had never seen a Phœnician skull, and he had no idea where this one came from; but it was what he conceived that a Phœnician skull should be, and it could be no other. Things remained thus until some six months afterwards, when Mr. Haight returned to America, and delivered to Mr. G. the letters and papers sent him by various persons. Among them was a slip in the hand-writing of Fresnel, containing the history of the skull in question.† He discovered it during his exploration of a *Phœnician* tomb at Malta, and had consigned it to Morton by Mr. H., whom he met at Naples. These anecdotes not only show the extraordinary acuteness of Morton, but they also prove the certainty of the anatomical marks upon which Craniologists rely.

The *Crania Ægyptiaca* was published in 1844, in the shape of a contribution to the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society. This apparent delay in its appearance arose from the author's extreme caution in forming his conclusions, especially in view of the fact that he found himself compelled to differ in opinion from the majority of scholars, in regard to certain points of primary importance. Most ethnologists, with the high authority of Prichard at their

* Stephens' Yucatan, vol. i. pp. 281–2. — Morton's Catalogue of Crania, 1849, No. 1050.

† Catalogue, No. 1852.

head, ascribed the Nilotic family to the African race; while the great body of Archæologists were disposed to consider the aborigines of Egypt as (probably black) Troglodytes, from the Upper Nile, whose first halting-place and seat of civilization was at Meroë. But Morton took counsel with none of those authorities of the day. *Optimi consultores mortui;* and these dead, but still eloquent witnesses of the past, taught him clearly the identity of cranial conformation in the ancient Egyptian and the modern white man. He established, beyond question, that the prevailing type of skull must come into the Caucasian category of Blumenbach. He pointed out the distinctions between this and the neighboring Semitic and Pelasgic types. The population of Egypt being always a very mixed one, he was able also to identify among his crania those displaying the Semitic, Pelasgic, Negro and Negroid forms. Turning next to the monuments, he adduced a multitude of facts to prove the same position. His historical deductions were advanced modestly and cautiously, but most of them have been triumphantly verified. While he, in his quiet study at Philadelphia, was inferentially denying the comparative antiquity of Meroë, Lepsius was upon the spot, doing the same thing beyond the possibility of further cavil. The book was written when it was still customary to seek a foreign origin for the inhabitants of every spot on earth except Mesopotamia; and the author, therefore, indicates, rather than asserts, an Asiatic origin for the Egyptians. But his *resumé* contains propositions so important, that I must claim space for them entire, taking the liberty of calling the attention of the reader, by Italics, particularly to the last.

1. The valley of the Nile, both in Egypt and in Nubia, was originally peopled by a branch of the Caucasian race.
2. These primeval people, since called Egyptians, were the Mizraimites of Scripture, the posterity of Ham, and directly associated with the Libyan family of nations.
3. In their physical character, the Egyptians were intermediate between the modern European and Semitic races.
4. The Austral-Egyptian or Meroite communities were an Indo-Arabian stock, engrafted on the primitive Libyan inhabitants.
5. Besides these exotic sources of population, the Egyptian race was at different periods modified by the influx of the Caucasian nations of Asia and Europe — Pelasgi or Hellenes, Scythians and Phœnicians.
6. Kings of Egypt appear to have been incidentally derived from each of the above nations.
7. The Copts, in part at least, are a mixture of the Caucasian and Negro, in extremely variable proportions.
8. Negroes were numerous in Egypt. Their social position, in ancient times, was the same that it is now; that of servants or slaves.
9. The natural characteristics of all these families of man were distinctly figured on the monuments, and all of them, excepting the Scythians and Phœnicians, have been identified in the catacombs.

10. The present Fellahs are the lineal and least mixed descendants of the ancient Egyptians; and the latter are collaterally represented by the Tuaricks, Kabyles, Siwahs, and other remains of the Libyan family of nations.
11. The modern Nubians, with few exceptions, are not the descendants of the monumental Ethiopians; but a variously mixed race of Arabians and Negroes.
12. Whatever may have been the size of the cartilaginous portion of the ear, the osseous structure conforms, in every instance, to the usual relative position.
13. The teeth differ in nothing from those of other Caucasian nations.
14. The hair of the Egyptians resembles in texture that of the fairest Europeans of the present day.
15. *The physical or organic characters which distinguish the several races of men are as old as the oldest records of our species.*

The sentiments here enunciated he subsequently modified in one essential particular. In his letter to Mr. Bartlett of Dec. 1st, 1846, (published in vol. 2d of the Transactions of the American Ethnological Society, p. 215,) after reiterating his conviction that the pure Egyptian of the remotest monumental period differed as much from the negro as does the white man of to-day, he continues:—

"My later investigations have confirmed me in the opinion, that the valley of the Nile was inhabited by an indigenous race, before the invasion of the Hamitic and other Asiatic nations; and that this primeval people, who occupied the whole of Northern Africa, bore much the same relation to the Berber or Berabra tribes of Nubia, that the Saracens of the middle ages bore to their wandering and untutored, yet cognate brethren, the Bedouins of the desert."

Further details on this point will be found on pp. 231 and 232 of the present work.

The reception of this book was even more flattering than had been that of its predecessor. To admiration was added a natural feeling of surprise, that light upon this interesting subject should have come from this remote quarter. Lepsius received it on the eve of departure on his expedition to Djébel-Barkal, and his letter acknowledging it was dated from the island of Philæ. One can imagine with what intense interest such a man, so situated, must have followed the lucid deductions of the clear-headed American, writing at the other side of the world. But probably the most gratifying notice of the book is that by Prichard, in the Appendix to his Natural History of Man, of which I extract a portion. He quotes Morton largely, and always with commendation, even where the conclusions of the latter are in conflict with his own previously published opinions.

"A most interesting and really important addition has lately been made to our knowledge of the physical character of the ancient Egyptians. This has been derived from a quarter where local probabilities would least of all have induced us to have looked for it. In France, where so many scientific men have been devoted, ever since the conquest of Egypt by Napoleon, for a long time under the patronage of government, to researches into this subject; in England, possessed of the immense advantage of wealth and commercial resources; in the academies of Italy and Germany, where the arts of Egypt have been studied in national museums, scarcely anything has been done since the time of Blumen-

bach to elucidate the physical history of the ancient Egyptian race. In none of these countries have any extensive collections been formed of the materials and resources which alone can afford a secure foundation for such attempts. It is in the United States of America that a remarkable advancement of this part of physical science has been at length achieved. 'The Transactions of the American Philosophical Society' contain a memoir by Dr. Morton of Philadelphia, in which that able and zealous writer, already distinguished by his admirable researches into the physical characters of the native American races, has brought forward a great mass of new information on the ancient Egyptians." (p. 57.)

This brings us at once to the consideration of Morton's opinion upon the much-vexed question of the unity or diversity of the various races of men, or rather of their origin from a single pair; for that alone practically has been the topic of discussion. It is a subject of too much importance, both to the cause of science and the memory of Morton, to be passed over slightly. Above all, there is necessary a clear and fair statement of his opinions, in order that there may be no mistake. His mind was progressive on this subject, as upon many others. He had to disabuse himself of erroneous notions, early acquired, as well as to discover the truth. It is therefore possible so to quote him as to misrepresent his real sentiments, or to make his assertions appear contradictory and confused. I propose to show the gradual growth of his convictions by the quotation, in their legitimate series, of his published expressions on the subject.

The unity and common origin of mankind have, until recently, been considered undisputed points of doctrine. They seem to have been regarded as propositions not scientifically established, so much as taken for granted, and let alone. All men were held to be descended from the single pair mentioned in Genesis; every tribe was thought to be historically traceable to the regions about Mesopotamia; and ordinary physical influences were believed sufficient to explain the remarkable diversities of color, &c. These opinions were thought to be the teachings of Scripture not impugned by science, and were therefore almost universally acquiesced in. By Blumenbach, Prichard, and others, the unity is assumed as an axiom not disputed. It is curious that the only attack made upon this dogma, until of late, was made from a theological, and not from a scientific stand-point. The celebrated book of Peyrerius on the pre-Adamites was written to solve certain difficulties in biblical exegesis, (such as Cain's wife, the city he builded, &c.,) for the writer was a mere scholastic theologian.* He met the fate of all who ventured to defy the hierarchy, at a day when they had the civil power at their back. Now they are confined to the calling of names, as *infidel* and the like, although mischief enough

* Præ-Adamitæ, sive exercitatio super versibus duodecimo, decimotertio et decimo quarto capitis quinti Epistolæ D. Pauli ad Romanos. Quibus inducuntur primi Homines ante Adamum conditi. Anno Salutis MDCLV.

can they thus do, inflicting a poisoned wound. Then they had their fagots in the Place de Grève, and as they could not catch Peyrerius, the Sorbonne ordered his book publicly burned by the common hangman. There is something ludicrously pathetic in the manner in which he addresses his essay to the then-persecuted Jews, with an *utinam ex vobis unus!* and adds, "Hoc mihi certe cum vobis commune est; quod vitam duco erraticam, quæque parum convenit cum otio meditantis et scribentis." The press fairly rained replies to this daring work, from both Catholic and Protestant writers, but not one of them based on scientific grounds, nor, indeed, in the defence of Genesis. Peyrerius would appear to have confessedly the advantage there. But it was asserted that the denial of mankind's universal descent from the loins of Adam, militated with the position of the latter as "federal head" of the race in the "scheme of redemption." The writer's offence was purely theological, and hence the charge of Socinianism and the vehemence with which even a phlegmatic Dutchman could be roused to hurl at his devoted head the anathema: *Perturbet te Dominus, quia perturbasti Israelem!* * This excitement over, the subject was heard of no more until the French writers of the last century again agitated it. Voltaire repeatedly and mercilessly ridicules the idea of a common origin. He says — "Il n'est permis qu'à un aveugle de douter que les blancs, les Nègres, les Albinos, les Hottentots, les Lappons, les Chinois, les Americains, soient des races entièrement différentes."† But Voltaire was not scientific, and his opinion upon such questions would go for nothing with men of science. Prichard therefore sums up his Natural History of Man, (*London*, 1845,) with the final emphatic declaration "that all human races are of one species and one family." The doctrine of the unity was indeed almost universally held even by those commonly rated as "Deistical" writers. D'Hancarville, and his fellow *dilettanti*, will certainly not be suspected of any proclivity to orthodoxy; yet, in his remarks upon the wide dissemination of Phallic and other religious emblems, he gives the ensuing forcible and eloquent statement of his conviction of the full historical evidence of unity:—

"Comme les coquillages et les débris des productions de la mer, qui sont déposés sans nombre et sans mesure sur toute la surface du globe, attestent qu'à des tems inconnus à toutes les histoires, il fût occupé et recouvert par les eaux; ainsi ces emblêmes singuliers, admis dans toutes les parties de l'ancien continent, attestent qu'à des tems antérieurs à tous ceux dont parlent les historiens, toutes les nations chez laquelle existérent ces emblêmes eurent un même culte, une même religion, une même théologie, et vraisemblablement une même langage."‡

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* Non-ens Præ-Adamiticum. Sive confutatio vani et Socinizantis cujusdam Somnii, &c. Autore Antonio Hulsio. Lugd. Batav. MDCLVI. † Essai sur les Mœurs, Introd.

‡ Recherches sur l'origine, l'esprit et les progrès des arts de la Grèce, London, 1785, 1. xiv.

Morton was educated in youth to regard this doctrine as a scriptural verity, and he found it accepted as the first proposition in the existing Ethnology. As such he received it implicitly, and only abandoned it when compelled by the force of an irresistible conviction. What he received in sincerity, he taught in good faith. There can be no doubt that in that early course of 1830, he inculcated the unity doctrine as strongly as ever did Prichard.

But this state of opinion could not continue undisturbed. The wide ethnic diversities which so forcibly impressed one who contemplated them merely as an historian and critic (as Voltaire), could not fail to engage the attention of naturalists. The difficulties of the popular doctrine became daily more numerous and apparent, and it owed its continued existence, less to any inherent strength, than to the forbearance of those who disliked to awaken controversy by assailing it. The ordinary exposition of Genesis it was impossible for naturalists longer to accept, but they postponed to the utmost the inevitable contest. The battle had been fought upon astronomy and gained; so that *Ma pur si muove* had become the watchword of the scientific world in its conflict with the *parti prêtre*. The Geologists were even then coming victorious out of the combat concerning the six days of Creation, and the universality of the Deluge. The Archæologists were at the moment beating down the old-fashioned short chronology. Now another exciting struggle was at hand. Unfortunately it seems out of the question to discuss topics which touch upon theology without rousing bad blood. "Religious subjects," says Payne Knight, "being beyond the reach of sense or reason, are always embraced or rejected with violence or heat. Men think they *know* because they are sure they *feel*, and are firmly convinced because strongly agitated."* But disagreeable as was the prospect of controversy, it could not be avoided. It is curious to read Lawrence now, and see how he piles up the objections to his own doctrine, until you doubt whether he believes it himself! The main difficulty concerns a single centre of creation. The dispersion of mankind from such a centre, somewhere on the alluvium of the Euphrates, might be admitted as possible; but the gathering of all animated nature at Eden to be named by Adam, the distribution thence to their respective remote and diversified habitats, their reassembling by pairs and sevens in the Ark, and their second distribution from the same centre — these conceptions are what Lawrence long ago pronounced them, simply "zoologically impossible." The error arises from mistaking the local traditions of a circumscribed community for universal history. As Peyrerius remarked two centuries ago, "peccatur non raro in lectione sacrorum

* R. Payne Knight. Letter to Sir Jos. Bankes and Sir Wm. Hamilton, p. 23.

codicum, quoties generalius accipitur, quod specialius debuit intelligi."* The most rigid criticism has demonstrated, beyond the possibility of disputation, that all the nations and tribes mentioned in the Pentateuch, are included strictly within the so-called Caucasian race, and that the writer probably never heard of (as he certainly never mentions) any other than white men. This discussion, even to the limited extent to which it has gone, has called forth much bitterness; not on the part of sincere students of the sacred text, but of that *prêtraille* which, arrogant in the direct ratio of its ignorance, substitutes clamor and denunciation for reason, and casts the dirt of opprobrious epithets when it has no arguments to offer. But already this advantage has arisen from the agitation:—that some preliminary points at least may be considered settled, and a certain amount of scholarship may be demanded of those who desire to enter the discussion; thus eliminating from it the majority of persons most ready to present themselves with noisy common-place, already ten times refuted. The men who, in the middle of the nineteenth century, can still find the ancestors of Mongolians and Americans among the sons of Japhet, or who talk about the curse of Canaan in connexion with Negroes,† are plainly without the pale of controversy, as they are beyond the reach of criticism. There is, even in some who have recently published books on the subject, such a helpless profundity of ignorance of the very first facts of the case, that one finds no fitting answer to them but—expressive silence! To endeavor to raise such to the dignity of Ethnologists, even by debate with them, is to pay them a compliment beyond their deserts. They have no right whatever to thrust themselves into the field,—the lists are opened for another class of combatants. Therefore they cannot be recognised. With Dante,

"Non ragionam di lor; ma guarda, e passa!"

It was impossible for Morton, in the prosecution of his labors, to avoid these exciting questions. We have his own assurance that he early felt the insuperable difficulties attending the hypothesis of a common origin of all races. He seems soon to have abandoned, if he ever entertained, the notion that ordinary physical influences will account for existing diversities, at least within the limits of the popular short chronology. There are two ways of escaping this difficulty—one by denying entirely the competency of physical causes to produce the effects alleged; and the other to grant them an indefinite period for their operation, as Prichard did in the end, with his "chiliads

* Op. cit., p. 163.

† The Doctrine of the Unity of the Human Race, examined on the Principles of Science, by John Bachman, D. D. Charleston: 1850. pp. 291–292.

of years," for man's existence upon earth. Morton inclined to the other view, mainly in consequence of the historical evidence he had accumulated, showing the unalterable permanency of the characteristics of race, within the limits of human records. But he was slow to hazard the publication of an opinion upon a question of so great moment. He preferred to wait, not only until his own conviction became certainty, but until he could adduce the mass of testimony necessary to convince others. This extreme caution characterized all his literary labors, and made his conclusions always reliable.* A true disciple of the inductive philosophy, he labored long and hard in the verification of his premises. With an inexhaustible patience he accumulated fact upon fact, and published observation upon observation, often apparently dislocated and objectless, but all intended for future use. Many of his minor papers are mere stores of disjointed data. More than once, when observing his untiring labor and its long postponed result, he has brought into my mind those magnificent lines of Shelley:

> Hark! the rushing snow!
> The sun-awakened avalanche! whose mass,
> Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there
> Flake after flake, in heaven-defying minds
> As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
> Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
> Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now.†

In fact, he had an eye, in all his investigations, to the publication at some future period of a work on the *Elements of Ethnology*, which should contain the fully ripened fruits of so many years of toil. Of this project he speaks in some of his letters as "perhaps an idle dream," but one for whose realization he would make many sacrifices. For it he reserved the complete expression of his ethnological doctrines. This consideration, and his extreme dislike of controversy, made him particularly guarded in his statements. Constitutionally averse to all noisy debate and contention, he was well aware also that they are incompatible with the calmness essential to successful scientific inquiry. Nothing but an aggravated assault could have drawn from him a reply. That assault was made, and, as I conceive, most

* In a letter of Prof. O. W. Holmes to Dr. Morton, (dated Boston, Nov. 27th, 1849,) I find the following passage, so just in its appreciation of his scientific character, that I take the liberty of quoting it:—

"The more I read on these subjects, the more I am delighted with the severe and cautious character of your own most extended researches, which, from their very nature, are permanent data for all future students of Ethnology, whose leader on this side the Atlantic, to say the least, you have so happily constituted yourself by well-directed and long-continued efforts."

† Prometheus Unbound, Act II., Scene 3d.

fortunately for his reputation. Without it, he would probably have ceased from his labors without having published any such explicit and unmistakeable expression of opinion, on this important question, as his scientific friends would have desired. As it is, he has left no room for doubt or cavil as to his position in the very front of our onward progress in Anthropology.

The first published opinion of Morton in reference to this question is found in the *Crania Americana*. It will be perceived, that, recognizing the entire incompetency of ordinary climatic and similar influences to produce the alleged effects, he suggests, as an escape from the difficulty, that the marks of Race were impressed at once by Divine Power upon the immediate family of Adam.

"The recent discoveries in Egypt give additional force to the preceding statement, inasmuch as they show, beyond all question, that the Caucasian and Negro races were as perfectly distinct in that country, upwards of three thousand years ago, as they are now; whence it is evident, that if the Caucasian was derived from the Negro, or the Negro from the Caucasian, *by the action of external causes*, the change must have been effected in, at most, one thousand years; a theory which the subsequent evidence of thirty centuries proves to be a physical impossibility; and we have already ventured to insist that such a commutation could be effected by nothing short of a miracle." (p. 88.)

In his printed Introductory Lecture of 1842, the same views are repeated, and the insufficiency of external causes again insisted upon. In April of the same year, he read, before the Boston Society of Natural History, a paper which was republished in 1844, under the title of *An Inquiry into the Distinctive Characteristics of the Aboriginal Race of America*. From this paper I extract the following striking passage:

In fine, our own conclusion, long ago deduced from a patient examination of the facts thus briefly and inadequately stated, is, that the American race is essentially separate and peculiar, whether we regard it in its physical, moral, or its intellectual relations. To us there are no direct or obvious links between the people of the old world and the new; for even admitting the seeming analogies to which we have alluded, these are so few in number, and evidently so casual, as not to invalidate the main position; and even should it be hereafter shown that the arts, sciences, and religion of America can be traced to an exotic source, I maintain that the organic characters of the people themselves, through all their endless ramifications of tribes and nations, prove them to belong to one and the same race, and that this race is distinct from all others." (p. 85.)

His unequivocal assertion of the permanency of the distinctive marks of Race in the final proposition of his *resumé* of the *Crania Ægyptiaca* has already been given, (*supra*, p.xlii.)Two years afterwards he published this emphatic declaration:

"I can aver that sixteen years of almost daily comparisons have only confirmed me in the conclusions announced in my "Crania Americana," that all the American nations, excepting the Eskimaux, are of one race, and that this race is peculiar and distinct from all others."*

* Ethnography and Archæology of the American Aborigines. New Haven: 1846. (p. 9.)

The next citation is from the letter to Mr. Bartlett before mentioned:

"But it is necessary to explain what is here meant by the word race. I do not use it to imply that all its divisions are derived from a single pair; on the contrary, I believe they have originated from several, perhaps even from many pairs, which were adapted, from the beginning, to the varied localities they were designed to occupy; and the Fuegians, less migratory than the cognate tribes, will serve to illustrate this idea. In other words, I regard the American nations as the true autocthones, the primeval inhabitants of this vast continent; and when I speak of their being of one race or of one origin, I allude only to their indigenous relation to each other, as shown in all those attributes of mind and body which have been so amply illustrated by modern ethnography."*

In a note to a paper in Silliman's Journal for 1847, he says:—

"I may here observe, that whenever I have ventured an opinion on this question, it has been in favor of the doctrine of *primeval diversities* among men — an original adaptation of the several races to those varied circumstances of climate and locality, which, while congenial to the one, are destructive to the other; and subsequent investigations have confirmed me in these views."†

One would suppose that whoever had read the above publications could have no doubt as to Morton's sentiments; yet Dr. Bachman and others have affected to be suddenly surprised by the utterance of opinions which had been distinctly implied, and even openly published years before. To leave no further doubt upon the subject, he thus expresses himself in his letter to Dr. Bachman of March 30th, 1850:—

"I commenced the study of Ethnology about twenty years since; and among the first aphorisms taught me by all the books to which I then had access, was this — that all mankind were derived from a single pair; and that the diversities now so remarkable, originated solely from the operations of climate, locality, food, and other physical agents. In other words, that man was created a perfect and beautiful being in the first instance, and that chance, *chance* alone has caused all the physical disparity among men, from the noblest Caucasian form to the most degraded Australian and Hottentot. I approached the subject as one of great difficulty and delicacy; and my first convictions were, that these diversities are not acquired, but have existed *ab origine*. Such is the opinion expressed in my *Crania Americana;* but at that period, (twelve years ago,) I had not investigated Scriptural Ethnology, and was content to suppose that the distinctive characteristics of the several races had been marked upon the immediate family of Adam. Further investigation, however, in connection with zoological science, has led me to take a wider view of this question, of which an outline is given above."‡

In order to present still more fully and clearly the final conclusions of our revered friend on this topic, I append two of his letters. The first is addressed to Dr. Nott, under date of January 29th, 1850.

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* Transactions of American Ethnological Society, vol. ii. New York: 1848. (p. 219.)

† Hybridity in animals and plants, considered in reference to the question of the Unity of the Human Species. New Haven: 1847. (p. 4.)

‡ Letter to the Rev. John Bachman, D. D., on the question of Hybridity in animals. Charleston: 1850. (p. 15.)

"I have read and re-read your *Two Lectures* with great pleasure and instruction. I am especially pleased with the triumphant manner in which you have treated the absurd postulate, that one race can be transmuted into another. The only illustrations that can be adduced by its advocates, as you justly observe, are certain diseased and abnormal organizations, that, by a wise law of nature, wear out in a few generations. Some of your aphorisms have delighted me. 'Man can *invent* nothing in science or religion but falsehood; and all the truths which he *discovers* are but facts or laws which have emanated from the Creator.' This is a noble sentiment admirably expressed. I am slowly preparing my memoir 'On the Size of the Brain in various Races and Families of Man; with Ethnological Remarks.' The latter clause will give me sufficient scope for the expression of my views on those sensitive points of Ethnology in which I entirely agree with you in opinion; leaving out all theological discussion, which I have carefully avoided. You will observe a note in my Essay on Hybridity, in which I avow my belief in a plurality of origins for the human species, and I have now extended those observations, and briefly illustrated them; but in so doing I find no difficulty with the text of Genesis, which is just as manageable in Ethnology as it has proved in Astronomy, Geology, and Chronology. When I took this ground four years ago, (and in the *Crania Americana* my position is the same, though more cautiously worded,) it was with some misgivings, not because I doubted the truth of my opinions, but because I feared they would lead to some controversy with the clergy. Nothing of the kind has happened; for I have avoided coming into collision with men who too often uphold a garbled text of Scripture, to defeat the progress of truth and science. I have had some letters from the clergy and from other piously-disposed persons, but the only one that had any spice of vehemence was from a friend, Dr. Bachman, of Charleston. A number of clergymen have called upon me for information on this subject, and I confess to you my surprise at the liberal tone of feeling they have expressed on this sensitive question; and I really believe that if they are not pressed too hard, they will finally concede all that can be asked of the mere question of diversity; for it can be far more readily reconciled to the Mosaic annals than some other points, Astronomy, &c., for example. As for Chronology, we all know it to be a *broken reed*. Look at the last page of Dr. Prichard's great work — the last page of his fifth and last volume — and he there gives it as his matured opinion that the human race has been 'chiliads of centuries' upon the earth! He had before found it necessary to prove the Deluge a partial phenomenon, and he also admits that no physical agents could ever have produced the existing diversities among men; and ascribes them to *accidental varieties* which have been careful to intermix only among themselves, and thereby perpetuated their race! Compared with this last inadequate hypothesis, how beautiful, how evidently and inherently truthful is the proposition — that our species had its origin, not in one, but in several or in many creations; and that these diverging from their primitive centres, met and amalgamated in the progress of time, and have thus given rise to these intermediate links of organization which now connect the extremes together. Here is the truth divested of mystery; a system that explains the otherwise unintelligible phenomena so remarkably stamped on the races of men."

The remaining letter is addressed to Mr. Gliddon, under date of Philadelphia, April 27th, 1851, little more than two weeks before its author ceased to breathe. I publish it *verbatim*, so that the reader may see that the concluding emphatic declaration stands unqualified by anything in the context.

"My dear Sir:—Have you Squier's pamphlets on California and New Mexico? Is it not in them that is contained a refutation of the old fable of *white Indians* on or near the Rio Gila? If so, please send me the above paper by mail as soon as you can. I must have em somewhere, but I am in an emergency for them, and they cannot be found. I am k at my chapter for Schoolcraft's book, and am desirous to get it off my hands.

I send you a paragraph from the Ledger which will gratify you. There is no higher praise than this. It is all the better for being so aphorismally expressed. *The doctrine of the original diversity of mankind unfolds itself to me more and more with the distinctness of revelation.*

"With kindest remembrances to Mrs. G. and your fine boy, I am,

"Ever faithfully yours,

"S. G. MORTON."

These citations are sufficient for our purpose, I apprehend, especially the laconic emphasis of the last, which may be regarded as the *ethnological testament* of our lamented friend. I have been thus full upon this point, because I believe it but justice to his memory to show that he was among the very earliest to accept and give shape to the doctrine stated. As the mountain summits are gilded with the early dawn, while the plain below still sleeps in darkness, so it is the loftiest spirit among men that first receives and reflects the radiance of the coming truth. Morton has occupied that position among us, in relation to this important advance in scientific opinion. I have desired to put the evidence of it fairly upon record, and thus to claim and secure the distinction that is justly due him.

Many well-meaning, but uninformed persons have, however, raised an outcry of horror against the assertion of original human diversities, in which they have been joined by others who ought to know better. The attack is not made upon the doctrine itself, nor upon any direct logical consequence of it. The alleged grievance consists entirely in the loss of certain corollaries deducible from the opposite proposition. Thus it is asserted that our religious system and our doctrine of social and political rights, alike result from the hypothesis of human consanguinity and common origin, and stand or fall with it. To this effect we have constantly quoted to us the high authority of Humboldt, who says, "En maintenant l'unité de l'espèce humaine, nous rejetons par conséquence nécessaire, la distinction désolante de races supérieures et de races inférieures."*

In a note he again applies the term *désolante* to this doctrine. I have used the French translation, because it is the more forcible, and because it was that read by Morton, whose felicitous commentary upon it I am fortunately able to adduce, from a letter to Mr. Gliddon, of May 30th, 1846.

"Humboldt's word *désolante* is true in sentiment and in morals—but, as you observe, it is wholly inapplicable to the physical reality. Nothing so humbles, so crushes my spirit, as to look into a mad-house, and behold the drivelling, brutal idiocy so conspicuous in such places; it conveys a terrific idea of the disparity of human intelligences. But there is the

* Cosmos: traduit par H. Faye. Paris: 1846. I. p. 430. Also, note 42, p. 579. Otté translates by *depressing* in one place, and *cheerless* in another. Cosmos: New York, 1850. I. p. 358.

unyielding, insuperable reality. It is *désolante* indeed to think, to *know*, that many of these poor mortals were born, were created so! But it appears to me to make little difference in the *sentiment* of the question whether they came into the world without their wits, or whether they lost them afterwards. And so, I would add, it makes little difference whether the mental inferiority of the Negro, the Samoiyede, or the Indian, is natural or acquired; for, if they ever possessed equal intelligence with the Caucasian, they have lost it; and if they never had it, they had nothing to lose. One party would arraign Providence for creating them originally different, another for placing them in circumstances by which they inevitably became so. Let us search out the truth, and reconcile it afterwards."

Here are sound philosophy and plain common sense. As the facts are open to investigation, let us first examine them, and leave the inferences for future consideration. If the proposition prove true, we may safely trust all its legitimate deductions. There is no danger from the truth, neither will it conflict with any other truth. Our greater danger is from the cowardice that is afraid to look fact in the face, and, not daring to come in contact with reality, for fear of consequences, must rest content with error and half-belief. The question here is one of fact simply, and not of speculation nor of feeling. Humboldt may deny the existence of *unalterable* diversities, but that is another question, also to be settled only by a wider observation and longer experience. The ethical consequences he so eloquently deprecates, moreover, appear to me not to be fairly involved, unless he assumes that the solidarity and mutual moral relations of mankind originate solely in their relationship as descendants of a single pair. If so, he has built upon a sandy foundation, and one which every moralist of note will tell him is inadequate to the support of his superstructure. The inalienable right of man to equal liberty with his fellows depends, if it has any sanction, upon higher considerations than any mere physical fact of consanguinity, and remains the same whether the latter be proved or disproved. Ethical principles require a different order of evidence from material phenomena, and are to be regarded from another point of view. The scientific question should, therefore, be discussed on its own merits, and without reference to false issues of an exciting character, if we hope to reach the truth. I cannot forbear the conclusion that, in this matter, the Nestor of science has been betrayed into a little piece of popular declamation, unworthy of his pen, otherwise so consistently logical. But the acme of absurdity is reached by those clerical gentlemen at the south, who have been so eager to avail themselves of Humboldt's great authority in opposition to the doctrine of diversity, while they deny all his premises. Do they consider all doctrine necessarily *désolante*, because an argument in favor of slavery, true or false, may be based upon it? Humboldt does. And again, if the denial of a common paternity implies all the deplorable consequences indicated by the latter, does

its assertion carry with it the contrary inferences? They say not. If, then, the doctrine of unity gives no essential guarantee of universal liberty and equality, why reproach the opposite doctrine with destroying what never existed? Thus, these gentlemen must stultify either themselves or their champion, while that which with him was merely a rhetorical flourish becomes, in their hands, a ridiculous *non sequitur*.

In the course of these discussions it became necessary to define, with greater precision, certain terms in constant use. This was especially the case with the word *species*, the loose employment of which occasioned much confusion. According to the prevalent zoological doctrine, the production of a prolific offspring is the highest evidence of specific identity, and *vice-versâ*. The important results of the application of this law to the races of men are apparent. But other authorities deny the validity of the alleged law and its application. "Wir dürften," says Rudolphi, "also wohl deswegen auf Keine Einheit des Menschengeschlechts schliessen, weil die verschiedenen Menschenstämme sich fruchtbar mit einander begatten." The question of Hybridity, therefore, presented itself to Morton in a form that demanded attention and settlement before going farther. He seized the subject, not to speculate, and still less to declaim about it, but cautiously to gather and sift its facts. His first papers were read before the Academy of Natural Sciences in November, 1846, and published in Silliman's Journal the next year. They contain a large number of facts, from various authorities, together with the author's inferences. For these, and the entire discussion of the topic, I refer the reader to Chapter XII. (on Hybridity) in this work. But the controversy into which it led Morton forms too prominent a part of his scientific history to be passed over in silence. It was not of his seeking, but was forced upon him. A literary club at Charleston, S. C., being engaged in the discussion of the Origin of Man, the Rev. Dr. Bachman assumed the championship of the unitary hypothesis, taking ground upon the evidence afforded by an invariably prolific offspring. His opponents met him with Morton's papers on Hybridity. These he must, of course, examine; but he first addressed Morton a letter, of which the following is an extract:—

Charleston, Oct, 15th, 1849.

"We are both in the search of truth. I do not think that these scientific investigations affect the scripture question either way. The Author of Revelation is also the Author of Nature, and I have no fear that when we are able to read intelligibly, we will discover that both harmonize. We can then investigate these matters without the fear of an *auto-da-fe* from men of sense. In the meantime all must go with respect and good feeling towards each other. Although hard at work in finishing the last volume of Audubon's work, I will now and then have time to look at this matter; and here let me in anticipation state some of my objections. . . . . But I am overrun with calls of duty, and have written this under all kinds of interruptions. I shall be most sorry if my opposition to your theory would produce the slightest interruption to our good feeling, as I regard y

fident that I can scatter some of your facts to the winds — yet in others you will be very apt to trip up my own heels; so let us work harmoniously together. At the English Universities they have wranglers, but no quarrellers."

This seems manly and friendly, and Morton, feeling it to be such, was very much gratified. He certainly never could have regarded it as a prelude to an attack upon himself; yet such it was. The next spring (1850) witnessed the publication of Dr. B.'s book on Unity, as well as his Monograph on Hybridity, in the Charleston Medical Journal, in both of which Morton is made the object of assault and attempted ridicule. The former work I have already referred to, (p. xlvi.) The author starts with what amounts, under the circumstances, to a broad and unequivocal confession of ignorance of his topic — a confession which, however praiseworthy on the score of frankness, may be regarded as wholly supererogatory; for no reader of ordinary intelligence can open the book without perceiving the fact for himself. His reading seems to have been singularly limited,* while the topic, involving, as it does, the characteristics of remote races, &c., demands a wide and careful consultation of authorities. For one who is confessedly neither an archæologist, an anatomist, nor a philologist, to attempt to teach Ethnology on the strength of having, many years ago, read on the subject a single work — and he scarcely recollects what — is a conception as bold as it is original. His production required no notice, of course, at the hand of Morton. On the special subject of Hybridity, however, he was entitled to an attentive hearing as a gentleman of established authority, particularly in the mammalian department of Zoology. Had he discussed it in the spirit foreshadowed by his letter, and which Morton anticipated, there would have been no controversy, but an amicable comparison of views, advancing the cause of science. But his tone was arrogant and offensive. Not only to the general reader in his book, but also to Morton in his letters,

* "In preparing these notes we have even resolved not to refer to Prichard—who, we believe, is justly regarded as one of our best authorities—*whose work we read with great interest some years ago*, (and which is allowed even by his opponents to have been written in a spirit of great fairness,) and many of whose arguments we at the time considered unanswerable." (p. 16.)

"After this work was nearly printed, we procured Prichard's Natural History of Man — *his other works we have not seen.* We were aware of the conclusions at which his mind had arrived, but not of the process by which his investigations had been pursued." (p. 304.)

Now, as the Natural History was not published until 1843, it could hardly be the book read "some years ago" (prior to 1849); especially as Dr. B. confesses ignorance "of the process, &c." [*supra.*] That must have been one of the earlier volumes of the *Physical Researches*, commenced in 1812, probably the very first, which leaves the subject short of the point to which Blumenbach subsequently brought it. But Dr. B. assures us again, that other work of Prichard than the Natural History he "has never seen." Then he never saw any, before writing his own book! His memory is certainly extremely vague. It is safe to conclude, however, that he undertook to write upon this difficult subject without the [illegible] consultation of a single authority; the result is [illegible]

does he speak *de haut en bas*, as if, from the height of the pulpit, he was looking down upon men immeasurably removed from him by his sacred office. This faulty manner perhaps results from his profession, as does his verbose and declamatory style. But this consideration will not excuse the patronizing way in which he addresses one of higher scientific rank than himself. He reminds Morton of the countenance he has heretofore given him,—that he even subscribed for his book! The authorities relied upon by the latter he treats with supreme contempt, individually and collectively, characterizing them as pedantic, antiquated, and "musty."* All this is carried through in a bold, dashing, off-hand way, calculated to impress forcibly any reader ignorant of the matter under discussion. It argues the most confident self-complacency and conviction of superiority on the part of the writer, and doubtless his admiring readers shared the feeling. For a short season there was quite a jubilation over the assumed defeat of the physicists.

But there is an Italian proverb which says, *Non sempre chi cantando viene, cantando va!* and which Dr. B. was destined to illustrate. To his first paper Morton replied in a letter dated March 30th, 1850, the tone of which is calm, dignified, and friendly. He defends his authorities, accumulates new evidence, and strengthens and defines his position. This called forth Dr. B.'s most objectionable letter of June 12th, 1850, also published in the Charleston Journal, and in which he entirely passes the bounds of propriety. No longer satisfied with his poor attempts at wit, which consist almost exclusively in the use of the word "old" and its synonymes, he becomes denunciatory, and even abusive. He charges Morton with taking part in a deliberate conspiracy, having its ramifications in four cities, for the overthrow of a doctrine "nearly connected with the faith and hope of the Christian, for this world and for eternity." In another paragraph, (p. 507,) he says, that *infidelity* must inevitably spring up as the consequence of adopting Morton's views. Now, we all know that when gentlemen of Dr. B.'s cloth use that word, they mean war *usque ad necem*. Its object is simply to do mischief and give pain. It cannot injure

* Dr. Bachman's contempt for everything "old" is certainly very curious in one so likely, from calling and position, to be particularly conservative. Nor is this his only singularity. His pertinacious ascription of a remote date to every one whose name has a Latinized termination, reminds one of the story told of the backwoods lawyer, who persisted in numbering "old Cantharides" among the sages of antiquity. He is particularly hard upon "old Hellenius," never failing to give him a passing flout, and talking about raising his ghost. The writings of Dr. B. do not indicate a very sensitive person, yet even he must have felt a considerable degree of the sensation known as *cutis anserina*, when he received the information, conveyed in Morton's quietest manner, that "old Hellenius," with others of his so-called "musty" authorities, were his own contemporaries! The work of Chevreul, which he disposes of in the same supercilious way, bears the extreme date of 1846!

the person attacked, so far as the scientific world is concerned — for there the phrase can now only excite a smile — but it may impair his business or his public standing, or, still worse, it may enter his domestic circle, and wound him through his tenderest sympathies. Was such the intention in the present case? Charity bids us think otherwise; and yet the attack has a very malignant appearance. To Morton it occasioned great surprise and pain. He answered it calmly in a paper in the same Journal, entitled *Additional Observations*, &c. He is unwavering in the assertion of his opinion; and, inasmuch as its triumphant establishment would be his own best justification, he piles up still more and more evidence, often from the highest authorities in Natural History. The personalities of Dr. B. he meets and refutes briefly, but with firmness and dignity, declining entirely to allow himself to be provoked into a bandying of epithets. His conduct was in striking contrast with that of his reverend opponent; and, while it exalted him in the estimation of the learned everywhere, showed the latter to be a stranger to the courtesies that should characterize scientific discussion. More of a theological polemic than a naturalist, he uses the tone and style proverbially displayed by the former, and is offensive accordingly. He has his punishment in general condemnation and impaired scientific standing. In the mean time, Morton was stimulated to a determination to exhaust whatever material there was accessible in regard to Hybridity. Dr. Bachman he dropped entirely after the second letter; but he announced to his friends his intention of sending an article regularly for each successive number of the Charleston Journal, so long as new matter presented. Two only of these supplementary communications appeared, the last being dated January 31st, 1851.

But the solemn termination of all these labors was near at hand. Never had Morton been so busy as in that spring of 1851. His professional engagements had largely increased, and occupied most of his time. His craniological investigations were prosecuted with unabated zeal, and he had recently made important accessions to his collection. He was actively engaged in the study of Archæology, Egyptian, Assyrian, and American, as collateral to his favorite subject. His researches upon Hybridity cost him much labor, in his extended comparison of authorities, and his industrious search for facts bearing on the question. In addition to all this, he was occupied with the preparation of his contribution to the work of Mr. Schoolcraft, and of several minor papers. Most of these labors were left incomplete. The fragments published in this volume will show how his mind was engaged, and to what conclusions it tended at the close. For it was now, in the midst of toil and usefulness, that he was called away from us. Five days of illness — not considered

alarming at first—had scarcely prepared his friends for the sad event, when it was announced, on the 15th of May, that Morton was no more! It was too true — he had left vacant among us a place that cannot soon be filled. Peacefully and calmly he had gone to his eternal rest, having accomplished so much in his short space of life, and yet leaving so much undone, that none but he could do as well!

So lived and so died our lamented friend. While we deplore his loss, however, we cannot but perceive that few men have been more blessed in life than he. His career was an eminently prosperous and successful one. Very few have ever been so uniformly successful in their enterprises. He established, with unusual rapidity, a wide-spread scientific fame, upon the white radiance of which he has, dying, left not a single blot. His life was also a fortunate and happy one in its more private relations. His first great grief came upon him, precisely a year before his own decease, in the loss of a beloved son, to whom he was tenderly attached. No other cloud than this obscured his clear horizon to the last. That he felt it deeply there can be no doubt; but he had, at his heart's core, the sentiment that can rob sorrow of its bitterness, and death of its sting. To that sentiment he has given utterance in these lines; and, with their quotation, I conclude this notice, the preparation of which has been to me a labor of love, and the solace, for a season, of a bed of suffering.

Jan. 1854. H. S. P.

CONSOLATION.

What art thou, world! with thy beguiling dreams,
Thy banquets and carousals, pomp and pride!
What is thy gayest moment, when it teems
With pleasures won, or prospects yet untried?

What are thy honors, titles and renown,
Thy brightest pageant, and thy noblest sway?
Alas! like flowers beneath the tempest's frown,
They bloom at morn,—at eve they fade away!

A few short years revolve, and then no more
Can Memory rouse them from their resting-place;
The joys we courted, and the hopes we bore,
Have pass'd like shadows from our fond embrace.

But is there nought, amid the fearful doom,
That can outlast the wreck of mortal things?
There is a spirit that does not consume,
But mounts o'er ruin with triumphant wings.

And thou, Religion! like a guardian star
Dost glitter in the firmament on high,
And lead'st us still, tho' we have wander'd far,
To hopes that cheer, and joys that never die!

And if an erring pilgrim on his way
Casts but a pure, a suppliant glance to Heaven,
"Fear not—benighted child"—he hears thee say—
"For they are doubly blest that are forgiven!"

IN

MEMORY OF

HENRY COIT PERKINS,

OF

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.,

1873.

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FROM THE
HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE,
VOL. XII.

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SERVICES

In memory of the late Henry Coit Perkins, M.D., were held Sept. 11, 1873, in the Whitefield Church, Newburyport, under the auspices of the Essex Institute, of which the deceased was a member.

The order of the service was as foliows:—

1. Hymn.—"The spacious firmament on high."
2. Reading of Scripture and Prayer, by Rev. R. Campbell.
3. Singing.—"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."
4. Address by Rev. S. J. Spalding, D.D.
5. Singing.—"God who madest earth and heaven."
6. Benediction.

The singing was by a quartette under the direction of Mr. Wm. P. Dodge.

UNIVERSITY
Library.
Of California.

MEMOIR

OF

HENRY COIT PERKINS,

BY

SAMUEL J. SPALDING.

[READ THURSDAY, SEPT., 11, 1873.]

SOME few years since, while sitting with our friend, Dr. Perkins, our conversation turned on the great advances made during the last quarter of a century in all departments of physical science. He was led to speak of his own personal interest and work in the same direction, and of the satisfaction and pleasure he had derived from these side studies of his professional life, as he was accustomed to call them. His account seemed to me of so much value, especially as showing how much could be accomplished by concentration of purpose and a wise use of opportunities, that I ventured to ask him to commit the same to writing.

It is to the brief autobiographical sketch, written shortly after that conversation, that I am indebted for most of the facts respecting Dr. Perkins, which I shall give you to-day.

In this sketch he speaks of his ancestors as belonging to the family of Perkins in Topsfield. His own immediate ancestors were from Topsfield, but remotely from Ipswich.

The Perkins family of Topsfield comprises the descendants of Rev. William Perkins, of whom a sketch is given in the July No. of the 10th Vol. of the "Hist. and Gen. Register."

The Ipswich family comprises the descendants of John Perkins the elder, as he is called in the Records, of whom a sketch is given in the same No. and Vol. of the Register.

"He was born in Newent (as supposed) in Gloucestershire, England, in 1590. He embarked with his wife and family for America, Dec. 1, 1630, at Bristol, England, and arrived at Boston, Feb. 5, 1631, after a 'very tempestuous voyage.' They came over in the ship Lyon, Capt. Wm. Pearce; and the famous Roger Williams was one of their fellow-passengers. At this time their youngest child was about seven, and their oldest seventeen years. On the 18th of the following May (1631) he was admitted freeman. He remained in Boston about two years, when, in 1633, he removed to Ipswich. He was representative to the General Court from that town in 1636, held various town offices and trusts, and appears to have been a man of great respectability. He owned the large island at the mouth of Ipswich river, which was then, and until quite recently, called Perkins' Island. It is still believed to be in the family. His house, which he gave, after his wife's decease, to his youngest son, Jacob, stood near Manning's Neck and close to the river. His will is dated March 28, 1654, and he probably died not long after, as he then says he was 'sick and weak in body.' The will was proved Sept., 1654, and his estate

was valued at £250, 05s. He was sixty-four years old at his death. The name of his wife was Judith, and he left six children, as follows:—

John[2], Thomas[2], Elizabeth[2], Mary[2], Lydia[2], Jacob[2]; Thomas[2], b. 1616; settled in Topsfield; m. Phebe, dau. of Zaccheus Gould, and d. May 7, 1686, aged 70.

He is usually called on the records 'Dea. Thomas Perkins, Sen., of Topsfield.' His will is dated Dec. 11, 1685, and proved Sept., 1686. It is quite long and minute, and his estate was large.

His children were John[3], Thomas[3], Elisha[3], Timothy[3], Zaccheus[3] and three daughters.

Thomas[3], second son of Dea. Perkins, m. Sarah Wallis, 1683, and d. 1719. Children, Martha[4], Robert[4], Samuel[4], Sarah[4], Phebe[4], Hannah[4].

Samuel[4], b. 1699; m. Margaret ———; their children were Thomas[5], Hannah[5], Margaret[5], Samuel[5], Mary[5], Archelaus[5], Sarah[5]."

Thomas[5], b. Feb. 19, 1725; m. 1st, Dinah Towne; m. 2d, Martha Burnham. Children, Archelaus[6], by the first wife, b. April 4, 1756; Daniel[6], Israel[6], Hannah[6], Israel[6], Margaret[6], Thomas[6], Samuel[6].

Thomas[6], b. May 28, 1773; d. Oct. 29, 1853. He m. Elizabeth Storey, Feb. 16, 1804. She was the dau. of Daniel and Ruth (Burnham) Storey of Essex, and was b. June 30, 1778, and d. May 14, 1864. Their children were Henry Coit[7], Daniel Storey[7], Harriet[7], Elizabeth[7], Caroline[7], Mary[7].

Henry Coit[7], b. Nov. 13, 1804; m. Harriet Davenport, Oct. 30, 1828. He d. Feb. 1, 1873. Their only child is Henry Russell, b. April 2, 1838; m. July 6, 1868, Georgiana Prescott, dau. of Samuel G. and Caroline (Prescott) Reed of Boston.

The autobiographical sketch is as follows:—

"'The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.'

I first saw the sunlight, Nov. 13, 1804, as it beamed into an apartment of the old Wolfe tavern in State street, Newburyport, where also was born the father of my affectionate and beloved wife.

The most vivid recollection that now remains of the old mansion is that impressed upon my vision as it was seen wrapped in flames in the great fire of May 31, 1811. I was borne by my aunt from the scene of conflagration to a place of shelter in the residence of the father and family of the late Miss Hannah F. Gould.

At the age of eight years, I commenced the study of the Latin language under Michael Walsh, A. M., the author of the 'Mercantile Arithmetic;' with whom, as I well remember, Hon. Caleb Cushing was fitting for college, and from which school he entered Cambridge in 1813 at the early age of thirteen years.

I continued the study of Latin under Asa Wildes, Esq., at the Newburyport High School, and finally fitted for college under Mr. Alfred Pike, at the Newburyport Academy, and in August, 1820, entered as freshman at Harvard.

My parents were of humble origin, but of respectable descent; my father, Thomas Perkins, was of a Topsfield family of that name; my mother, Elizabeth Storey, was born at Chebacco, now Essex. The parents of both my father and mother were husbandmen, and the children were brought up to habits of industry and frugality, and enjoined the same upon their descendants.

With my brother and sisters, I was led to the baptismal font, May 13, 1816, at the age of eleven years, and received the sacred rite at the hands of Rev. Daniel Dana, D. D., at that time pastor of the Old South Church. A

little tract given me about this time by my pastor, entitled, 'My son, give me thine heart,' I regard as among the first sources of my religious impressions, although I always had been taught, on Sabbath evening, the Westminster confession of faith by my father, and had been blessed with the prayers of a pious mother.

Among the books in my father's small library was a duodecimo entitled 'Elements of Natural Philosophy,' published in 1808, at New York. It contained chapters upon 'matter and motion, the universe, the solar system, the fixed stars, the earth, the atmosphere, meteors, springs, rivers and the sea, fossils, plants, animals, the human frame and the understanding.'

In these, to use the the words of the poet,

> 'I saw a mighty arm, by man unseen,
> Resistless, not to be controlled, that guides,
> In solitude of unshared energies,
> All these thy ceaseless miracles, O world!'

This little volume was the nucleus, around which was to gather all the knowledge I was to be permitted to collect in my after life, and next to the Bible, the volume of nature is the one I have loved most to study. When a lad, I well remember the pleasure afforded in contemplating the changing forms of the silvery clouds, lost in wonder how they could contain and pour out the drenching rain and the rattling hail,—whence could come the mighty wind that prostrated the forest, the dazzling lightning and the heavy thunder that made the earth tremble beneath my feet. Ofttimes, in returning from the evening school have I stood alone gazing into the clear blue sky to see and love the twinkling stars as they ran their silent course, watching me as my heart breathed out the words of the Psalmist, 'When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which

thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?'

Another favorite book was to be found in my father's library, 'Ferguson's Astronomy,' a book brought over the sea by my deceased uncle, Daniel Perkins, a contemporary of Dr. Bowditch, which served to give me a taste for a science the love of which has remained by me until the time when many of the stars I could then distinctly see with the naked eye are only to be seen by the aid of the telescope.

In the retrospect of the time spent at Harvard, no cloud of any size casts its shadow upon the pleasant years.

To a slight incident (namely, the meeting of a person in the road which led to the Botanic Garden), the writer looks back with pleasure as the turning point of his future employment through life. The individual referred to was Prof. Thomas Nuttall, the distinguished English botanist and naturalist, who had been recently appointed Lecturer on Botany and Curator of the Botanic Garden. A strong attachment sprang up between this teacher and many of the students; this friendship the writer enjoyed, and by it was often enticed away from the drier studies of the course, to a pleasant ramble through the woods and fields in search of their fruits and flowers.

Among the number to whom the volume of nature was first opened, by Mr. Nuttall about the same time, was one recently taken away by the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and with whom for forty-five years, I have been intimately acquainted. I refer to Dr. Augustus A. Gould of Boston. He leaves behind him a character untarnished, and a name long to be held in remembrance by every physician and student of natural history.

On the 27th of Aug., 1824, I graduated at Harvard and,

in company with Rev. William Barnwell of Charleston, S. C., and Rev. Dr. Samuel Parker Parker of Boston, took part in a 'colloquy' before an exceedingly large audience drawn together by the presence of General Lafayette. While an undergraduate, I had attended the lectures of Dr. John C. Warren upon comparative anatomy, and was forcibly struck with the analogies of the skeletons of the lower animals with that of man. I had studied chemistry under Dr. John Gorham, and had often returned from the Botanic Garden with my pockets well filled with minerals from my friend Mr. Nuttall, and my botany box well stored with plants for analysis.

I had unwittingly entered upon the threshold of the medical profession, and on the 27th of Sept., 1824, I entered my name as a student with Dr. Richard S. Spofford of Newburyport, at that time the leading physician of the town.

In Oct., 1825, I entered my name with Dr. John C. Warren and commenced attending the regular course of lectures at the Medical College and practised dissections with a view of understanding more perfectly the structure of the human body. Shortly afterwards I became the house pupil, lodging and studying at his dwelling. Here I made the acquaintance of his son, my highly esteemed friend, J. Mason Warren, then a lad fitting for college in his father's study.

With the students of Dr. James Jackson and Dr. Walter Channing, I attended the clinique at the Mass. General Hospital, and, with Dr. David Bemis, discharged the duties of Dr. Warren's dresser, and assisted him in all his private operations. So diligent were we, that, with the exception of an occasional visit to my friends at Newburyport and Cambridge and a ride once over the neck to Roxbury and back over the Mill-dam, I do not recollect

to have been absent from the Hospital, or away from Boston, for more than two years.

To Dr. James Jackson, I must in justice say, I feel more indebted for what I know of my art, in so far as instruction, written or oral, is concerned, than to any other person. With multitudes of others, I feel that he is my father in medicine. I love him for his virtues, I respect him for his knowledge and I delight to honor him. He has impressed upon the physicians of New England much that has made them useful and skilful practitioners, and to him the public is indebted for much that is valuable in the healing of their diseases. Newburyport has the honor of being the birthplace of this amiable and ever-to-be-remembered Christian gentleman.

In the latter part of August, 1827, I took the degree of M. D. at Harvard, having read a thesis upon the 'Indirect Treatment of Surgical Diseases.'

On the 27th or 28th of this same month, between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, there appeared in the heavens a luminous bow, about five degrees in width and extending across the celestial vault from east to west. This was the first auroral arch I had ever heard of, read of, or seen. At that time, no one knew what to make of it. The frequent appearance of such arches since, either alone or accompanied by auroral streams, has called much attention to such phenomena on the part of many scientific writers."

These arches were ever afterwards objects of special interest to Dr. Perkins, and his observations upon them, as published April 9, 1863, have been regarded as of great value.

On the 30th of Oct., 1828, he was marrried to Harriet Davenport, daughter of John Davenport of Newburyport. Their only child is Henry Russell Perkins, b. April 2,

1838, who early chose the career of business rather than the profession of his father. Dr. Perkins always spoke of his domestic relations in terms of the strongest gratitude and affection.

"On the 3d of Sept., 1827, I took an office and put out my sign as a physician. On the same day I had a professional call from one of my acquaintances. And here I may be permitted to say that one of the most gratifying experiences of a medical man is the continuance of the kind and friendly feelings of his early patrons, especially in this day of change. There is, or there should be, an attachment between physician and patient. We become attached to the beast which carries us safely by night and by day over the dreary, perhaps dangerous, road, and we should speak well of the bridge that has borne us safely over the deep and rapid stream, and why should we not become attached to the watchful physician, who, like a guide travelling over the dangerous crags and precipices of the mountains, conducts safely, and often at the risk of his own reputation and life, it may be, those who have intrusted themselves to his care and skill?

In the year 1828, I think, the dysentery appeared in Newburyport in an epidemic form, and, young as the writer was, he was invited to meet Dr. Bradstreet in consultation in such a case. The Doctor was tardy in his appointment, and did not arrive at the patient's house until after the lapse of an hour or more; coming in at the door, clad in his brown camlet cloak saturated with the rain, he apologized for the delay; 'he had been to the quarantine grounds' to visit a vessel from an unhealthy port. This was among the last professional visits Dr. B. ever made. Whether he took disease on board the vessel or not, he soon was taken down with a severe form of fever, and although he had the benefit of the professional skill and

sound judgment of Drs. Noyes and Spofford, he shortly died with symptoms resembling those of yellow fever. His second daughter died within a fortnight after, apparently with the same disease. The sick men, who had been brought to a boarding-house in town, recovered.

Dr. Oliver Prescott, the oldest practising physician in Newburyport at the time, died within a month of my entrance into the profession of medicine. Dr. Francis Vergne, a distinguished physician in his day, had relinquished practice, and Dr. Nathan Noyes was crippled from a partial paralysis of his lower extremities, so that the medical practice in town fell chiefly into the hands of Drs. Noyes, Spofford, Johnson and Wyman.

The latter gentleman, the nearest to the writer in age, was well read in his profession, especially in surgery and diseases of the eye, and, had specialties been known in his day, he would doubtless have gained in a large city a great reputation and fortune by his skill. The writer enjoyed his uninterrupted friendship and many kind offices in his early and later years.

The decease of Dr. Bradstreet threw a large amount of general practice into the hands of Dr. Spofford; of accouching into the hands of Dr. Johnson; and of surgery into the hands of Dr. Wyman. Several young physicians flocked to the town, among whom we may name Dr. Huntington, who afterwards removed to Lowell and became a distinguished physician as well as a mayor of the city, and before his death was honored with the highest gift the Massachusetts Medical Society had to bestow—its presidency.

What was left, after the *lions'* parts were taken out, fell into the hands of the younger physicians, Drs. Cross, F. V. Noyes and the just fledging Thompsonians and homœopaths and the writer. The hill before us was high and

steep, and, besides, some obstacles were placed in the path. The young physician was not allowed, by the rules of the association he was invited to join, to take the place of an elder until he had recommended and advised the payment of his predecessor's bill; and if he tarried longer than four hours at a case of accouching, which he might be obliged to do at the outset of his business, he was to charge one dollar an hour, for every hour thus spent, in addition to the prescribed fee. The elders knew how to make flying visits, a trick not as yet found out by the juniors. In general, however, the intercourse between young and old was pleasant and advantageous, especially to the former; and at the termination of three years, viz., in 1830, the writer was recommended by them as qualified to become a member of the Mass. Medical Society."

Speaking of the character of the diseases he met with, Dr. Perkins remarks:—

"Besides fever, the most common diseases that I have been called upon to treat in Newburyport have been rheumatism, either acute or chronic, and neuralgia, which sprang up about that time, croup, pneumonia, either by itself or combined with pleurisy, influenza, consumption, dropsies, indigestion, dysentery, diarrhœa, erysipelas, measles, scarlet fever, whooping-cough; and of surgical cases, fractures, dislocations, hernias, diseased breasts, and hands maimed from carelessness in the use of machinery or of fire-arms. Many other diseases and injuries, to be sure, I have met with. Some, however, that I expected to see often, have been quite rare, as gout, and, of late years, delirium tremens, which, at one time, was very common, and wounded arteries of large size, to cases of which I have never been called but in three instances. On the contrary, I have met with those I never expected to see.

In the treatment of diseases, I have never dared to draw my bow at venture, or to neglect nursing the patient; believing that, in the large number of diseases, the better course was to conduct the patient safely through his illness, if possible, than to throw off disease, if it was fastened upon the patient; and that after all, it was much easier to *keep* well than to *get* well. And in a practice of forty-four years as an accoucher, I have been so highly favored as to have lost only two patients, where I had charge of the case from the commencement.

Believing always in a superintending Providence, in the paternal and loving character of our Heavenly Father, and aware of the sudden mishaps that might befall such patients, I do not remember that I ever attended one such case without a silent petition in their behalf and that of the infant about to come into this world of temptation and trial. And whenever I presented my petitions at the Throne of Grace for myself, I have endeavored to remember others also, and especially the sick and the afflicted.

I early learned how to sympathize with those who were afflicted, and having borne the yoke myself, I have endeavored to comfort those who were destined to bear the same. As I have been often called to see others as they descended into the dark valley, I have tried, but oh! how vainly!—to place myself in their situation that I might learn how to follow them. This is an experience we must all meet sooner or later, but it can be met only once. We must learn to die by learning how to live. I have seen many die, but I have seen many more who recovered, and this is one great source of comfort to the physician, that in the ordinary course of nature he is called to see the same individual recover many times, before he is called to see him die once. His duties are, however, of the most responsible character, and no one can be too faith-

ful in preparing himself to meet them, or too sedulous or patient in taking care of the sick."

As showing that Dr. Perkins was something more than a student of medicine, and that he felt the need of broader culture than his profession furnished, we have the following:—

"The early years of my professional life were spent chiefly in attendance upon calls whenever they came, and in reading upon medical subjects. Nearly every opportunity for post-mortem examination was improved, and for some time I kept notes of my treatment of the cases which came under my care. I determined to know something of medicine, if I remained ignorant of everything else. But I soon found that variety in reading was requisite to prevent mental fatigue. An invitation was extended to a young friend to join me in reading French. One or two others being desirous of pursuing the same study, it was proposed to form a club for literary and scientific pursuits. The result of our meeting was the foundation of the Newburyport Lyceum in 1828. This was the *second* institution of the kind in New England.

About the same time, and as an offshoot of the Lyceum, the second Social Library was formed, to furnish popular and useful books for those inclined to read; and this continued in existence for some years, and, after a union with the Athenæum, afforded much instruction to those inclined to learn. Reading that requires no thinking, in other words reading for amusement, being one thing, and study being another, the character of the library, and we fear it is true of all popular libraries, soon became very different from what it was at the outset: the popular literature or the light reading and flimsy material of the day soon crowded its shelves to the exclusion of more solid and substantial works, and shortly

the books of the united libraries were sold and they became extinct.

Acting for many years as the manager, or procurer of lecturers for the Lyceum, an opportunity was providentially offered for becoming acquainted with several gentlemen eminent in their calling who consented to lecture upon the subjects of their collegiate departments in our literary institutions.

My attention was thus directed to some of the sciences collateral to medicine, especially to the means of heating and ventilation. The great eclipse of Feb. 12, 1831, afforded an opportunity of brushing up somewhat in astronomy, which led also to some experiments in the grinding and polishing of glass for optical purposes. Little, if anything, at that time, was to be found in books upon the grinding and polishing of lenses or specula. A visit was made in a thick snow-storm to the venerable Dr. Prince of Salem, for aid, who kindly gave such information as he had, by referring to a young optician, Mr. Widdifield of Boston.

A block of flint glass was then purchased and corresponding ones of crown glass wrought out from the old bull's eyes that were to be found in the doors of old buildings. 'Rees' and other 'Encyclopedias' were ransacked to learn the mode of obtaining the specific gravity and index of refraction of the different kinds of glass, and the mathematical formulæ for the correct curves of the different faces or surfaces of the lenses of an achromatic object glass reduced to practice. This afforded employment and occupation for some of the later hours of the winter evenings. Expecting to have the mechanical part done by another, who shrunk from his promise when he learned the nicety required, our own hands had to do the labor, all of which however was lost, owing to the im-

perfection of the material used. After much rubbing and polishing we at last found that glass of a better quality than the bottom of a tumbler, or the central part of the disk which was attached to the iron handle of the glass blower, was needed for the object glass of a telescope. We were disappointed, but made the best of it, and laid aside the lenses in hopes of owning something better.

The attempt to grind lenses for the telescope was a failure. But I was more successful in grinding and polishing lenses for the microscope, and was led to a practical appreciation of the value of this instrument in the study of the structure of different tissues and fluids of the human frame in health and disease, and to an interest in the work of others in the same pursuit. The microscope is no longer a plaything but a valuable instrument in the hands of the physician as well as in those of the naturalist. As a means of diagnosis, this instrument has become invaluable, and it is now (1866) in as common use in the hospital as the test tube.

The physiological action of ether and chloroform was made by me a subject of inquiry, and their effect in staying circulation, the former in the capillaries, the latter in the larger arteries, and in the heart itself, if too long continued, was ascertained to be, in all probability, the true explanation of the phenomena exhibited in anæsthesia."

Dr. Perkins made experiments upon the frog, of which an account was published. See also Dr. Jackson's book on etherization; also Dr. Channing's book on etherization in midwifery.

"My second sister, Elizabeth Perkins, married Mr. Nathaniel Perkins (nephew of the distinguished mechanician, Jacob Perkins) whose business was that of en-

graving and printing bank-notes. This led me often to visit their establishment and to feel an interest in the protection of their notes, against the counterfeiter, whom there had been some reason to fear. I entered upon some experiments and soon found that the finest and most highly finished engravings could be transferred line for line to a *plate either of steel or of copper*, in such a manner that it was at once ready for the etching tool or the graver. Mr. Francis Peabody of Salem, or rather Mr. Dixon, a person then in his employ, had done the same thing on *stone*, and the only remedy was the printing in different colored destructible ink on the face or back, or on both face and back, of the bill. This was immediately adopted, and proved of great service in an improved form, when it was found that they were in the same danger from the photographic process.

Had it not been for this danger to the banks, much benefit to the art of the engraver would have resulted in the duplication or transfer of the engraved illustrations of foreign books. The mode of softening the ink was soon made use of by the wood engraver, and one-third of his labor, at least, saved by the new process of transferring the plate to be copied immediately upon his whitened block. The process of transferring to steel and copper, especially the white ground, which I made, is known, it is believed, thus far, only to one other individual beside myself, a distinguished bank-note engraver in Philadelphia.

The ink upon the little engraving of the boy making the boat (see the plate, the result of the transfer process) had scarcely dried when my attention was called to the process of copying landscapes by M. Daguerre in 1838.

Under the impression that it would be applicable to copying dissections, and more especially the human face, I set immediatly about having a few small plates made by

Mr. Sargent, a plater at Belleville, and the manufacture of hypo-sulphite of soda, none of which was then to be found in the shops, and the preparation of a camera, iodine box, etc.; and I photographed the brick house then occupied by Mr. Enoch Huse in Middle street, nearly back of the one I occupied in Essex street, about the first of Nov., 1839. A young Frenchman, whose name has escaped from my memory, advertised in Boston to teach the art in twelve lectures, but before he had given his second or third lecture, there was exhibited in Boston a fine daguerreotype of one side of State street, Newburyport, which picture, as fresh and perfect as on the day it first saw the light, is still in my possession. A friend and classmate of Prof. Silliman had written to him that he had succeeded in taking a picture, but not as yet in preserving it, for the want no doubt of the hypo-sulphite.

In taking this picture the lens of crown glass manufactured out of one of the bull's eyes, combined with others, came into use and was of great service.

Improvement after improvement rapidly followed each other in this art. The ambrotype, a most delicate, beautiful and sure process, was soon followed by, and culminated in, the Talbotype, giving the negative upon glass, by means of which positives without number could be rapidly and cheaply executed. One process, known only or chiefly by two French artists, Firth and Fevier, of making positives upon glass which presented the deepest shades and the most delicate lights, was esteemed by all as the *ne plus ultra* of the art; and awakened in me an irresistible desire to learn how it was effected. A small piece of a broken picture was begged of a friend; a portion of the ground, removed from the plate, was carefully scrutinized, analyzed as far as could be, and, by the aid of an article in Humphrey's Journal for 1860,

determined to be *wax*. The knowledge and experience of R. E. Mosely, a very delicate manipulator and photographer, brought out a most beautiful picture, known as the "Sleigh-ride," in which the sleigh, freighted with its lady party, stood amid the snow before the Merrimac House, in State street, with the newly-fallen snow lodged upon limbs and branches of the elms in front of the house. These pictures, the most beautiful, in my estimation, that the photographic art has given to the world, have, thus far, proved too difficult and are too expensive to be in great demand; and inferior but cheaper pictures only are generally known. In truth, we have seen many persons, lovers of art, in Boston even, who had never seen a picture upon glass.

An artist in Philadelphia, whose name has now escaped me, had previously made beautiful pictures of the Suspension Bridge at Niagara and *taken views* in the same material at the White Mountains, but he is supposed, from examination of his plates, to have used collodion in place of the wax. These pictures, the perfection of the art, easily to be made, as soon as the dry process, now believed to have been satisfactorily acquired, is accomplished, still remain for some enterprising artist to bring out, when they will take the place of all others. We think we now have such an artist in Newburyport, Mr. Carl Meinerth.

Although I failed to manufacture a telescope for myself, I eventually procured one, and was prepared to examine Donati's comet at its appearance in 1858, with an instrument of five inches aperture and seven feet focus made by Mr. Alvan Clark of Cambridgeport, the first telescope-maker in the world.

The envelopes of this comet, but more particularly those of the comet of 1861, were carefully observed, and from

data furnished by Mr. Bond of the Observatory at Cambridge, of the time of successive rise of those of Donati's comet, the suggestion thrown out by Prof. Pierce of Harvard was examined and fully concurred in, viz:—that they rose on the principle of the summer cloud. By means of a small home-made polariscope, I repeated Arago's experiment upon the light of this comet and, as was the case with him, found the light of the nucleus in part polarized, showing it to be, in part at least, reflected light." (See his Manuscript.)

"The occurrence of so many comets between the years 1827 and 1858, as also of auroras, columnæ and arches, prompted the inquisitive mind to compare the two together, and to mark their analogies and discrepancies. (See the hypothetical explanations of the tails of comets in my scrap-book.)

In December, 1839, a succession of very severe and disastrous storms occurred at about weekly intervals along the Atlantic coast, which called my attention to the subject of meteorology, and for a number of years, about the time of the publication of Mr. Espy's work on the 'Philosophy of Storms,' or shortly after, to a meteorological record, and to the study of meteorological phenomena. As the result of this study, I learned that a sudden rise rather than fall of the mercury indicated the approach of a storm, especially if the mercurial column had been, for a few days prior to the sudden rise, stationary; that the fall came on gradually as the vapors, visible as haze, came to the zenith from the S. W. or W.; that it was lowest in the lull, and that the gradual rise afterwards indicated a return of fair weather. I thought I could perceive an interval of about seven days in very many successive storms—great atmospheric waves, as it were, so that the occurrence of a severe storm on any day

of the week led me to expect another on or near the same day the week following; that many storms are true cyclones moving along the coast from the S. W. to the N. E. or E. as Mr. Redfield taught, but that cumuli clouds are more in accordance with Mr. Espy's theory. (See paper on this subject printed in the 'Proceedings of the Essex Institute' for 1865.)

While an undergraduate at Harvard, I became acquainted with Robert Treat Paine, the son of the poet of that name, who first showed me Venus by a telescope he had made while a junior in college, and to him, under Providence, I am indebted for a position which brought me into the company of some of the first men of the day, as members of the visiting committee of the Observatory at Cambridge, viz., Hon. Wm. Mitchell, Hon. Josiah Quincy, the distinguished and learned author Jared Sparks, Hon. Edward Everett, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Esq., and the above-named astronomer Mr. Paine. I acknowledge I had no claims to this or to some other distinguished honors that have been conferred on me, but I felt pleased to be placed by a kind Providence in situations where I could sympathize with my associates, from whom I might learn much. This position gave me opportunity of knowing somewhat of the discoveries made at the Observatory and put their annals into my hands, and I had the pleasure, at Newburyport, of directing by telegraph the great equatorial upon Blinkerfue's comet before it had been publicly announced as visible in this country.

In 1840 or 1841, a box containing some old bones was brought from California in a brig belonging to Capt. Cushing, which was kindly turned over to me by Capt. J. Couch, at that time one of the first ship-masters, who visited that region in a vessel from this place, and long

before the discovery of gold there. These fragments of old bones I cemented together and arranged in their proper places in the skeletons of several extinct animals. This was my first attempt at bringing what little knowledge of comparative anatomy I had into use. Several papers from my inexperienced pen appeared in the 'Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History' and in 'Silliman's Journal.' To these old bones, and more especially to the kindness of one of my excellent tutors in college, Mr. George B. Emerson, I soon found myself indebted for membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and for the use of its valuable scientific library.

I had been a member for some years (not very active to be sure) of the Boston Society of Natural History, and also of the Society for Mutual Medical Improvement. The meetings of these societies, on account of professional engagements, I have been seldom able to attend; neither have I found time to read many of their books. My reading has been confined to such books as I could afford to own. Many very valuable works have been very kindly presented to me either by their authors or some of their families, whose kindness I appreciate and gratefully acknowledge. Among these I would name Dr. Bowditch's appendix to La Place's great work, the 'Mécanique Céleste,' from his son, my esteemed friend, Dr. Henry I. Bowditch of Boston. By means of this book, I went through with an approximative calculation of the elements of the comet of 1861, being kindly assisted in understanding any difficult part by two worthy young friends, whom Providence sent to me at just the right time, Charles Tuttle, Esq., formerly of the Observatory at Cambridge, and Mr. George Searle, now (1866) assistant observer at the same place. Liable to almost hourly in-

terruptions from professional calls until after the hours of the day and the early hours of the evening had passed, it seemed at times as though a limit had been set to my attempted acquirements in this direction, and that I must be content to stop where I was, more especially as my eyes had got to be too old to use mathematical tables by gaslight. One book, however, remained, into which I did desire to look and try to understand, for—I had almost said—the inspired thought it contained. This was Newton's 'Principia,' portions of which I had studied in 'Enfield's Philosophy' in my junior year in college. Happening in at Little and Brown's bookstore in June, 1865, my eye rested upon the very book I needed for this purpose, viz., the first three lectures of the Principia by Frost. Newton had said in his introduction to the third book of his Principia 'that if one carefully reads the definitions, the laws of motion and the first three sections of the first book, he may pass on to the third which treats of the phenomena or appearances of the heavenly bodies, their motions, the disturbance of their orbits, etc., etc.' The object of this book was to help the tyro to understand these first three sections.

Providence had again opened the door to the apartment into which I desired to look. The leisure moments of that year I spent in part in the study of this volume. I did not undertake to read it in course, but studied only such parts as were more immediately applicable to the orbits and motions of the planetary bodies. It enabled me satisfactorily to read a very valuable compend of astronomy by Rev. Robert Main, first assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

It may perhaps be thought by some that such studies as the above can be of very little service toward helping a physician to cure disease, or to prescribe skilfully for

his patient. But I believe it will be acknowledged by every professional man, no matter how industrious he may be in his professional reading and practice, that some by-play is needed to keep his mind bright, even for professional duties, and his views from becoming contracted from too continued confinement to one thing. (See Dr. J. Bigelow on the limits of science.)

For nearly forty years the main employments and enjoyments of my life have been of the kinds enumerated in the preceding pages. I have never engaged in politics or taken any active part in any political party. In the troubles that have arisen between the North and the South, I have regarded both as more or less to blame; the North, a part at least, as being too earnest to enforce their peculiar views upon their brethren at the South, and the latter, as having an improper estimate of their own character and standing, and of that of the Northern and the Northwestern States. Notwithstanding all these differences, craven must be that spirit that was willing to see the constitution and the noble structure, reared and cemented by the toil and blood of his fathers, trampled in the dust by traitorous men."

The views of Dr. Perkins on this point are more fully given in an address upon "The Physician and Surgeon in time of War."

"The present generation in America have lived in a wonderful age, and have seen what 'prophets and kings,' it might be said, 'have desired to see but have died without the sight.'

They have lived to see time and space on the land and on the sea almost annihilated by steam; to see the heavenly bodies, the landscape and the features of the human countenance transcribe themselves upon the sensitive tablet; to see their messages carried across continents and

oceans by the swift-winged lightning; to see the celestial bodies tell the story of their own physical structure and condition; to see fleets and navies worthless things; to see the earth reveal her hidden secrets of the ages long since buried in oblivion; to see the institution of slavery crumble to the dust and every man of every color stand up a freeman; to see kingdoms and empires tottering to their base, and their own beloved country saved from ruin only by Divine interpositions and a kind overruling Providence. To see what else? To see, in the future, the Omniscient One only knows what. God grant we may be prepared for the sight.

For one thing we are permitted to ask,—that the happy day foretold and promised in the Scriptures may soon come, when peace and the peaceful principles of the religion of Christ shall extend and cover the earth as the waters cover the sea; when all shall know and serve him from the least even to the greatest, and when he, whose right it is, shall reign King of Nations as he now reigns King of Saints, and his kingdom come and his will be done on earth and in our hearts as it is in heaven.

With the exception of about two months while in the Legislature, I have never laid aside my professional character or taken any recreation that would lead me away from home, save a visit for four days to the White Hills in 1858, and a visit to the hospitals for the sick and wounded in Washington in 1861."

An account of this last visit was given in the Newburyport Herald soon after his return.

"During the larger part of my professional life I have attended to all calls, no matter by whom made or what was the case. Having of late years suffered somewhat with lumbago, I gradually relinquished my night business and such as required prolonged attendance. I have en-

deavored to attend upon the poor as faithfully as upon the rich, and I do not remember ever to have taken a dollar from a sick or wounded soldier or to have troubled any one who could not well afford to pay the fee.

I did not enter upon my profession expecting to grow rich thereby. I have seen dark days when, if there was sickness abroad, in my own circle there were but few calls upon a physician. At such times the words of the Psalmist, 'Trust in the Lord and do good and verily thou shalt be fed,' comforted me and gave me courage. From the day that I commenced business to the present, my purse—thank Heaven!—has always enabled me to gratify every reasonable want, although in the early years of my life I was not able to be as generous as I desired. But if of silver and gold I had little, of such as I had I was willing to divide with those who needed. I have endeavored to follow Him who 'went about doing good,' but, I feel, at a great distance.

In visiting my patients, I have, until I was sixty-two years of age, gone on foot, except when they resided too far out of town. If memory serves, I have thus made as many as thirty visits in a day and had time enough to eat, drink and sleep. I attribute a large share of the health I have enjoyed to this good habit and regular daily exercise. I have lost by sickness only about thirty days; having been once confined to the house by erysipelas, once or twice with influenza and once with dysentery.

In Oct., 1869, I had dysentery which confined me to my house about a month; this time was not lost as it gave me an opportunity to re-read Flint's work on the respiratory organs, and to examine more carefully 'the earliest manifestations of organic crystallization,' as Owen calls the *Eozoon Canadense*, which I had, in connection with Mr. Bicknell of Salem, discovered the August be-

fore in the serpentine of our Devil's Den, and which has since then been found also at Chelmsford, a fact which at once settles the character and age of the rocks in our neighborhood, placing them among the lower Laurentian, and proving them to have been originally deposited in the form of mud at the bottom of the sea and since then to have undergone metamorphic change and crystallization. It is very interesting thus to trace the operations of infinite wisdom and power on the floor of the ocean. 'Thy way, O God! is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known.'

Mr. Huxley has, within a short period, found similar instances of organic protoplasm at the bottom of many warm seas, showing that through all time organic creations have taken place. The material universe is full of interest from whatever standpoint it is examined, but we should be careful not to get lost amid *material things*, remembering always that above matter is mind, and above mind are holiness, goodness and truth.

The sick headache, until I was past fifty years of age, was the greatest annoyance in my way. From this, at times, I suffered severely, but it is very rarely that I am now troubled with any difficulty looking toward the brain.

I have been a temperate man through life, having no desire for any stimulant or sedative except a little tobacco, which I have used moderately more or less since a lad in college, it having been prescribed for me at that time by a classmate for my headaches, but which I must say never did me any good, neither can I say much harm, to my knowledge, except perhaps to disturb that steadiness of hand which the surgeon always needs, and for this reason I have often regretted that I had ever put it into my mouth. In 1867 I omitted its use and got rid of an irregularity of the circulation which formerly troubled me.

My food has been in great measure derived from the vegetable kingdom, although I have not been strictly a vegetarian, using a *little* meat at all times when I felt like it; what some would have regarded as but a mouthful has, with vegetables, answered my purpose for a meal.

In the fall of 1870 my attention was providentially called to the subject of 'Germs of Disease' by Dr. L. Beal's work upon this subject. Shortly after, namely, in Nov., Dr. Ernest Hallier's work on the 'Plant Organisms found in Measles, Sheep-pox and Kine-pox' was put into my hand by a German friend, Mr. Carl Meinerth. I could not read a word of German, but my interest in the subject induced me to commence its perusal, which in the course of the winter of 1870 I accomplished, and of which I have now a manuscript translation, corrected by another German friend, Mr. Castelhun.

To test for myself the truth of Prof. Hallier's theory, I had a microscope of excellent optical qualities got up for my especial use by Mr. Edwin Bicknell of Cambridge; and in April or May commenced cultures after Hallier's method. Mr. C. Castelhun was familiar with the use of the microscope, and I engaged him to make a report of what he met with in my cultures.

A belief in substantial organisms as the contagion of what are called Zymotic diseases is entertained by many German and other physicians, and it is probably in this direction, viz., of a sanitary character, that the next progressive step in my profession is to be taken. If the causes of disease can be discovered, its prevention may in time follow, and then truly will have come the medical millennium.

Under date of Oct. 31, 1871, Dr. Shattuck, Chairman of the Committee on Publications of the Mass. Medical Society, informed me that the Society would print and

publish my translation of Prof. Hallier's work, as soon as the manuscript could be prepared. I was to add an appendix of my own confirmative cultures. Dec. 6th, I wrote to Dr. Cotting, on the same committee, informing him that the manuscript was ready. On March 21, 1872, I returned the last corrected proof sheets of the work, and am now awaiting the arrival from Germany of the plates, for the use of which I have Prof. Hallier's consent, as well as that of his publisher."

The plates arrived in season for the translation to appear in the "Publications of Massachusetts Medical Society" issued in 1871.

As a brief synopsis of a portion of his work, Dr. Perkins gave the following:—

"I had the pleasure in 1840 or 41 of figuring and describing the tooth and the right humerus of *Mylodon Harlani* (Syn. *Orycterotherium Oregonense*) in 'Silliman's Journal,' the first specimens of the skeleton of that animal found west of the Rocky Mountains. Also the tooth, portion of the tusk, and the atlas or first bone of the neck of the *Elephas primigenius*, and the astragalus of the fossil ox. All which bones are referred to in Leidy's work on 'Extinct Mammalian Fauna of Dakota and Nebraska,' in the synopsis at the latter part of the volume; also in his book on 'Fossil Sloths.'

Notice of my observations on the effect of ether and chloroform may be found in Dr. Channing's work on 'Etherization in Midwifery,' and in Dr. C. T. Jackson's volume on 'Ether and Chloroform.'

Some of my observations on the aurora may be found alluded to by Mr. Marsh of Philadelphia in the 'Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society,' as well as in the communications made by him in the 'Journal of the Franklin Institute.'

In the 'Proceedings of the Essex Institute,' Vol. iv, No. 6, 1865, may be found an abstract of a paper read by me on the 'Formation of the Thunder-cloud.' In the 'American Naturalist' for July, 1870, may be found some observations by me on the 'Action of Light upon the Circulation of Plants,' and in different numbers of the Newburyport Herald for 1858, I think, upon the formation and nature of the envelopes and tails of comets, their polarization of light, etc., etc. Upon most of which subjects I have had the pleasure of finding my views to correspond with those of other observers.

In the discovery of *Eozoon Canadense* in the serpentine of our Devil's Den, I had some share, having first noticed the resemblance of the apparent organic crystallization there seen to that found at Ottawa, Canada, which led to the detection of the characteristic tubules by the microscope, by Mr. Bicknell of Salem, which facts show our rocks to belong to the Laurentian series and to have been deposited amid water rather than to have been of Plutonic origin.

Also the bones of *Mylodon*, as having been found in Oregon and described by myself, are alluded to and credited in Murray's 'Geographical Distribution of Mammals,' published in London. My experiments and observations upon the 'Circulation in *Chelidonium majus*' and the 'Action of Light' were reprinted in the 'Journal of Microscopy,' published in London."

Dr. Perkins was a member of the following literary societies:—

Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard University; Boston Med. Society for Mutual Improvement; Boston Society of Natural History; Portland Society of Natural History; Essex Institute; American Academy of Arts and Sciences; Massachusetts Medical Society, of which he was

chosen President at the Annual Meeting of the Councillors in May, 1866.

He was identified with the educational interests of Newburyport, being a member of the Board of Trustees of the Putnam Free School. Elected in 1851, he served for nine years as Treasurer, and in 1869 he was chosen President of that board, which office he held at the time of his death.

He was elected a Director of the Public Library holding that office in 1858 and 1859. He was again elected in 1866, and held the office at the time of his death.

Though no aspirant for political honors, he represented the town of Newburyport in the Legislature in the session of 1841–42. He was a member of the Common Council of the city of Newburyport in 1857, 1858 and 1859, and during the last two years was President of that body.

He thus concludes :—

"I desire and humbly pray that I may 'deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly before God' all the days of my life; that I may manifest my gratitude toward my Heavenly Father by acts of obedience and of love; that I may discharge all my duties to myself, my fellow men and my Maker faithfully and in such a manner that I may meet with his approval and his blessing; that I may ever love the truth, speak the truth and obey the truth: and that at the last I may be so happy as to be found with those I have loved and do love, washed in the blood and clad in the righteousness of our Redeemer and Saviour, Jesus Christ. And let God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost, be praised now and forevermore."

Such was the life and such were the labors of Dr. Perkins as sketched by himself. The rare simplicity and directness of his autobiography and the lessons of it are so clear that very little is left for other hands to add.

It was a most industrious life. From the beginning to the end of it there was the same unvarying devotion to some useful end. We think he erred in allowing himself too little recreation. But it was a maxim with him that recreation could be obtained as much from a change of labor as from an entire cessation from it. Most persons would have felt that the calls of his professional life were sufficient to engross all his attention. He judged differently. Without neglecting these, he seized upon the little interstices of time, and by using them diligently he laid up his large stores of varied information. While he had an eager thirst for knowledge for its own sake, he was remarkably free from any desire for display. Ruskin has well said "it is ill for science when men desire to talk rather than to know."

His mind seized with avidity all hints and suggestions, whether they came from nature or from the minds of his fellow men. The old bones brought home by a Newburyport ship-master, set him at work in comparative anatomy. The news of the approach of a comet led him to the study of Newton's "Principia," and to rambling among the stars. A tiny plant would beckon him to the fields, the groves and the river-side.

It was a pure life. Every one who came in contact with him, even for a single half hour, was impressed with the guilelessness of his heart and soul. No word of his but might have been spoken anywhere and to any person. The earliest schoolmate or the latest friend of his recognized him as "the pure in heart."

It was a life of untarnished integrity. Starting in his profession with the purpose that he would depend entirely upon himself for the support of his family, he was compelled for many years to practise the most careful frugality. It was a hard and long struggle for a young man to

gain a professional standing and a remunerative employment in such a community as ours.

But in all his transactions he was truthful and honest, and with the Apostle he could say at the close of a long life, "I have defrauded no man." Nor was this integrity of a hard, cold, calculating nature. He would go as readily at the call of the poor from whom he could expect no return, as at the call of the rich, who could reward him most bountifully. And in his account book, he left special directions to those who might have the charge of his affairs, that no poor person should be put to hardship by the payment of his bills.

It was a life without sham or deception. Had our friend been less transparent and outspoken he might have had a larger measure of what the world calls success. But his whole nature revolted from all imposition, trickery or charlatanism. He never pretended to do impossibilities, nor would he excite hopes when he saw there was no foundation for them. It was not often that his usually quiet and genial disposition was disturbed; but nothing would ruffle it sooner than the discovery of imposture or deceit. He was severe upon such exhibitions in his own profession, but not less so in business or in society.

It was a thoroughly religious life. He united with the church in Harris Street, May 1, 1834 and was dismissed from that communion, September 5, 1845. He joined the Whitefield Church Jan. 1, 1850, being one of the twenty original members of that church.

His piety was simple and unostentatious. While he made no parade of it, he never flinched from avowing his faith in our Lord Jesus Christ as the only Saviour of lost men. He gave to the matters of religion his most earnest and most profound consideration, and was a Christian be-

liever not less from the convictions of his reason, than from the associations and training of his early life. He was a man of prayer. The sweet incense of it rose from his home, his office and from the bedside of his patient. Although a man of science he was a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer. Dr. Perkins believed in it, because he had proved its efficacy in his own experience. His faith did not rest, however, on any test to which he had put it, but on his conviction of the reality of God's spiritual kingdom, the laws of which he felt that he but imperfectly understood. As a religious man his ground of trust was in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

No man was more deeply sensible of his faults than our friend. To one who spoke to him as though he had few, if any, defects of character, he said, "You do not know me." It was this deep sense of faultiness which led him so often to the mercy-seat, and which filled all his petitions to heaven with humble confessions. He was a believer in the divine authority of the Scriptures. The revelations of science never for a moment shook his firm belief in the Bible, as the revelation of God. He was no blind slave of the letter. He never put the Scriptures and science in antagonism. If for a time they seemed to be so, he would say, "This is only apparent. The Author of the two books is the same, and they will be found harmonious by-and-by." He was accustomed to speak of religion as historically old, and science as historically young, and when annoyed or perplexed by the hasty deductions of the friends of either, he declined to express an opinion, saying, "I want more time." His religious hope took a peculiar inspiration and grandeur from his firm faith in the immortality of the soul.

There was singular beauty and force of meaning in the incident related by a friend.

Said a visitor to him at parting, "I am twenty odd years younger than you; if I should survive you, there is one thing I wish you would leave me."

"What is that?" said the Doctor, smiling.

"Your mind, Doctor."

"Oh! that is little enough, — but you know, my dear friend, it is the only thing I can take with me."

In Dr. Perkins we see how consistent and beautiful is the life of a man of science and a sincere Christian. There is something in the study of the works of God calculated to make men humble and devout. It has sometimes seemed to us that literature and science had a different effect upon students, that while one led a man to value and often overrate his own ideas, the other kept him simple and humble in the presence of the great facts of nature.

We have certainly in the life of our friend, a beautiful example of a critical scholar, yet a devout Christian believer, a man of science and yet a man of God, a friend of progress, and yet holding fast to all that was good and true,—a physician by profession, but a friend and helper by choice — truthful, genial, pure, honest, he has finished his course on earth, and gone to join the society of the spirits of just men made perfect in glory.

On Saturday morning, February 1, 1873, our friend was taken ill. No special danger was apprehended during the day, though some anxiety was felt. About 7 o'clock that evening, while physicians were in the house and friends were near him, he suddenly closed his eyes upon this world and fell asleep in Jesus.

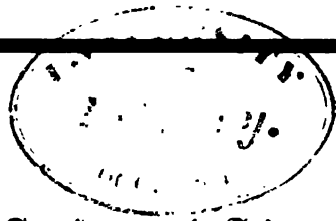
REMARKS OF ROB'T E. C. STEARNS,

AND RESOLUTIONS OF THE

California Academy of Sciences,

ON THE DEATH OF

BENJAMIN PARKE AVERY.



California Academy of Sciences.

REGULAR MEETING, DECEMBER 6th, 1875.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMY:

Since our last meeting the telegraph has brought us sad news—information of the death of our fellow-member, the Hon. Benjamin Parke Avery, United States Minister to China, who died in the early part of November at the city of Peking.

The many excellences of the deceased, the co-operative spirit which he ever manifested in all matters pertaining to the welfare of his fellow-men—quietly, because he was singularly modest and undemonstrative, yet nevertheless persistingly pursuing the even tenor of what he considered his duty—and that duty the advancement of civilization in a new State, the promotion of knowledge, whether in Literature, Science, or Art,—and the general refinement and elevation of the Commonwealth in which he had made his home; such qualities and such services make it eminently proper, that we should inscribe on the permanent records of the Academy, an appreciative recognition of his life and labors, as well as an appropriate expression of our esteem, and of our sorrow for his loss.

With the example of his unassuming but honorable career before us,—too brief but yet well filled with useful work,—it would be in discord with its harmony, to expand these remarks into formal eulogy.

In a letter dated July 5th of this year, the last which I received, he wrote:

"Shut within the walls of our Legation, we are as much alone as if we were in one of the old glacial wombs of the Sierra Nevada—to think of which makes me sigh with longing, for was I not born anew therefrom, a recuperated child of Nature? Your letter with bay-leaves was right wel-

come, and gave me a good sniff of Berkeley. It was pleasant to receive the University bay, although I am not an Alumnus, and can boast no Alma-Mater except the rough school of self-education."

The closing line above his autograph is "O, California, that's the land for me!" Enclosed with his letter, were a few plants collected by him upon the broad summit of the mouldering walls which surround the ancient city where he died. Our friend has gone—he has found the tranquillity of the grave in a country remote from his native land—from the California he loved so much; far from those he loved and the many who knew and loved him, and who would have deemed it a privilege to have been near him at the final moment, and to have mingled their last farewells with his. The particulars of the closing scene have not yet been received. We may be sure, however, that he looked into the future without fear, and faded serenely, as the twilight sinks into night.

Those who knew him best, and who enjoyed the precious freedom of intimacy will tell you, that his life was conspicuous for its purity—his character for its many virtues—his intellect for its refined and delicate culture—his heart for its tender and generous sympathy. The possession of these qualities endear a man to his fellow men; they constitute a charming whole, whose priceless web is woven from the choicest graces of our poor humanity—they form an enchanted mantle whose shining folds hide the poverty of human limitations.

So lived and walked our friend among us, crowned with the affection and respect of all who knew him. I do not say that he was perfect, and yet if fault he had I know it not, nor never heard it named.

Here let us rest—grateful that so true a life has been a part of ours. We place our tribute on his grave, and say good friend—farewell!

Resolved, That the California Academy of Sciences has learned with profound regret of the death of the Honorable Benjamin Parke Avery, a fellow member and late United States Minister at the Court of Peking; that we hereby recognize and express our high appreciation of his many private virtues and public services.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the records of the Academy and published in the proceedings.

PROCEEDINGS

AND

ADDRESSES

ON THE OCCASION

OF THE DEATH

OF

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,

OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON & CO., 346 & 348 BROADWAY.
1859.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,

BORN

AT KINDERHOOK LANDING, COLUMBIA CO., N. Y.,

December 14, 1795.

DIED

AT PARIS, NOVEMBER 8, 1858.

Aged 62 years, 10 months, and 15 days.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Mr. Butler sailed from New York in the steamship "Arago," October 16, 1858, accompanied by his two youngest daughters, and intending to be absent about two years. His proposed tour was undertaken partly for health, partly for mental relaxation and repose from professional labors. It was his design to travel leisurely through France to Italy, and to spend the greater part of the winter at Rome. He reached Havre on the 29th October, and remained there three days for the purpose of resting after the discomforts of the voyage. While there he made an excursion to Honfleur, and also to Harfleur. On Monday, November 1, he proceeded to Rouen, and spent nearly two days in visiting the objects of interest in that ancient city, reaching Paris on Wednesday, the 3d. In a letter dated on the following morning, he says, "I cannot tell you, if I had the physical strength, which I have not, of the delights of our forty hours at Rouen." But the sight seeing, "though intensely interesting, proved too much for me, and I was consequently brought to Paris an invalid. I am in good hands, and decidedly convalescent." On the same day his illness became alarming, and Dr. Beylard, an eminent physician, (whose views were subsequently confirmed by Drs. Rayer and Trousseau,) being called in, pronounced his

case a serious one. The disease made rapid progress, and he continued to sink until Monday, November 8th, when he breathed his last, about twenty minutes past nine o'clock P. M. He was fully conscious of his approaching death, which he anticipated with serenity and joy, and communicated to his friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. FREDERICK BROWN, of Philadelphia, (who, as well as Mrs. BROWN, shared with his daughters in ministering to all his wants during his last sickness,) his final wishes, among which was the request that upon the stone to be placed over his grave at Greenwood Cemetery, in a spot designated by him before his departure, there should be inscribed the following scripture:

"LOOKING FOR THE MERCY OF

Our Lord Jesus Christ

UNTO ETERNAL LIFE."

MEETING OF AMERICANS IN PARIS.

At a numerous and highly respectable meeting of American citizens, convened November 12, 1858, at the banking-house of Messrs. John Munroe & Co., Rue de la Paix, for the purpose of a public expression of their respect for the life and character, and their grief at the lamented death, of the Honorable Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, who expired in Paris on the 8th November, after a brief illness, the Honorable John Y. Mason, of Virginia, was unanimously called to the chair, and Mr. Cooley, of New York, appointed secretary. Judge Mason, on taking the chair, addressed the meeting in a feeling and impressive manner, alluding to the eminent public services and private virtues of the deceased, in terms highly appropriate to the occasion. At the conclusion of his remarks, the Honorable Ham-

ILTON FISH, of New York, presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, in the inscrutable Providence of God, we are called to lament the decease of our sincerely respected fellow-citizen, the Honorable Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, who having but a few days since left his country and home for what he joyously called his "first holiday," has been, here at the threshold of his anticipated enjoyment, suddenly summoned to his final rest,

Resolved—That the mysterious Providence which has suddenly and in a foreign land taken from among us our distinguished and lamented countryman, Benjamin F. Butler, while overwhelming us with sadness, impresses upon us the conviction that we are all but pilgrims and sojourners in a strange country; and that our home is not here.

Resolved—That the eminent public services and private virtues which endeared the deceased to a large circle of warm friends and earnest admirers, afford us a pleasing and grateful retrospect in this hour of sudden bereavement.

As an advocate, as a legislator, as the codifier of the statutes of his native State, as the law officer of the Federal Government, he has left us the example of a life directed by a lofty sense of duty, rectitude and patriotism, and illumined by the brightness of a refined and cultivated intellect.

In private life he exemplified the character of the true friend, the upright citizen, the sincere and earnest Christian; in whom gentleness was beautifully combined with firmness, modesty with decision, and whose manly boldness and self-reliance were tempered and chastened by a pure and childlike simplicity of taste and of manners.

Resolved—That while we are admonished not to obtrude upon the sanctity of a house of mourning, we desire to tender to the bereaved family of the deceased our sincere and heartfelt condolence.

Resolved—That the president of this meeting be requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to the family of Mr. Butler.

On motion of Mr. SCHROEDER, of Rhode Island,

Resolved—That the proceedings of this meeting be published in "Galignani's Messenger."

On motion of Mr. PRENTICE, the meeting then adjourned.

J Y. MASON,
Chairman.

J. E. COOLEY,
Secretary

MEETING OF THE BAR OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

On Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 1st, at 3 o'clock P. M., the members of the Bar assembled in the United States District Court Room, to do honor to the memory of Benjamin F. Butler. There was a very large attendance of the Judiciary and members of the profession, as well as many others who embraced this opportunity of paying a last tribute of affection and respect to the deceased.

Francis F. Marbury, Esq., called the meeting to order, and nominated Hon. Judge Nelson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, as Chairman.

Judge Nelson, on taking the Chair, said: I beg to return my acknowledgments to the gentlemen of the Bar for the honor conferred upon me in presiding over them on this melancholy occasion. Our deceased brother, Benjamin F. Butler, was long

and intimately known to most, if not all of us. We admired him for his great learning, and as an able and accomplished advocate. His distinguished public and professional life, in his own State, here, in the midst of us, and in the counsels of the nation, as well as his pure and elevated private and Christian character, well deserve this tribute of affection to his memory from his professional brethren. As a member of the profession of which we are all proud, he has contributed his full share to its honors and renown, and for this alone his memory is entitled to our lasting gratitude and respect.

On motion of CHARLES TRACY, ESQ., the following gentlemen were appointed—

VICE-PRESIDENTS: Hon. SAMUEL L. SELDEN, of the Court of Appeals; Hon. SAMUEL R. BETTS, United States District Court; Hon. JAMES I. ROOSEVELT, Supreme Court; Hon. Jos. S. BOSWORTH, Ch. J. of the Superior Court; Hon. CHARLES P. DALY, First Judge of the Common Pleas.

SECRETARIES: CHARLES P. KIRKLAND, Esq., and E. H. OWEN, Esq.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN, Esq., of the Committee on Resolutions, said:

MR. CHAIRMAN: I have been commissioned to submit to you and to this meeting a series of resolutions, as a collective expression of the sentiments

with which we regard the death of Mr. BUTLER. In doing so, I limit myself to this simple office, for I feel that it belongs to others, more his compeers than myself, to bring together round his bier the offering of their esteem and affection, and to do to his character and services that justice which is due to the dead, and due also to the living members of the Bar, in the noble example which will be portrayed for their imitation and improvement.

Resolved—That in the death of Benjamin F. Butler the legal profession and the public at large are called to mourn the loss of a jurist who illustrated by his abilities and learning an active career as advocate and counsel, of more than forty years' duration, embracing eminent services as Attorney General of the United States, and in many other important civil trusts; and who in the results of his labors, jointly with John C. Spencer and John Duer, in the revision and codification of the statutory laws of the State of New York, has left an imperishable monument of his attainments as a lawyer and his capacity as a legislator.

Resolved—That while we thus express our sense of the abilities and achievements as a jurist of our departed brother, a just appreciation of his character and services prompts us to a special commemoration of the scrupulous care with which he ever sought to guard and promote the dignity and usefulness of our profession, and to make it the means of purifying and strengthening the administration of justice; his devotion to it as a liberal and scientific pursuit; his efforts to improve the legislation and jurisprudence of this State; the equity and affectionate courtesy which pervaded his intercourse with his brethren during the long period of his active practice at the bar; the generous freedom with which he ever opened to an associate the use of the ample stores of learning and thought which he had laboriously prepared, even though that associate was to precede him in the argument; his taste for liberal studies, cultivated even amid the severest pressure of

business; and, above all, his Christian virtues, whose charities, without losing their energy, embraced all religious denominations and all classes of men; whose graces adorned his daily life, and cast a beautiful lustre over its closing hours.

Resolved—That as a mark of respect for the deceased, and of our deep sense of the loss which the public and the profession have sustained, the members of the Bar now present will attend his funeral in a body.

Resolved—That a copy of the foregoing resolutions, attested by the Secretaries of this meeting, be transmitted by them to the family of Mr. Butler, as an expression of our sympathy and condolence.

Resolved—That these proceedings be published under the direction of the Secretaries.

The Hon. WILLIAM KENT then addressed the meeting as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN: In rising to offer my feeble tribute to the memory of Mr. BUTLER, I believe I may claim a longer acquaintance with him than can any other person in this meeting. Others may have been more intimate with him, and more familiar with his domestic circle; but my acquaintance, though there was a difference in our years, runs back to my childhood. I knew him first when he was an assistant of Mr. VAN BUREN in his office at Albany; and I may remark that there was a striking uniformity in his physical and mental qualities throughout his life. Time touched him lightly. They who saw him in his last years, beheld the same light and graceful figure, the same quick and elastic step, the bright and beaming eye, the pale,

refined, and intellectual cast of countenance, which he exhibited when young. It was the same with his heart and mind. No excesses stained his unsullied youth. He was always simple in feeling, pure in morals, assiduous in study, kind and engaging in manners; and he early attracted notice for the facility in acquiring knowledge, the endurance of severe and protracted labor, and the clear and analyzing intellect which his professional friends have long recognized and admired. In one respect —and exhibiting in that the surest test of a noble nature—his character matured and mellowed as he advanced in life. Every year I thought I observed that, while he preserved the ardor of his political opinions and unwavering zeal in his religious faith, he became more indulgent and tolerant of those who differed from him in politics and religion.

The deep feeling which pervades this meeting is drawn forth by the private and unofficial life of Mr. Butler. He held several high offices in the State and National Governments, and admirably fulfilled their duties. In the early years of our acquaintance, he was discharging with energy and characteristic humanity, the office of District Attorney at Albany. He was an active and efficient member of the State Assembly. You, Mr. Chairman, know better than I do his course as Attorney General and Secretary of War in Washington; but, knowing the man, I

know that he cannot have left a duty of his office unperformed. It was under the peculiar observation of two of the gentlemen who preside at this meeting that he conducted the business of law officer of the United States in this city. But well as all those duties were executed, my remark must still be felt to be true—and it speaks encouragement to the young members of the Bar who hear me—that we are drawn together this evening by our admiration, not of the official, but of the life of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BUTLER, as a private citizen and an untitled lawyer.

As a lawyer, it seems almost superfluous to speak of him to such an audience as this. Who has left such deep traces on almost every page of our reports and statute-books? Of what subject of our multifarious law has he not left his record? He practised in all the courts that have existed among us since our State constitutions have existed; in the old Court of Chancery—in the Supreme Court, in the time of Spencer—in the old Court for the Correction of Errors, in which his influence was for a time predominating—in the Supreme Court, while you, Sir, (Mr. Justice Nelson,) presided there—and all the courts of our existing judicature. The student, in pursuing his studies, is surprised to find in all his books such vast and various memoranda of the professional labors of this remarkable lawyer.

He finds his arguments on the old, ingenious, and artificial rules of special pleading, both at law and in equity. He finds evidence of his professional learning in the subtle distinctions of the English law of real property, and in all the doctrines which govern the creation and devolution of estates, the interpretation of devises, and the construction of settlements and deeds, tracing, with the erudition and intellectual subtlety of FEARNE, and SUGDEN, and PRESTON, the rules which control real property, through numberless and bewildering cases, to their deep sources in the obscure recesses of the Mediæval Law. The books are filled with his arguments on the ordinary law questions which occupy our courts, exhibiting the extent of his studies in constitutional and commercial law, and showing how completely he brought to bear in his discussion all the legal learning of England and America.

It was in those disquisitions and arguments I have seen him engaged, as associate or opponent, with the great lawyers of Central New York; with VAN BUREN, and HENRY, and TALCOTT, and VAN VECHTEN; and since his removal to New York, when he appeared "*primus inter pares*," with the skilled veterans of the Metropolitan Bar.

There is one aspect of his professional character on which I love to linger: I allude to his treatment of his junior associates. Never did he appear to

me so engaging and so truly magnanimous as in his chamber consultations. His briefs, his memoranda, all the treasures of his learning, and fruits of his investigation, were offered to his associate. He encouraged the young lawyer in his timid efforts, and unrestrainedly presented all he knew to the compeer counsel who was associated with him. He was indifferent to his position in the argument, aiding the lawyer who preceded him with suggestions, or with citations of authorities; with briefs, which perhaps had cost him hours of studious labor, in entire abnegation of his own interests, and, indeed, unconsciousness of vanity and selfishness. Nothing could be more cordial or unaffected than his sympathy with an associate in his success, recalling the fine trait of Virgil's character: "*usque adeo invidiæ expertem, ut si quid erudite dictum inspiceret alterius, non nimus gauderet, ac si suum fuisset.*" If the other exhibitions of professional excellence attracted admiration, it was this evidence of innate generosity that fixed our love.

Imperfect as are these allusions to Mr. Butler's professional labors, they would be still more defective if I did not mention his share in the production of the Revised Statutes. You, Mr. Chairman, remember, as I do, the reluctance and apprehension with which those laws were received. All changes in a nation's law unavoidably produce inconvenience,

and familiarity and study are necessary to produce a general acknowledgment of their benefit. This acknowledgment the Revised Statutes have now received from even the seniors of the profession. The principle of the revision was wise and conservative. Acknowledged evils only were removed; doubts were cleared away; the doctrines of important decisions were extended; anomalies were suppressed or reconciled; but still the essence of the old laws was preserved, and even the habits of the lawyers were wisely respected. The peculiarity of the common law itself appears to have been the guiding rule of the Revisors, and the statutes were formed, not on the model of an inexorable and abstract system, but in accordance with the customs and wants of the profession and the nation. This code was not the direct and arbitrary statute, going straight to its object, like the cannon ball, shattering what it reaches, and shattering, that it may reach; but resembled the village road described in the beautiful lines in Wallenstein:—

> "The road the human being travels,
> That on which *Blessing* comes and goes, doth follow
> The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
> Curves round the cornfield and the hill of vines,
> Honoring the holy bounds of property."

I am not able to make partition of merit among

the three distinguished men who performed this great legal work. We know that some of the most important chapters were the production of him (Judge DUER), whose exuberant learning and talents received recently a touching and eloquent eulogy from Mr. BUTLER himself, in this vicinity. All who know the hardy genius and indomitable energy of JOHN C. SPENCER, will readily believe that his spirit pervaded the whole work. But, judging only from internal evidence, I cannot avoid believing that much of the essential excellence of the Revised Statutes, and more of the labor which adapted them to our general system of Jurisprudence,—the plan and order of the work,—the correctness of its style,—the learning of the notes,—the marginal references,—and the admirable index which accompanied it,—should be ascribed to the *limæ labor*,—the patient touches of unwearied art, bestowed by the skill and matchless assiduity of Mr. BUTLER.

I leave the religious element of his character to those more authorized than I am to speak of it, and who more deeply sympathized with him. Yet it is impossible to pass it by entirely, so inseparably was it connected with the man, and exhibited in his daily life. It was interwoven with his character: it was intermingled with every act and thought of his life. No one was ever in his company without being conscious of the presence of a man of the

deepest religious convictions and opinions, which were, when occasion permitted, always most unequivocally, though modestly, avowed,—yet never offensively obtruded. Their expressions never hurt the feelings of others, nor offended their taste,—but were guided by a sense of gentlemanly courtesy. I have been reminded, while observing his bearing and demeanor in society, of Dryden's lines:—

> "Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense,
> And almost made a sin of abstinence,—
> Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
> But such a face as promised him sincere:
> Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,
> But sweet regard and pleasing sanctity."

In the Summer of 1856, I became aware that Mr. Butler's health was yielding alarmingly, and I made a vain attempt to check the intensity of labor which I perceived was rapidly wearing away his strength and vitality. I was associated with him and two other lawyers in the conduct of a case, which for voluminous and complicated pleading and proofs was perhaps unparalleled in our courts. It was deemed necessary that a condensed statement of the evidence of the whole case, and legal points, with minute references to the proofs and authorities affecting every point, should be prepared for the Court of Appeals. Two of the associ-

ate lawyers were prevented by other engagements from undertaking the work; I shrunk from it, as utterly beyond my powers,—and it fell to the self-sacrificing industry of Mr. Butler. Our conferences in relation to it were of daily occurrence; and I observed, with alarm, its gradual effect on his health. Often have I left him bending over his desk, late of a July night, and found him the next morning in the same posture, which had been varied, in the interval, by only a brief period of intermission, in which he has told me that sleep was often sought in vain. I remonstrated often, seriously,—almost angrily. I remember his once answering me by repeating Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty." It was impossible to withdraw him from his work; and thus health was wasted at the midnight taper,—life itself consumed in the severe labors of his office,—and when his task was finished, to the admiration of his associates and opponents, the anxious eye of friendship saw too surely that the stamina of his constitution was gone. It enhances our idea of his energy, to know that this too protracted labor was in part performed while mourning a bereavement the most afflicting that could occur to a man of his domestic affections. I have no right, even in the spirit of panegyric, to invade the privacy of his domestic affections; but it is not improper to say that the loss of the beloved and honored partner

of his life gave additional effect to his fatal labor, while our admiration is increased when we think that he carried on his work, enduring in silence and composure a heartfelt wound, which had touched a nerve where agony resided.

Yet there was for me another moment of pleasing illusion. I met him in Nassau street a few days before his departure for Europe, and heard, with unmingled pleasure, the anticipations he had formed of his tour. He spoke of Italy and Rome; of Tibur and the Anio, the haunts of his favorite Horace; of the Tusculan retreat of Cicero, and, sportively, promised to write me a letter from the ruins of the Forum. I spoke to him of England, which he hoped to revisit,—and I anticipated the pleasure of his wanderings in the homes of the great Jurists whose works had been his lifelong study, and who, like him, had mused on the common law, and brought philosophy and learning to aid in its progress and improvement: of HARGRAVE, and CHARLES BUTLER, and MANSFIELD, and ROMILLY. Why think of death? was my reflection, to one so full of joyous hope and expectation! I left him in a pleasant delusion as to his health and future life,—to be suddenly startled by the intelligence that his earthly career was ended, and that his gentle and generous spirit, worn by toil, had sunk on the highway of life, to awake, as we reverently believe, "an angel still"

If, to a stranger, this imperfect sketch of the Friend we mourn shall appear to be too unmingled a eulogy, I can only say that I believe I have been attempting to describe a man in whom I knew no fault. Such, I believe, is the feeling of his friends. To his brethren of the profession which he adorned, instructed, and loved, I can sincerely address the appropriate invocation:

"Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman! Weed clean his grave, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother!"

Mr. M. S. BIDWELL then spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, I follow with diffidence my friend who has just addressed you; as he has exhibited the character of Mr. BUTLER with so much truth, and at the same time with so much beauty. But I shall take the liberty of referring with more particularity to the history and life of Mr. BUTLER, from facts which are within my own knowledge, or which have been obtained from others. I think this is a suitable occasion to enter into some detail, with regard to the history of one who was so distinguished a member of our profession, and so remarkable a man.

Mr. BUTLER was born on the 14th of December, 1795, and his earthly career of honor and usefulness was terminated by his death at Paris, on the 8th of November, 1858.

Although he had not the advantages of a collegiate education, and of that direction and assistance in his studies and labors which he would have appreciated and improved diligently, yet he was a student of distinction and great promise, as I am able to testify from an incident within my own recollection. Passing through Albany, in 1816, then a lad, I recollect very well having heard his name mentioned by a gentleman of remarkable talents, acquirements, and discernment, who spoke of him as a young student of great brilliancy and promise; and he added a fact, so characteristic of Mr. B., that I will mention it: that he was at that time one of the teachers, or Superintendent, of a Sabbath School in that city.

In 1817 Mr. Butler was admitted as attorney of the Supreme Court of this State. In the same year he made a public profession of religion, and became a communicant of the Presbyterian church then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Chester. This step, and his being a Sabbath School teacher, were at that time incidents of much more singularity than they would be at present. They are evidence of the honesty, independence of mind, and frankness which belonged to his character. In 1818, it was his great good fortune, and a source of the highest felicity to him through life, to be married to Miss Allen, the sister of a gallant officer in

the Navy of the United States, who perished in a melancholy manner at the hands of pirates in the Gulf of Mexico. In 1820 he was admitted as Counsellor at Law; and this, in connection with his almost immediate employment in important professional business and offices, will illustrate his character, by showing his great proficiency as a student, and the acquirements he had made at that very early period of his life. On his admission as attorney, he became the partner of Mr. VAN BUREN, a connection which continued for years, and led to an intimate friendship between those gentlemen that was mutually honorable, satisfactory, and useful.

In 1821 he was appointed District Attorney at Albany, and held that office until March, 1825. He was, almost upon his admission as counsellor, employed in most of the important cases before the Supreme Court, and especially before the Court for the correction of Errors.

In Nov. 1824, a law was passed by the Legislature of the State, appointing Chancellor KENT, Governor ROOT, and Mr. BUTLER Commissioners to revise the Statute Laws of the State. Previous to that, he had been prominently engaged as counsel, and the very first cause which he argued in the Court of Errors was an important one, involving abstruse questions of law. He had the honor of being associated with AARON BURR and Mr. VAN

BUREN, and was opposed by Mr. HENRY, well known as one of the distinguished lawyers of Albany; but his argument was so complete and thorough that his eminent colleagues declined to say any thing,—and the cause was left on his opening argument, and decided in his favor.

In 1825, the Revisers, who had been appointed by the law of 1824, not having entered on their duties, another law was passed, by which Mr. BUTLER, Mr. DUER, and Mr. WHEATON (whose place was soon afterward filled by Mr. SPENCER), were appointed Commissioners to revise the Statute Laws of the State. The selection of Mr. BUTLER, then so recently admitted as counsellor at law, carried with it evidence of the high estimation in which he was held by the Legislature. His was an undertaking of great hazard to professional reputation, as well as of great labor. It necessarily involved for a time the almost entire sacrifice of his business, as he was obliged to devote himself exclusively to that duty. It was a most toilsome and difficult task. But he did not shrink from it. He undertook it; and notwithstanding the prejudices which it at first encountered, it was carried through to a very successful termination. I need not add any thing to what has been said in reference to the extent and value of this work. It would be difficult for any of us to appreciate now the labors of the gentlemen

who conducted that revision. Mr. BUTLER was concerned in it from the beginning to the end, and I am persuaded that the part which he took was onerous and important.

Upon the occasion which last convened the members of the Bar—the death of Judge DUER—Mr. BUTLER made an address which will be remembered by all then present; at the conclusion of that meeting I expressed a wish to him that, as he was the sole survivor of the gentlemen concerned in that labor, he would reduce to writing a statement of the manner in which it was accomplished, and the different parts which the Revisers took in it. He expressed his willingness, if it was the desire of the members of the Bar, to do so. On inquiry I found it was, as I anticipated, the general desire of the Bar, and I had taken measures to have it accomplished, when he was obliged to depart for Europe. I regret that I did not do it before, for I am apprehensive that Mr. BUTLER did not find time to attend to it. The statutes, previous to this revision, as is well known, were in a state of chaos. The undertaking was novel, in the mode in which it was proposed to carry it out. The plan of arrangement, the style, and all were novel; and it was carried through with great felicity, and with an improvement in point of phraseology, as well as regard to arrangement of the whole statutory laws of the

State in a regular system, in such a manner as to remove the inconvenience which had occurred from desultory legislation for many years previously. It was a pioneer work, and it has been followed, I believe, in most of the States of the Union. Many of the provisions contained in the Revised Statutes, which were suggested by the Revisers, have been incorporated, without just acknowledgment, in the legislation of Great Britain since that period, as will be apparent to any one who examines the British Statutes.

Mr. BUTLER'S exertions in regard to this great work were not confined to his proper task as a Reviser; for he was elected a member of Assembly in 1827, and during the extra session of the Legislature which was held for the special purpose of considering the proposed revision, he was indefatigable and prominent in the discussion on the subject in the Assembly. The extent of his exertions, and the importance of the part which he took in these discussions, may be inferred from the number of his speeches, exceeding five hundred during the session.

In 1829, Mr. BUTLER was elected Regent of the University, and he held that office until 1832. I believe that was almost the only office he held, which did not impose upon him responsible and severely toilsome duties.

In 1833, the nomination was tendered to him, of Senator of the United States—a unanimous nomination on the part of members of the party to which he belonged,—which was equivalent to an election; but Mr. BUTLER peremptorily declined that great honor, and expressed his determination, to which he adhered through life,—not to accept any office which would withdraw him from his professional studies and pursuits. The same year (1833) he was appointed Commissioner for the purpose of settling a dispute as to boundary, between this State and New Jersey. The dispute, which had continued for fifty years, was likely to embroil the two States, and led to frequent and serious conflicts between their citizens. Most happy was the selection on the part of this State and of New Jersey, that State having appointed Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN—thus leaving the arrangement of the matter in controversy, to two most congenial spirits,—both considerate, conscientious, and cautious men. The result was an amicable settlement of that long dispute, which was calculated to produce much mischief and trouble, if it had not happily been brought to an end.

The same year he was appointed Attorney General of the United States, being the youngest man who had ever held that office, succeeding Mr. TANEY, the present Chief Justice of the Supreme

Court of the United States; and while holding the office of Attorney General, he was in October, 1836, also appointed Secretary of War, which office he held, in conjunction with that of Attorney General, until the 4th of March, 1837. The reason, as I understand (and I suppose it is matter of notoriety), for the appointment of Mr. BUTLER, was the reluctance of General JACKSON, so near the conclusion of his presidential term, to appoint any person as Secretary of War, who might occasion embarrassment to his successor, Mr. VAN BUREN, in the selection of his cabinet, and the great confidence which he had in Mr. BUTLER's ability and prudence; and by his earnest request, Mr. BUTLER was induced to undertake the labors of that office, in addition to the duties of Attorney General. This was during the Seminole War. There was an accumulation of business, and not a little want of order; and Mr. BUTLER, by his assiduity, care, and systematic method, brought up the arrears of business, restored order, and left the department in a satisfactory state to his successor.

He resigned the office on the 4th of March, 1837, upon the accession of Mr. VAN BUREN to the Presidency. He retained his office of Attorney General until 1838, when he resigned it,—in the second year of the presidential term of his intimate and

warm friend, Mr. VAN BUREN,—and returned to this city, to devote himself to private practice.

In 1838, after his return here, the office of District Attorney for the United States became vacant by an unexpected event,—and Mr. BUTLER was appointed to succeed Mr. PRICE. I think it my duty to allude to the manner in which that office became vacant, as it shows that Mr. BUTLER did not come back here with any purpose or any expectation of obtaining the office conferred upon him; but a vacancy having occurred, it was very natural, and I presume all will agree, very proper, for Mr. VAN BUREN to ask Mr. BUTLER to accept the office. That office he held until the inauguration of General HARRISON, in 1841, when he resigned, and a successor was appointed.

In 1844, Mr. BUTLER was at the head of the Electoral College of this State,—when the vote of the State was cast for Mr. POLK as President, and for Mr. DALLAS as Vice President. In 1845, after the election of Mr. POLK, and before his inauguration, he requested Mr. BUTLER to take the office of Secretary of War; but Mr. BUTLER declined, adhering to the resolution which he had taken in early life, not to forsake the profession to which he had devoted himself, and of which he was so brilliant and accomplished an ornament. In the same year, however, Mr. POLK, without solicitation, conferred upon

him the office of District Attorney, and he retained that office until he was removed in 1848, on political grounds.

In the latter year, or about that time, Mr. BUTLER was appointed, without his consent or previous knowledge, as a commissioner to codify the laws of this State, in conjunction with the Honorable JOHN C. SPENCER. Governor FISH had the commission made out in form and under the seal of the State, and sent it to Mr. BUTLER, with a particular request that he would undertake the duties of the office. Mr. SPENCER also wrote to Mr. BUTLER, suggesting to him that it was a very important duty, and that if he would join him, and some third person could be found, of similar character for industry and learning, to unite with them, he would be willing to undertake the duty. But Mr. BUTLER declined it, for various considerations, which are not necessary to be mentioned.

In 1853, Mr. BUTLER sustained a great calamity, the great and irreparable calamity of his life. He was fond of domestic life. The felicity of his home was very great; but the time had come when it was to be invaded by the unrelenting enemy of man,—and the endeared companion of his life,—who had cheered his toils and lightened his cares, whose heart had ever throbbed in unison with his,—who was "the desire of his eyes," and the light and

joy of his happy home,—was removed by death. It was a bereavement in which his friends sympathized with him deeply; but it brought out the force of Christian principle, which has been adverted to, very strongly. Happy as he had been, and greatly as he had occasion to appreciate the blessing which God, who had bestowed it, had withdrawn, he bore his sore affliction with serene resignation,—although not without deep and abiding sadness; and thus exhibited the strength of his religion in a way that was equally impressive and edifying to all who had an opportunity of witnessing it.

In 1856 he made a short visit to Europe,—a very brief excursion to Great Britain,—and returned almost immediately, in order that he might complete a professional duty he had undertaken, which has been referred to by Judge KENT, and his devotion to which for a long time, I have no doubt was the fatal cause of his declining health and death.

After his return, he was selected as one of a committee of nine, by the American Bible Society, to settle an important controversy which agitated the religious public not a little, with regard to the publications of that Society. The selection of Mr. BUTLER as one of a committee taken from the country at large, for the performance of this difficult and

delicate task, evinced the estimation in which he was held, and the confidence which was felt, and which the event justified, in his wisdom, sound judgment, and Christian principles.

On the 16th of October last, Mr. BUTLER sailed from this city to Europe. I have ever considered it a great honor and privilege to have been acquainted with him, and to have been favored in some measure with his friendship; and on that occasion I could not deny myself the pleasure of bidding him farewell, without, however, anticipating the calamity so near at hand. I went with a friend on board the steamer to take my leave of him. I have a distinct recollection of that short interview. His face beaming with intelligence and kindness, as it always did, he spoke with cheerful hope of the effect of the excursion in restoring his health, and of the pleasure he expected to derive in visiting foreign lands; expressing the hope that he might be able to extend his travels to Palestine, and other places of great interest.

I have thus gone rapidly through the history of Mr. BUTLER'S life, and its principal incidents. It would not perhaps be right for me to trespass longer on the patience of the meeting. I cannot, however, forbear to advert to some things suggested by this history. One is the great force of character displayed by him, in sustaining himself at that very

early period of professional life, in those great cases in which he was engaged. He was necessarily exposed to severe criticism. There was a very high standard of professional merit and attainments at the time when he commenced his career as a lawyer. The Bar of this State had been distinguished for its learning and ability, from the time of HAMILTON, and LIVINGSTON, and MORRIS. There were very able men at the Bar, with whom he was immediately brought into competition. The days of EMMETT had not entirely passed. There were OAKLEY, GRIFFIN, HENRY, and others whom it is unnecessary to name in this audience, then in their prime; and Mr. BUTLER was brought forward, a young man, not long admitted to the Bar, overwhelmed with the labors of his office, to meet them in great and important public contests; and he sustained this trying competition with honor and success. And when we consider the vast field of labor and research which the members of the profession in this State are compelled to explore and occupy, we find a very striking evidence of his great ability, as well as of his industry and acquirements. In this State, differing entirely from the Bar of England, to which we look with so much interest, every lawyer of distinction is required to have a familiar acquaintance, not only with one branch of law, and not merely to practise in one Court, but with every branch of law,

and to practise in every Court. He must have a knowledge of the English Common Law, in all its vastness, and in all its intricacies, and all its technicalities; of Equity Jurisprudence; of Admiralty Law; of Ecclesiastical Law. In addition to these, great questions of American Constitutional Law are frequently arising, and calling for the exercise of a profound power of reasoning. And then he is expected to be familiar, not merely with the adjudications of the courts of this State and the courts of England, but with the judicial opinions and decisions of all the sister States. When we look at the amount of legal acquirements that is required of him, and remember that he is expected to engage in trials before juries, as well as arguments before the Courts, and to have ever readily at command a knowledge of the different matters involved in scientific questions and the mechanical arts, as well as in the diversified operations of commerce and transactions of business of every kind, it will appear at once to be sufficient to overwhelm the most energetic, the most mature, and the most richly-stored mind. But Mr. Butler uniformly sustained himself with credit and honor from the first; and while the quickness of his apprehension and the variety and readiness of his resources, as well as his urbanity and candor, were always conspicuous, he was equally distinguished for the fidelity and patient labor with which he pre-

pared himself to discharge the trusts confided to his professional care.

Professional ability, however, was not the sole excellence or distinction of Mr. BUTLER. His social qualities, his love of literature and his cultivation of it, amid all the demands of his profession, were remarkable. He had a true, generous love of literature; he was a man of very refined and elegant taste; his knowledge of *belles-lettres* was extensive; and he had taken pains, by his own application and industry, to become a good classical scholar. In private life, he was the charm of every circle. From the high position which he occupied, his acquaintance was extensive—his hospitality was equally extensive—and those who have shared it will remember with deep interest and pleasure the scenes they have witnessed under his roof. And no one who knew him can forget his gentle manners and the suavity of his disposition, which were combined in so remarkable a manner with force of character and an inflexible resolution in all matters of principle and duty. Modesty was another trait in his character, a modesty which remained undiminished amidst all his success, attainments, and high honors.

But the great and distinguishing feature of Mr. BUTLER's character, as has been already mentioned, was his religion. It was ever present with him, from the time he was a Sabbath-school teacher, in

1816, to the close of his life. Religion, with him, was the best and greatest of all things that he could contemplate or in which he could engage. It was not merely a matter of profession, or of sentiment, or of emotion. It was all these. He was sincere in his belief of Christianity, and therefore he did not at any time shrink from the avowal of it; he was open in the profession of his conviction of the truth and sacred authority of the Bible as a Divine revelation. But he was more than a merely sentimental, or professional, or emotional Christian. With him religion was practical, influential, and a matter of principle, regulating and controlling his conduct at all times. Amid all the temptations and gay scenes by which he was surrounded when he was a member of the Cabinet, and in the highest society of the capital of the nation, amid all the excitement of political life, in which he engaged from conviction of the truth of the principles he espoused, and from his sense of duty as a patriot: in all these, in every scene, in every employment, at all times, his religion was exhibited.

I am aware that at one time there were ungenerous calumnies in reference to his political exertions—which, however, have passed away—and I am sure no one can now doubt that with him it was not merely an ardent temperament, but a settled conviction of duty to his country that made him

enter into politics. And in regard to that, every reflecting mind must agree that it is the duty of the citizens of this country to take a warm interest in the political affairs of the nation. Mr. Butler did so, openly and avowedly, and he never shrank from the declaration of his opinions, whether popular or not.

His career is now closed; but it is a happy reflection that it has been a career of so much honor to himself, and of so much usefulness to others. It is the end that crowns the work. His work has now been crowned by a peaceful, holy, sanctified death. He was taken ill on the 4th of November. He had arrived in Paris on the 3d, and on the 4th he wrote a long letter to his son. In the evening of that day he was taken ill, and notwithstanding all that kindness, and attention, and medical skill could do, the disease progressed rapidly. He retained his consciousness, however, until the noon of Monday, November the 8th, and in the evening of that day his earthly career terminated. It is consoling to us to reflect, that the end of this career was the very commencement of one of exalted and endless glory and blessedness. He had filled up the measure of his days with usefulness and honor. He lives no longer in the frail, decaying earthly tenement, but he is not dead: he lives the life eternal; and he lives and will live in our hearts and memo-

ries. His life was a holy and consistent life, and his death crowned it all; and, for one, I do not look upon it with the same degree of gloom that many do. His remains will rest in his native land: they will rest "in sure and certain hope" of a glorious resurrection, when he will appear in greater beauty than ever—and therefore, in reference to him, the concluding lines of Beattie's beautiful elegy may justly be applied—

> "On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
> And beauty, immortal, [will] wake from the tomb."

Ex-Judge EDMONDS rose, and said:

Mr. CHAIRMAN: I feel that I should be doing great injustice to my own feelings, if I permitted this opportunity to pass, without adding my mite to the tribute of respect which we are paying to the memory of our deceased brother.

My first acquaintance was formed with Mr. BUTLER when I was but a mere lad. I knew him early in life, when he and I were companions together of her who has preceded him from this life. I succeeded him in the office in which he completed his studies for the law, and from that time to the hour of his death, the personal friendship and confidence which existed between us has never been impaired. I feel, therefore, as if upon an occasion like this, when my brethren of the Bar are assembled to pay

the last tribute of respect to his memory, I ought not to be silent; but I feel also, sir, that here, and within the limited time allotted to a meeting like this, I can do nothing like justice to my own feelings or to his worth. I have seen politically, professionally, socially, and personally, so many of his merits,—I have witnessed his generosity, his magnanimity, his talents, his industry, in so many instances, that I feel I can do no more now than simply thus generally to allude to those characteristics, and commend them to my brethren as worthy of their admiration and imitation. I dare not trust my own feelings to speak more in detail; I dare not venture now into a more enlarged examination of his claims to our regard,—for I feel that I should fall far short of what is due, alike to him and to this occasion. And you, sir, and my brethren will pardon me, if upon this occasion I content myself with offering, as an expression of my feelings, suppressed and controlled as they are by the recollection of the loss that I, as well as they, have suffered, the amendment that I hold in my hand to the resolutions already offered before you. It embodies my feelings, and I hope it will meet the approbation of my brothers here.

Resolved—That in Mr. Butler we recognize the characteristics of uniform courtesy with great firmness; of generosity with inflexible justice; of fidelity without subserviency; of great in-

dustry without unchastened ambition; of the highest purity with uniform charity for the offences of others:

And we will cherish his memory because of its affording to us in these respects an example worthy alike of our admiration and imitation.

As a writer and an orator, he was fluent, imaginative, and particular; in private life he was exemplary and affectionate; as a jurist he was cautious, conservative and comprehensive; and as a statesman he was upright and patriotic. He has therefore left behind him a reputation well worthy of a long life well spent, and an affectionate remembrance of him among a large circle of devoted friends well merited and enduring. Therefore

Resolved—That while we mourn his personal departure from the midst of us, we will welcome the abiding of his memory as an incentive to us who remain behind him to equal purity and elevation of character.

Mr. Daniel Lord said:—

Mr. President, although the time is limited, yet the duty is not altogether discharged. I conceive it is our duty to consecrate those treasures which are left to us, by the example of the eminent and good. The example of good men is the greatest legacy which they leave to those who succeed them. Their works perish. The works of a lawyer are transient;—but the example handed down by tradition and history influences truth, encourages virtue, and as ages roll on, with accumulated power, it leads to all that is honored and noble in the embellishment of our race. Therefore, the time is well spent, which we appropriate in taking care of those treasures which are occasionally presented to us in the characters of such men.

Sir, this is not merely a personal tribute. Undoubtedly personal friendship has to do with it. But is not this of itself, a tribute to the merits of him whom we mourn, that we can scarcely find an individual in the community in which he lived, of whom it may not be said, that he was his personal friend?

Mr. Chairman, I fear no exaggeration in that which has or can be spoken of our distinguished brother, BENJAMIN F. BUTLER. His character was symmetrical. Its proportion of virtues was a right proportion. It was not a character overbearing here with some remarkable excellence, and deficient there, with some remarkable defect; but the proportion of his virtues was that of beautiful harmony, leaving nothing to be asked but its continuance.

It is, in my judgment, one of the great excellencies of Mr. BUTLER, that he was a genial man. I lay aside the idolatry of intellect; I lay aside the idolatry of learning; I lay aside all that which so often attracts numbers by its power and force. As my hair is turned, I change my opinion as to the seat in which the greatest excellence is to be found. I look for it in the heart. I look to the man whose heart has been as warm as his talents were great,—and in this respect, I call you to witness, that we have lost a man almost without an equal. I came to the Bar about the immediate period of Mr. BUTLER. I am of his age. In the early part of my

professional life, I met him as an adversary: I was opposed to him in politics: there was almost every thing in my condition, to make me hostile to him. But circumstances occurred which brought me into close intimacy with Mr. BUTLER; and it is a grateful thought that I have been thus permitted to come into closer association, into a nearer conception of his virtues, by which all prejudices were washed away; and I cheerfully add my conviction, that seldom anywhere, in any annals of any country, has a man of more genial nature, and professional worth, passed away from the society in which he lived, leaving his mark upon the age.

Our profession has embraced two men who gave us some points of similarity to the departed: Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY, and WILLIAM WIRT. No two men have ever been in the profession, whose merits were more extensive, or whose memories have been more deeply cherished; and yet of both it was perhaps the crowning excellence, that their genial, domestic, personal and private character, swallowed up all that otherwise was added to it by artificial endowments. Mr. BUTLER, like them, was governed by the feelings of his heart. He always acted upon a sense of duty. If you look at him as an eminent lawyer, it was because his duty called upon him, that he was laborious, that he was assiduous, that he was patient, that he was persevering. It was

his duty as a jurist, that made him careful, that made him seek information from every source; that made him conservative, that made him efficient. As a politician, it was a sense of duty, that made him firm to his principles, firm to his friends. Parties might change, and he would not be stable to his party, provided he felt he was stable to his principles. His friends might leave him, but he would not leave his friends.

Sir, as a private man, I do not scruple to raise the veil. It is too often true, that in approaching great characters, we are warned there are hearths not to be invaded; we are warned in the language of the satirist, in another view, that there is a skeleton in every house. But in regard to Mr. Butler, his friends may cheerfully lift the veil from the most private recesses of his life; they will find no trace of any thing there which the most ardent friend, or the purest man would desire to leave undiscovered. I speak the judgment of the vast number of the community; I speak from the universal reputation which he bore,—notwithstanding he has gone through the conflicts of party—notwithstanding he has been in the struggles of political life,—and I challenge the mention of any thing that would stain the purest private character.

Sir, his prosperity was progressive, but it was not uniform. It was the prosperity that followed upon labor,—that followed upon well-doing. Ad-

versity overtook him;—and he quailed not before it. He had a spirit to meet adversity, and to receive from her the precious jewels which she is said to bear, resignation, experience, and patience. It would be unjust to any full consideration of his life not to look at his domestic qualities. It would be an injustice to his memory, and to the memory of his affections, not to allude to that amiable and happy partner with whom he lived from early manhood to that very recent period, when the staggering blow struck him, which bereaved him of the graces of a beautiful woman, the strong sense, the warm affection, and the accomplishments which charmed his home,—which were with him to encourage and to adorn his labors, and to lessen the fatigues of a studious and rightly ambitious life. His house, as my friend has said, was the seat of elegant hospitality; a place in which to find men of the highest distinction in the State,—men eminent in literature and science; and the door never was shut to persons of the most modest pretensions, whose merits were merits of the heart. The time has been alluded to when that blow was struck, from which, doubtless, he never fully recovered. Allow me to recall the fact, that a similar blow struck Sir Samuel Romilly. Some thirty years ago, Lady Romilly was removed by death. She was in the same happy relations to her husband, as Mrs. Butler was to

hers. In three days Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY succumbed,—his mind sank, and he was taken off by suicide! Our esteemed friend suffered a blow no less severe, under circumstances no less trying, and at a somewhat earlier age. He met it. He was sustained, not by Philosophy, but by Religion.

I do not think the religious character of a man is often a fit subject for public notice; but when it enters so largely into the man's character,—when it is the basis of his virtues,—when it is the basis of that which calls forth our highest admiration,—we cannot withdraw our view from it. In his religion Mr. BUTLER was free from bigotry. His religion was intelligent. It was the religion of the understanding and of the heart; it entered into all his life. As it was the religion in which he expected to die,—by which he hoped to find consolation in his last moments,—he also felt it was a religion to live by, and to govern him in all he did towards his fellow-men. It constituted the charm of his character in life,—and it was the beautiful event of his death. On the last day of his life, when he felt that his hour approached, he uttered the expression: "I feel no pain: I die a happy man!"

Sir, that death was a fit crown to his life. That death speaks to us that the idea of immortality is not a dogma; that it is a reality; that the Scripture has not said to us in vain: "Eye hath not seen, nor

ear heard, nor have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them who love Him."

Mr. TILDEN having accepted Judge Edmonds' amendment to the resolutions, they were put by the Chair, and carried, after which the meeting adjourned.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

Mr. BUTLER'S remains having arrived in the steamship "Arago," on Monday the 29th November, the funeral services took place in the Mercer street church on Thursday, December 2d, at 3 o'clock.

The following gentlemen officiated as Pall Bearers:—

THOMAS W. OLCOTT, Esq.
Hon. SAMUEL R. BETTS,
Hon. JAMES J. ROOSEVELT,
Hon. AARON VANDERPOEL,
Hon. JOHN L. MASON,
STEPHEN CAMBRELENG, Esq.,
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, Esq.,
HORACE HOLDEN, Esq.,
JOHN F. GRAY, M. D.

After the singing by the choir of the Hymn, "*How blest the righteous when they die,*"

The Rev. Dr. Skinner read an appropriate selection of Scripture passages, and offered prayer, and then spoke as follows:

In this house of mourning, in which the representatives of many classes and interests are assembled, the church which worships here has the chief place, next to the family of the beloved and honored man, whose death has occasioned our meeting. With this sole exception, there was no circle of interest or sympathy so near to him, and none to which his removal is so deep an affliction. No sentiment was more deeply seated in him than that which he was wont to express in the inspired words: "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand: I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." And it was among the members of this church, for nearly twenty-three years, that this holy sentiment had its purest, warmest, completest manifestation. For this period of time, he was one of its most faithful and active members, one of its principal pillars, one of its brightest ornaments. He was in full communion with it, loving and loved, blessing and blessed of it, when he died.

The chief benefit a church has from its members, better than all particular gifts, labors, sacrifices,—dearer to Christ and his Angels,—precious

above price, is character—true piety exemplified. Now of this piety the test is symmetry; proportion, consistency, harmony of attributes; profession sustained by the life; soundness and vigor of belief attested by good works; intelligence vitalized and elevated by spiritual affections; trusting in Christ, and the imitation of Christ before the eyes of the world; glorying in the cross, and crucifying the flesh; at peace with God through justification by faith, and walking humbly with God in all the ways of holy living; contemplative, yet active—consistently active—in all the spheres of life, domestic, professional, secular, sacred; devout, solitary, studious of the sacred oracles, penitential, self-searching, earnest and constant in secret prayer, yet social and cheerful, and always, unconsciously or intentionally, making others happy; adorning the profession of piety, by sweet, amiable and gentle manners. Such is the ideal of true piety; and of piety such as this, he whom we to-day lament, was a very beautiful and a very rare example. Yes, every trait in the outline just given, has been taken from a real example, and one which it has been the privilege of this church, to have before its eyes, to be in constant and near communion with, for more than a score of years. I speak for the whole church, without fearing that one of my words will strike a dissonant chord in any individual. There is not, I am sure,

in this large church, a single one, who would not, if he might, bear open witness to him, how holily, how amiably, how unblamably, he behaved himself, in all his fellowship with them, as a brother in holy covenant. His late pastor, as able as any one to give his estimation, says of him, in a letter written to me from Paris, a few days after his death, "I received this afternoon a detailed account of his last days, and have rarely listened to the narrative of a Christian death, with such intense interest. Mr. Butler was a remarkable man, of pre-eminent religious culture, and will receive, I trust, a commemoration of his fine and noble qualities, from some fitting pen."

Such is the impression which this church has of the piety of its departed member. Consistent with it was the part he bore in special activities. His, commonly, was a post of labor, at all church meetings for business, in committees, in devising ways and means to meet special exigencies, and in carrying forward all plans for promoting the usefulness of the church, whether within or without its pale.

For myself, I forbear to open the treasure of sacred and happy impressions with which my heart is filled, when I call to mind my long and unvaried experience of his delicate sympathy, and singular kindness to me from the time of our first acquaintance until the evening I passed with him just before

he left us, an hour, now to me so full of tender and sacred interest. His life has been, eminently, "as the path of the just which shineth more and more to the perfect day," that celestial day, the dawn of which they saw, who were with him when he died. What a transcendently serene and lovely dawn was that! What a scene of bright tranquillity and triumphant hope, this chamber of death! What a beautiful entrance to the Temple of Immortality! Holy angels were there. A heavenly radiance illumined the place. It were pleasing to dwell on this instance of the victorious power of our Faith over all the terrors of death; but I must give place to another, an earlier pastor of our beloved friend, the Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE.

I have said nothing of Mr. BUTLER's distinguished abilities, culture, and attainments; or of his professional and public eminence: it has suited my feelings on this occasion, to limit my thoughts to that very uncommon spiritual excellence, by which his whole life was dignified and adorned.

The Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE then delivered the following Address:

DR. SPRAGUE'S ADDRESS.

There is that in death, independently of character or circumstances, that stamps it with awful solemnity. You hear of its having found a new victim, and it impresses you as little as the changing of the wind; but when you come to resolve it into its distinctive elements, and see how comprehensive and yet how mysterious it is; when you think of its antecedents, its attendants, its consequences; when you take into view the premonitory pangs, the rending of the man in twain, the separation from earthly scenes, the disruption of tender ties, the closing of the period of trial, and the beginning of an illimitable retribution—when you take these things into the account, I say, and break away from the illusions of sense and of habit, as you contemplate them, you cannot but feel that this most common of all events is also the most momentous. Be it so that the world is making one of its very humblest contributions to the land of silence; that the death that

has occurred has set no human heart to throbbing, and has awakened no interest except that the remains should be buried out of sight—still, even there, death has done his perfect work, and the only reason why you view it with indifference is that you do not think of it at all.

But while death, considered in the most general view, is a momentous event,—an event with which none but the fool or the madman can trifle,—its aspect is essentially modified by the character of its subject; and where the character has been moulded by the Divine influence of Christianity, the work that death accomplishes is at best but a mock triumph. What he does seems indeed terrible enough; but you have only to take one step beyond the visible to find that, under the guise of a monster, he was performing the office of a good angel. Nothing dreadful appears on this side the vail, but has a glorious offset on the other. The dying Christian is taking leave of friends who are dear to his heart; but he is going into the embraces of other friends who have preceded him in the upward course, and is about to join a glorified community, to all of whom, through Christ, he will sustain a most endearing relation. He is closing his connection with all earthly objects and interests, but he is forming a connection with a new and glorious world, where there will be full scope for his exalted and

ever brightening faculties. He finds the death-struggle hard, and those who look on, turn away and weep; but wait a little, and that struggle is over, and with it all suffering, and then comes the exceeding and eternal weight of glory. The body is about to be dressed for the grave, and there it will moulder, and ultimately turn to common dust; but ere long an omnipotent word shall reconstruct it into a glorified body, and bring it up from its lowly resting-place, and animate it with the spirit which death had dislodged, and thus the entire man shall start forth on a fresh career of immortality. Make the Christian's death-bed seem as dark and revolting as you can, and we have only to hold up the blessed Gospel, and let that shine upon it, and it becomes illumined as with light from the third heavens.

But while death is essentially modified by character, the Christian's death is, to some extent, modified by circumstances; and one of these circumstances is worldly consideration and rank. To the dying Christian himself this indeed is nothing, except as his fidelity in the high stations he has occupied, must come up gratefully before him, as a witness to his Christian integrity, and a voucher for the genuineness of his hope. In all the essentials of death, especially in the great matter of going to appear before God, he is conscious of being on a

level with the humblest of the race. But to others his death takes on a peculiar type, from the fact that it closes a life of public service and honor. They have watched, perhaps admired, possibly envied, him, as they have seen the laurels accumulate upon his brow, have heard the congratulatory welcome by which he has been introduced to one lofty station after another, and have marked the impress of his high and honorable deeds upon the surrounding community,—perhaps upon the country at large. He has seemed to them to be walking through the world in glory; and possibly they have had no higher aspirations than to be in this respect like him. But now that the time of his departure has come, they follow him in their imaginations and their inquiries at least, to his death-bed, curious to know the history of his passage through the dark valley. And the grand revelation that is made to them there is, that there is nothing stable but religion. It is not the great man or the honorable man that appears now, but it is the humble Christian—the Christian in communion with the Conqueror of death, and becoming entranced with visions of immortality. To his view all earthly distinctions have faded into insignificance; while the one grand distinction of being an adopted child of the Lord Almighty, fills his eye and satisfies his soul. As he lies there panting his life away, he is preaching, oh, how impressively,

of the littleness of the world, and the majesty of religion. With a hand that death is palsying, he is holding up a balance, in the one side of which are the honors which the world has poured upon him, in the other, the salvation which Christ hath wrought in him; and he bids all take note that the former are outweighed by the latter, more than an atom is outweighed by a world.

I have made these few remarks, my friends, as illustrative of the spirit of the occasion that has convened us. The event, when viewed in its more general bearings, casts into the shade, in solemnity and impressiveness, all the most striking events in the history of our departed friend that had preceded it. When viewed in connection with the sanctifying power of Christianity, it takes on a cheering aspect, and bids the mourner not let his heart be troubled. When viewed as crowning a life of great worldly distinction, it becomes especially monitory to those who are sacrificing to the honors of earth the glories of heaven. The man who is addressing us from the silence of his coffin to-day, was another Joseph of Arimathea, "an honorable man and a counsellor, who also waited for the kingdom of God." He died full of honors, but full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. It is not my purpose to enter minutely into the details of either his life or character; but I should not feel that I had met the demands either

of the occasion, or of a long-cherished and affectionate personal friendship, if I were not to indicate briefly the manner in which his life has been spent, to point to some of the monuments of his public usefulness, and to hint at those fine intellectual, moral, and Christian traits with which his highest distinction was identified.

Benjamin Franklin Butler was, on the paternal side of Irish, on the maternal of Puritan, extraction. He was born in the part of Kinderhook that is now Stuyvesant, on the Hudson River, December 14, 1795. His father, who was an intelligent, enterprising, and influential man, took a deep interest in the cause of education, and gave to this son the best early advantages within his reach; and the son showed his appreciation of them by improving them most diligently, and thus developing at once the strongest aspirations for knowledge and a remarkable facility at acquiring it. Having served as an assistant to his father in different occupations, and completed a brief course of preparatory study, he became a student at Law under the direction and patronage of Mr. (now Ex-President) Van Buren, with whom he was afterwards most intimately associated in his professional and public life, and for whom he always cherished an affection scarcely less than filial. In 1817 he was admitted to the Bar; and Mr. Van Buren, then Attorney General of the

State, and a resident of Albany, received him as a partner in business, and this connection continued, with the exception of a few months in 1819, till December 1821, when the senior partner was appointed to the Senate of the United States. Mr. Butler's first appearance in the higher courts of the State is said to have attracted much attention, and to have drawn from some distinguished jurists the highest testimony to his ability and the most confident predictions of his future eminence. In February, 1821, he was appointed the District Attorney of the city and county of Albany,—an office which often brought him in conflict with some of the ablest members of the profession, but the duties of which he discharged with signal diligence and success. In November, 1824, he was appointed, together with two other eminent lawyers, to take charge of the revision of the laws of the State of New York; an appointment which, considering his youth, nothing but extraordinary intellectual and moral qualities could have justified, but which, in the marked ability and fidelity with which it was discharged, showed the wisdom that dictated it. In 1827 he was chosen member of the Assembly from Albany, with a special view to his explaining and vindicating the new code which was then offered for the sanction of the Legislature; and here, as in his other public relations, he neither sought nor

would he have accepted any dispensation from the most intense labor. In 1829 he was appointed a Regent of the University, but he resigned the place in 1832. In 1833 he acted as Commissioner on the part of the State of New York, to settle a long-agitated controversy between that State and New Jersey; and the negotiation proved successful. In November of the same year he accepted the office of Attorney General of the United States, under General JACKSON'S administration, and by his urgent request; and to this office he brought not only the energies of his vigorous and comprehensive mind, but his ever wakeful and discriminating sense of moral obligation, and that diligent and patient research, that untiring assiduity, that never faltered at the sight of obstacles which it was possible to overcome. In this high station, he earned for himself, by the manner in which he discharged its duties, proportionally high honor, and the amount of labor which he performed, and well performed, during this period, is said to have been almost incredible. From October, 1836 to March, 1837, a period of about five months, he consented, by the special request of the President, to perform the duties of Secretary of War; and here also he showed himself alike capable and faithful. It had been his purpose to retire from the office of Attorney General at the close of President JACKSON'S term; but he

was persuaded to retain the place for a single year under the administration of his successor. His labors in this department were not finally terminated until September, 1838. After this, he was, at two different periods, United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York; and at the commencement of Mr. POLK's administration he declined an earnest request to return to Washington in the capacity of Secretary of War. During several of his last years he was withdrawn entirely from public office, and was assiduously devoted to his professional duties. So heavy and incessant were the drafts that were made upon him, that his physical constitution, naturally vigorous, began at length to yield. There is reason to fear that the warnings which nature often gives of approaching evil from the neglect or violation of her laws, were not in his case heeded soon enough. Scarcely had he begun to give himself to relaxation before he rested from all his earthly labors.

It is only a short time since our honored friend determined to break away from all professional cares, and avail himself of the invigorating influence of a voyage across the ocean and a temporary sojourn in foreign countries, by means of which also he might gratify his intellectual tastes, and enlarge the stores of his knowledge. Accordingly, on the 16th of October, with two of his beloved daugh-

ters for his companions, he embarked for Havre in the steamer Arago, with every prospect that his health wonld be confirmed, and expecting no doubt ere long a happy reunion to the circle of friends who parted with him so reluctantly, and who followed him with their blessings and prayers. But, little as he suspected it, he was going away only to die!

He reached the destined port in safety, and still there was nothing to cast a shadow upon his path. With an almost boundless but well-directed curiosity, he looked out upon those scenes of antique grandeur with which he was surrounded, and was gathering rich material for both the imagination and the intellect to work upon; and his family had already begun to reap the fruits of his foreign tour in the fascinating reports of his daily. observation which he was sending them. He has arrived in the capital of France, and still, for aught that he knows, all is well. But scarcely has the splendor of that great city begun to open upon him, before he becomes convinced, as if God had written it upon the wall, or an angel had whispered it in his ear, that he has reached the spot where he must die. Sad thoughts about the loved and the loving on both sides of the ocean no doubt obtrude themselves; but living faith is mighty to tranquillize and to elevate: it does not indeed make him forget the objects of

his tenderest affection, but it makes him strong to endure the pang of separation,—strong to commit them to God's gracious care. And there that stranger in a strange land, baptized by the Holy Ghost for the emergency, meets his final summons, not only with quiet submission but with holy triumph. He rests on his Saviour's arm all the way through the dark valley. When he has nearly reached the connecting point between earth and Heaven, he sends back a joyful testimony to his Redeemer's all-sustaining power and grace. He has died far away from home, and friends, and country, but what matters it, so long as he has died in the faith of Jesus, and the Heavenly mansions are just as accessible from one point of the globe as another.

In turning my thoughts to Mr. Butler's character, I find myself disposed rather to dwell upon its general beauty, and harmony, and efficiency, than to resolve it into its distinctive elements; rather to look at that admirable combination of qualities to which are to be referred, under God, the great results of his life, than to contemplate the intellectual and the moral, and the distinct attributes of each, as so many constituent parts of an admirable whole. It was the perfect symmetry that pervaded the entire man, body, mind and heart, that made him an object of such rare attraction while living, and

that now renders his memory so fragrant and beautiful.

As, however, the occasion would seem to require that I should speak of his character somewhat more in detail, I may say that his intellectual endowments were originally of a very high order. There was a graceful ease and freedom in all his mental operations. He perceived clearly; he judged cautiously, but correctly; and his memory was so exact and retentive as to be a safe depository for almost every thing that it had ever received. Indeed, so minute and perfect was his recollection of all the details of almost any event which had come within his knowledge, that in any relation which he might make, you felt as sure that you were hearing the exact truth as if he were reading it to you from a record which he had made when the event occurred. His faculties were all subjected to careful and constant culture; and the amount of knowledge which he acquired, not only in his own profession but in the various departments of learning and practical life, at once rendered him at home in any circle, and qualified him for almost any field of usefulness.

In his moral constitution also Mr. Butler was eminently favored; though in speaking of him in this respect it is impossible to ignore the aid which he derived from Christianity. He had a simplicity and directness of aim that forbade the thought of

any thing dark or sinuous in his views or conduct. He had much of that prudence that sets a watch at the door of the lips, that they do not needlessly offend. He had that benevolence that delights in the welfare of others, and is willing to make sacrifices to promote it. He had that melting compassion that not only feels but weeps for another's wo,—upon which bleeding and broken hearts act as an irresistible attraction. He had that modesty, which is rather the ornament than the veil of true greatness, and yet that self-possession and dignity which would have done honor to the Court. He combined an almost womanly gentleness with a manly firmness; and while he would never needlessly wound the feelings or assail the prejudices of any, yet where any great question of duty was concerned, and his convictions in relation to it were thoroughly established, he had a will of iron. He was forbearing and forgiving towards those who injured him; in rendering evil for evil I am confident he never took the first lesson. He was a cheerful and thankful recipient of the Divine favors; and when trouble came, he bowed in reverent submission and blessed the hand that sent it. I have seen him rejoicing in an exuberance of domestic comforts, and other temporal blessings; but I never saw him when the spirit of gratitude towards his Heavenly Benefactor even seemed to wane. I have seen him when

the deep waters came over his soul, but I never saw him when he betrayed by a word or a look the least sign of unwillingness that God's will should be done concerning him. However some of these qualities may exist in a humbler form as a natural growth, yet no one could witness their development in him, without feeling assured that they rose to the higher character of graces of the Spirit.

You perceive that I have said little of Mr. BUTLER'S high professional distinction or of the success that marked his public career. These are themes which I would rather treat, if I were to treat them at all, at a greater distance from his coffin. It is his character as a *Christian*,—an earnest, active, consistent, uncompromising Christian, upon which it seems most fitting, as it is to me most delightful, here to dwell. I may say, without the fear of contradiction, that religion with him was an all-pervading principle. You could not persuade yourself that it was something put on; you felt that it was a mighty inward power, directing all his purposes and actions, and moulding his whole character into a form of rare loveliness and beauty. He was not afraid to stand forth a witness for Christ in any circumstances; and although never unduly forward in his religious demonstrations, it was as clear as the light that he was ready to follow the Master whithersoever He might lead. In his family he was a model

of conjugal and parental tenderness and fidelity; and the very last time I saw him, he told me out of a full heart, and in a tone of inexpressible thankfulness, that God's covenant faithfulness had been manifest towards him by bringing every one of his dear children to the Cross. In the Sabbath School (for in one school at least I know he was not only a teacher but a superintendent) he drew the children towards him with cords of love, and labored for their best interests with as much singleness of mind and heart as if that had been his only vocation. At the weekly prayer meetings of the church he considered it a privilege to be present as often as his manifold engagements would allow; and never shall I forget the last meeting of this kind which he attended under my own ministry, in which with more than a brother's tenderness he bade us farewell. He was earnest in his prayers and efforts for the advancement of Christ's cause; while yet he was jealous for the preservation of the order of God's house, and looked with little indulgence upon any thing which he thought involved a departure from the simplicity of the Gospel. Those who saw him in his daily walk, saw that he was living under the influence of the powers of the world to come; but those only who knew him in the most familiar and sacred communings of Christian affection, could form any adequate idea of the vigor of

his inner life. And if I may judge from my own intercourse with him, I may say that his spiritual growth became more strongly marked in his later years. It is only within a few months that he made me a hasty call in a brief interval of leisure during his professional engagements at Albany; and I found that his principal errand was to rejoice with me over the hopeful conversion of one of our mutual friends.

Far be it from me to say that my lamented friend was without imperfections; his uniformly subdued and lowly spirit is the evidence that he would have been the first to repudiate such a suggestion; but I will venture to leave it to those who have fewer imperfections than he, to show what they were. I know that he was prominent in some political conflicts,—a position which no man can occupy without having his motives arraigned, not to say his character assailed. It is not for me to pronounce upon either his general course or his particular acts; but that whatever he did, was done not from the wild dictates of caprice or passion, but from the honest dictates of conscience, I always felt a perfect assurance. When I have heard of him doing his part manfully in the battle and storm of political life, I may have been tempted to wish that he was breathing an atmosphere more congenial with his gentle and peaceful spirit; but I never

doubted that he was acting from the high convictions of duty any more than when I have seen him dispensing his charities to the poor, or bowing at the altars of God.

I look upon this dispensation as specially monitory in its public and national bearings. I cast my eye over this assembly, I look abroad upon this great nation, and I see everywhere men in the exercise of civil authority, and thus, in a humbler or higher degree, giving direction to the destinies of our country. All these I would solemnly invoke, first by a regard to their own best interests, and next by their love for the land in which they dwell, to heed the lesson that is going forth from this coffin, in respect to the paramount importance of personal religion. I would admonish them that though they are wise men and counsellors, legislators, and rulers, still they are immortal men, and will soon reach the point which our friend has already passed, where there will come a mighty exigency, which nothing but living Christianity can meet. I would remind them also that religion is the very soul of patriotism; and that as they would render their country the highest service, they must come reverently and humbly to the Fountain of all Wisdom. And if I could, for a moment, command the *nation's* ear, I would bid her take heed how she enthrones infidelity and profligacy in her high

places. I would read to her a terrible chapter from the history of other nations, showing that impiety and tyranny are twin demons, and that madness is in the heart of those who would think to yield to the one and escape the other. And I would venture to tell my country, that her interests will never be seriously imperilled even by the honest mistakes of her rulers, provided only that to the proper measure of intelligence they add that spirit which disposes them always to keep a conscience void of offence.

Oh, that the gracious Comforter might now follow in the track of death, to minister consolation to the multitude of stricken hearts! Here is a Church mourning that one of its pillars has fallen; here are Christian brethren calling up scenes of goodly fellowship, in which the voice now hushed in death bore a welcome part; here are young disciples whom the same voice has counselled and encouraged, and who are sad because their friend and helper is laid low. Here are pastors who have successively broken to this Israelite indeed the bread of life, and have found their burdens lightened by his intelligent and zealous co-operation. Here are some of the friends of his early years, who have loved him from their youth, and whom he has loved in return, and who are now oppressed by the reflection that they shall see his face no more. Here are those

whose parents were also his parents; who were nurtured with him under the same roof and trained under the same hallowed influences, and who have found their pulsations becoming quicker and more tender as they have remembered that he was their brother. And finally, here are the children who have come thus far on life's journey under his paternal guidance; who have been used to repose alike in his wisdom and his love; who have never feared darkness as long as the sunshine of his presence was within their reach; but upon whom the reflection now falls, as a cold shadow, that his countenance has beamed upon them its last loving smile. Verily, I am standing in the presence of a bereaved assemblage! Come, ever blessed Christianity, and display thy gracious, healing triumphs here! May each mourner receive the baptism that brings light out of the cloud, and lifts the soul towards its eternal rest!

After the chant by the choir, "*Thy Will be Done*," Rev. Dr. Adams spoke as follows:

After the Forum has uttered its eloquent voices of condolence and panegyric; after the Pulpit has furnished its most truthful and instructive testimo-

nies; there remains to me the tender and solemn service of conducting you into the very chamber where this good man hath fallen asleep. Far am I from countenancing the idea that the conduct of a man in moments of death, irrespective of all his manner of life, is the best and happiest ordeal to which character can be subjected; but how grateful are we all when we are permitted to see a peaceful death terminating a well-ordered and Christian life! Our beloved friend went abroad for *rest;* and the manner of his death testifies to us that he found that rest which remaineth to the people of God.

What I am about to read might seem at first to belong exclusively to the sanctuary of domestic privacy; but you will agree with me that it does not belong alone to stricken friends at home. It belongs to us; it belongs to the Son of God; for these are the testimonies in honor of our religion, and these are the trophies which glorify our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. That feeling which is so often expressed at the death of a public man, which would make inquiry as to the manner of his death, is not to be set down to vain and idle curiosity. It is the testimony of the deep-seated conviction that we are all of us personally interested in that event, that we are all linked by inseparable destinies to that same act and article of death; and every cheering voice that comes back to us from the pillow of

the dying Christian, is to us a new evidence of the reality of our religion.

One week before the death of Mr. BUTLER he was in the ancient city of Rouen; and in the last letter ever written by him, on the 4th of November, he gave an account of the manner in which the day was spent. The letter contains an incident which happily indicates the genial, Catholic character of his religion.

He reached Rouen, he says, on Monday evening, just as the bells of the Cathedral were ringing the evening chimes by which the services of All Saints' Day were closed. At 8 in the morning he had been in the old church of Notre Dame de Havre. The building was crowded. Mr. BUTLER took a seat near a bright-looking, hardy young peasant, who nevertheless was reading, with fervency and a correct pronunciation, the Latin prayers. Mr. BUTLER joined with them in that portion of the service wherein he found nothing that the strictest Protestant could object to; and after he turned from the Cathedral, when other forms of the service which were not so congenial to his feelings and judgment were introduced, he made use of that beautiful expression of WESLEY:

"GOD, for CHRIST'S sake, forgive all superstition, but accept the heart service!"

And now I shall not venture to change a single word of that which I am permitted to read to you:

"On the very day on which the above letter was written, he was found to be seriously ill, and a physician was sent for. To his question on entering, 'What is the matter, sir?' Mr. BUTLER replied, with his invariable cheerfulness of manner, 'First of all, sixty-three years!'

"His case was pronounced a critical one. A young friend sat up with him during the night. Early the next morning, one of his travelling companions heard him talking earnestly, and on going into the room, Mr. BUTLER said to him, 'Young Mr. —— has just been reading my five Psalms to me.'"

(He was in the habit of reading five Psalms each day, thus going through the entire book every month. Would that all were accustomed to use this beautiful hymnology, not merely to read, but *use* it, after this method, every day! The Psalms read on that day were the 21st to the 26th; and if, when you retire, you turn to them, you will see that he could not have well chosen any more appropriate, if he had known his death so nearly approached. One, the 23d Psalm, is beautifully expressive of confidence in the Great Shepherd: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.")

"'Young Mr. —— has been reading my five Psalms to me, and I have been expounding them to

him.' He had explained to the reader several prophetical allusions to our Saviour, of which he had not known before.

"The disease made rapid progress. He suffered little pain, but it soon became evident that there was little prospect of recovery. He received the announcement of this fact not simply with resignation and peace, but with gratitude and thanksgiving. He said, 'This is a most comforting illness. I should like to die here, if it is God's will, it is all so pleasant. If He chooses to spare me for twenty years longer, to become a dotard, His will be done; but it is all so pleasant and comforting here.'

"This was on Sunday. He repeated, with some help,

'Sweet is the day of sacred rest;'

and said, 'I am all ready and prepared to go if it is God's will. I have given Mr. B—— my last wishes. I feel like Pilgrim in the waters: all is right, body and soul, body and soul.' He had previously remarked, 'I bought Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, forty years ago, and ever since then death has been familiar to me.' 'I trust I may not for any pains of death fall from the Saviour; that is what the prayer book says—good prayer book—I mingle all these good books—good thoughts—good hopes of my dear Saviour.'

"At another time: 'I am a sinner, oh, how great! but my sin can be cleansed. I have a Saviour, Jesus Christ the righteous. Oh, precious Saviour! oh, mighty Lord! If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us; but if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

"Again: 'I have *peace, perfect* peace,' with emphasis; and then repeated the text, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.'

"On Monday, Nov. 8th, he gradually became unconscious; during the morning, however, he recognized both his daughters with expressions of the greatest affection, and several times repeated the words, 'I die a happy man—I die a happy man.'

"'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,' was also a phrase often repeated after a half-unconsciousness had settled upon his senses, as if his spirit sought in its expiring impulse to link the memory of the melodies of Zion with the anticipation of the songs of the redeemed."

The closing scene is thus described:

"You will never be able to realize, much as we may speak to you of it, how calm and beautiful, how heavenly, in what perfect harmony with all his life, his illness and death were. Mere human thought could never have conceived so heavenly an end. He had, apparently, been unconscious as to out-

ward things since three o'clock, even the consciousness that we were beside him, constantly waiting on him, seemed to have gone, but I can scarcely doubt that the soul was already rejoicing in the foretaste of immortal joy. About nine o'clock he opened his eyes a little, and then it was that the very act of death began. It would be impossible for any mortal pen to describe it; it was like the very gentlest breath of a sweet infant, coming for a moment, then going; we waited in breathless, motionless silence for each succeeding one. It came, it went—it came, it went; it was the most beautiful music that any one could ever hear in this world. Those who heard it can have some faint conception of the music of Heaven. It was, in truth, the harmony of an immortal soul, whose muddy vesture of decay had grown so pure and heavenly, that its harmony was really audible. It was at fifteen minutes past nine that there was a longer pause—a softer breath—then just a stirring of the limbs—one breath more, and at what moment we could scarcely tell, between fifteen and twenty minutes past nine, our Father's soul sighed itself away.

"There was the most pure and perfect expression of peace upon his face, a smile upon his lips, in which you might read the whole sweet story of mortal sickness without pain, and a soul entirely prepared. They say there might be a thousand

deaths, and not one so calm and peaceful, or even approaching it in peace."

A good thing is it for us, my fellow-citizens and friends,—a good thing is it for us to come up into the house of God, and receive such testimony as this!

My dear friends, bereaved in the unexpected loss of one whom you have revered, loved, and honored, thank God to-day, that you have had such a friend, and that he has been spared to you so long. Congratulate him, congratulate yourselves, that his has been such a safe and happy death.

To those Christian friends who have been associated with him in church privileges, and whose voices have often joined in this place with his in prayer and praise, let me say, take comfort and encouragement from the new evidence of the reality of your religion, that has been thus addressed to you.

My fellow-citizens, honored members of that profession which has furnished us so many of the laws of evidence, as applicable to our religion,—so many noble specimens of Christian character in our own and in foreign lands,—from whose profession it has pleased the Holy Ghost to borrow so many forensic analogies in illustration of the moral government of God,—oh! receive the testimony thus brought to you from an honored brother and associate, and understand how great a thing it is to be truly religious!

To die, is to be denuded of every thing but our moral affections. More than the glory of this world,—more than all the gifts of intellect, are those qualities that are nurtured in us by the Spirit of God. To be a Christian, to live as a Christian, and to die as a Christian, is the greatest of all things. Deep down beneath your politics, and your jurisprudence, and your merchandise, and all the turmoil of this life, is this consciousness of your own, that to be a believer in Jesus Christ is the one incomparable wisdom! The testimony comes to us from those lips, now pale and speechless. Oh! that they had language to-day, and they would testify to us more eloquently than ever, that to believe in Jesus Christ is the way to extract the sting of Death. His own happy experience is the best comment on the words of Scripture: "The sting of death is sin,—Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!" Death is safe to him that believeth in the Son of God.

The Hymn "*Rock of Ages*" was sung by the Choir.

Rev. Dr. BETHUNE then said:—

I trust, my friends, you will pardon me for detaining you a little longer from the private meditations which should follow a scene like this. When tidings of the death of Mr. BUTLER reached this

city, they found me in my library, and I bowed my head upon my hand, and felt the sorrow that one has in losing a dear friend. But we had been separated so much in life, and, in fact, been so seldom together at any time, that I never thought of being remembered by him or his, as especially among the number of his friends,—though I leaned upon the thought that I might love him always. Judge, then, with what grateful pleasure, in these melancholy circumstances, I received from the representative of his family a recognition as one of those who knew him well, and a request for a few words from lips which they knew were those of friendship—words that would be inspired by truth!

My first acquaintance with Mr. Butler, was in the course of a controversy which occupied many minds at the time, when we held the same views, and differed from many good men. The next time I had the pleasure of meeting him was one of great interest. It was at Washington, when he was Attorney General of the United States. He did me the kindness of calling to see me on a Saturday, and said, "To-morrow is the Sabbath. It will be more pleasant for you to be with friends than in a public house. Come and dine with us." I went, as you may suppose, with great cheerfulness, thankful for the courtesy, and the relief which it offered

from the bustle of a noisy hotel. The dinner, plain, as a Sabbath dinner should be, I saw was evidently hurried by my host,—when his admirable wife, with that graceful vivacity which you who knew her must remember, and yet with affection that showed itself through the slight tone of badinage, said: "Now I know what you intend. You are going to take Doctor BETHUNE from his dinner, to see your Sunday Class." It was so. He did not hesitate to hurry me from the table, and take me into a distant part of Washington, into the gallery of a church, where there were certain square or quadrangular pews,—and he there introduced me to some six or seven boys—his Sabbath-School class. He showed a devotion to his work there, and a confidence that I would sympathize with him in it, that was very delightful.

I do not know how it appears to you, but it struck me as one of the finest spectacles of Christian consistency that could be presented. The first law officer of the United States delighting—not acting as in a matter of form or show—but delighting to hide himself from all his honors upon God's holy day, to lead a few boys nearer to Christ!

That was Mr. BUTLER. My friends, religion was given to us to make us more like God—like *our* GOD: not the God of the Hindoo mythology, who lives retired from the interests of the world, absorb-

ed in the contemplation of his own infinite attributes, but the God of constant action, the God who is ever delighting to bless, to do justice and to save! That is the religion he had, and which we should have.

I read of the religion of eminent preachers—of their services and their faith,—but I read without much astonishment. It is their business, it is their duty to be pious. I would as lief think of congratulating a soldier for his courage, as wonder at a preacher because he is religious. It is an insult to a soldier, as I take it, to speak of his bravery. He should be brave as a matter of course. Then, again, I look upon that sort of religion which lies in one's diary, or in the prayer-meeting, or on the Sabbath—(lies *only* there, mark you),—as of little or no account in testifying to the power of Christianity. That is religion which is to a man's daily, ordinary, constant life, what the soul is to the man,—what the life is to the body. Religion should pervade the whole of our nature and conduct, or it is not the religion of Christ. We are of various temperaments, and placed under different circumstances. One man has a strong physical existence, another is weak and feeble; one has a vigorous philosophical mind, another is impulsive and warm. But it is the office of true religion to take all these differences and blend them in harmony, in those principles of faith and action which characterize the doctrine of

God's holy Word. For these differences we are not responsible—they belong to the personal nature God has assigned as; and grace will work through these differences according to our peculiarities, yet will blend them all in harmony by the great principles of faith and action taught us on the pages of God's holy word; and thus the Master provides himself with servants for every department of his work.

This was the character of him whom we mourn, yet rather congratulate, for his testimony to the power of Christianity. He was a man. He put nothing away from him that was man. I do not, and, I am sure he would not, adopt the sentiment casually and but partially expressed by my dear and Reverend friend (Dr. Sprague), who "almost" regretted to find him fighting in the controversies of political life. My friends, I ask you—as he would have asked—why should a man, because he is a Christian, be unfaithful to his country? What is the use of his religion, as a citizen, if it does not consecrate him to his political duties? I do not know how it may strike you—some of you doubtless have agreed with him, some have differed from him, and others have at various times, agreed, or differed with him, and from him, as I have, but this is true,—that if we had more Benjamin F. Butlers in our political life, we should have a better government and a better State. It

is because you, Christian men, do not do your duty as citizens at primary meetings, at the polls, and in more public offices, it is because you do not do your duty, that our land is given up so much to trading office-seekers, and hired gladiators. We may not all think alike, but I should as soon think of excommunicating a man from my Christian sympathy because he was a Baptist or an Episcopalian, as of denying a man's patriotism because his views of political expediency or doctrine were not the same as my own. It is preposterous to say that where a country, like ours, is divided so nearly into two great parties, that one or the other half of the nation, must be either rogues or fools.

But when we have men of large and noble minds and sentiments to discuss those questions of difference,—when we have men whose hearts are controlled by responsibility to God, who in all the earnestness of working out their own salvation, cannot forget the interests of their country, as public servants, then may we hope for better things than now. The character of Mr. BUTLER was consistent throughout. Whatever might have been said of him in the hurly-burly of political strife,—in the glow and heat of party contest,—there is not one who can stand beside that coffin, and say of the sleeper within it, that he was not a TRUE MAN.

I beg pardon for allowing myself to be led so

far out on this subject, but I feel strongly what I say.

When the great Pompey was sick at Neapolis, and was supposed to be near death, the whole population put garlands on their heads, and went to the house in which he lay, to congratulate him upon so happy and easy a close of such an honored life. He recovered, and he recovered to die at last, assassinated by a eunuch and a slave upon a desert shore.

My friends, I have more of congratulation for the spirit which animated this clay than I have of grief. He lived well; he died well; and now he lives for ever more! Not a shadow over his precious memory, except the softening light of that blessed evening, the precursor of a morning which shall never fade. No abatement of his natural strength,—no failure of his strong mind,—no chill of his ardent heart: nothing to regret: all to hope for. Did he not die well?

It was in a foreign land,—but those who were dearest to his heart, brought home about his bed,—and Paris is as near to Heaven as New York. He died well. And he went to his heavenly home, not unwelcomed. There was one to meet him on the very threshold of his Father's house—one, after whom we may believe his heart, since he lost her for a brief season, never ceased to yearn. He died well! He lives for ever!

He was a man whose piety was his life, and you will pardon me for recurring to that theme for a moment. My dear mother said to me once, of a person whose manner I had spoken well of: "My son, he puts on his politeness as he does his best coat. Give me a man whose politeness is in his skin!" So it was in Mr. BUTLER's religion. It was part of himself. There was no affectation about it. No one ever supposed there was. It shone out of his bright eye (can it be, that that bright eye will never shine on us again), it beamed from his countenance,—it came from his heart,—it was a transfiguration from within, that made his life so beautiful in all the grace and kindness of a Christian gentleman.

Let me say one word more, as I look over this assembly. I am a younger man than Mr. BUTLER, though a difference of ten years is not what it was when we were boys. I see before me many, of every period of life, some older, some younger. But how many are absent? How many of those who were associated with us,—whom we have loved, and honored, and cherished,—with whom we have walked together,—how many have gone,—and how rapidly is the number diminishing! We must all come to it, my friends. We, too, must die, and die soon. Are we ready?

PRISON ASSOCIATION.

At a special meeting of the Prison Association of New York, the following resolutions, presented by JAMES H. TITUS, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Prison Association of New York, deeply sympathize in the general lament produced by the death of BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, and have peculiar cause for such sorrow, inasmuch as he was one of the most efficient of those individuals who first projected and organized this institution, and has continued since, by official services, wise counsel, and material aid, to promote its usefulness.

Resolved, That in the life and character of BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, we acknowledge a pattern worthy of imitation by those who venerate virtue and love truth; seeing that he was, as a jurist, learned and upright; as a statesman, sagacious in discernment, bold in position, and prudent in action; as a patriot, pure and firm; as a citizen, discreet and active; as a man, faithful in business and exact in moral rectitude; as a Christian, zealous without enthusiasm, devout without superstition, charitable and catholic in spirit, showing his faith by his works.

Resolved, That the members of this institution tender their condolence to the family of our deceased associate, and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to them as evidence of our appreciation of his memory.

After which, on motion of ISRAEL RUSSELL, the Board adjourned to attend the funeral of their deceased member.

JAMES H. TITUS,
President.

JOHN H. GRISCOM, *Chairman Ex. Com.*
JAMES C. HOLDEN, *Rec. Sec.*

LAW DEPARTMENT OF THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

At a meeting of the Students of the Law Department of the New York University, November 27th, 1858; the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The sad intelligence of the death of the Hon. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER has recently been received with sorrow by this community, which for so many years, he has, by his public and private virtues so eminently adorned: and

Whereas, The deceased was for a period of more than twenty years, intimately connected with the interests of this University, and for a long time its principal Professor of the Department of Law: therefore

Resolved, That the friends of the Institution, as well as the community at large, have, in this bereavement, been deprived of one of its most efficient and worthy members; and that it is with emotions of profound sorrow, that we pay this tribute of respect to the memory of one, who secured, while living, the esteem and admiration of all with whom he was associated. By

his fine acquirements as a scholar, as well as by his fine personal qualities, he had attained an enviable position at the Bar; while by his labors in the cause of private benevolence, and public charities, he had endeared himself to the hearts of this whole community.

On motion of Mr. E. B. HOLMES, it was resolved, That a copy of the preamble and resolutions, as adopted, be sent to the family of the deceased.

GILEAD B. NASH,
per President.

WILLIAM WIRT HEWETT,
Secretary.

NEW YORK TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At the meeting of the New York Typographical Society on Saturday evening, the following resolutions were offered, and after remarks from several members, were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The Society have learned with regret the death of one of our most esteemed honorary members, the Hon. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, which sad event recently took place in Paris, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health; and

Whereas, Mr. BUTLER took a deep interest in our welfare, and had proposed some important improvements in regard to our library, which, had he been spared to consummate, would, in all probability, have placed it in a position to compete in usefulness with any similar institution in the city; therefore,

Resolved, That in consideration of the loss this Society has sustained in the death of Mr. BUTLER, as well as to pay an humble tribute of our esteem and respect to his memory, the Printers' Free Library be draped in mourning for one month.

Wm Harrison

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JAMES HARRISON.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, on the 10th of October, 1803. His early years were spent on the farm with his father, and in this pursuit he acquired that bodily vigor, which in after life, enabled him to endure the fatigues into which his adventurous disposition led him. Of course the educational advantages of that period were quite meagre, but had this not been the case, it is not probable that he would have improved them further than to acquire a plain English education. He was eminently practical in his tastes, and, indeed, preferred an active business life, in daily contact with busy men, to that of a student among books and in retirement.

Sometime in 1821, and while yet a mere youth, he left his home and went to Fayette county, Missouri, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits, which he followed with remarkable success for several years. In 1830 he married Miss Maria Louisa Prewitt, of Howard county, who died in 1847, leaving four children, a son and three daughters, all of whom survived their parents. Mrs. H. was the daughter of Joel Prewitt, nephew of Judge Prewitt, a distinguished jurist.

A marked characteristic of Mr. Harrison was to engage in important enterprises alone. He had marvelously keen forsight, and this enabled him to see openings for extensive transactions, while his courage fitted him for carrying them into execution, even when attended with peril to health and life; and his prudence and integrity secured the ready co-operation of capitalists, as well as the recognition of his many sterling business qualities. With such advantages as these, he embarked in various enterprises in the Southern States and Mexico, projected on a grand scale, and involving personal danger, while they required for their execution all the resources of a well-balanced mind and courageous heart. In these undertakings he was successful, for no personal danger or privation ever deterred him from completing a cherished scheme.

Some time in the year 1840 he returned to St. Louis, designing to make this city his permanent home. He saw in the small city the nucleus of a vast population. He foresaw the i

ance of the central city, and the wealth that must, in time, be poured in the lap of the great Western metropolis. The immense mineral wealth of Missouri was known to him earlier than to most others, and he determined to devote his time and talent to its development. He formed connections with men who were eminent for their business capacity and wealth; and with their aid conducted their large mercantile, speculative and manufacturing operations to most satisfactory results. In 1840 he was one of the firm of Glasgow, Harrison & Co. In 1845 he was a prime mover in the formation of the "Iron Mountain Company," consisting of James Harrison, P. Chouteau, and F. Valle, of St. Louis, C. C. Ziegler and John Scott, of Ste. Genevieve, F. Pratt, of Fredericktown, and Aug. Belmont, S. Ward and Chas. Marsch, of New York. This company gives promise, through its known resources and progress, to become, ere long, one of the largest producers of iron in the world. Meantime, he became a partner in the firm of Chouteau, Harrison & Valle. The high social position, business talent and wealth of this house have done much to build up and establish, not only the iron interests of St. Louis, but also the general reputation of its entire manufacturing and mercantile community.

It would require much space to describe in detail, all the beneficent projects in which Mr. Harrison took a prominent part, or to name the eminent men whose assistance he secured, or who having useful projects of their own, were aided by his advice and money.

The immense drawing away of our wealth, through means of the Eastern ance companies, which in 1866 had reached alarming proportions. did not escape his vigilant eye, and he was a leading spirit in adding the "Atlas" to the list of Missouri life insurance companies already in the field, engaged in the work of stopping the outflow of money which was fast exhausting the strength of the State. He was elected president of the company.

He was always a staunch defender of home interests. Everything, in short, which promised to be of public utility, received his attention and encouragement. And every man, no matter how poor or humble, whose talents were likely to be valuable to the community, was always treated by him with the utmost respect and kindness. He was a friend and patron of railroads, and contributed much toward the building of the "Iron Mountain", the "Pacific", and others now leading out of St. Louis in every direction.

The favorite, and, indeed, last pursuit of his life was the production of iron. He was one of the first to perceive the value of the wonderful deposits of ore in the Iron Mountain and its vicinity, and to secure a large interest in them. The establishment of this industry was attended with heavy expense and long-continued discouragements of many kinds. But the unwearied energy of Mr. Harrison and his associates triumphed over every obstacle, and laid the foundation of an industry which is even now assuming immense proportions. As an indication of what the company is doing, it is only necessary to state that the shipments of iron ore alone averages over one thousand tons per day; while the shipments, five years ago, were but forty-one tons per day. The business at Mr. Harrison's death was yield-

ing him a net profit of one thousand dollars daily.

Mr. Harrison lived long enough to see many of his prophesies, in reference to St. Louis and the productions of the State, fulfilled. He had the satisfaction of seeing magnificent railroad trains starting daily from St. Louis for the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. He saw furnaces springing up rapidly for the production of iron, and shops for its manufacture. He lived to see his favorite city nearly double its population in the last ten years, being the fourth in the list on the continent, and withal, wonderfully rich in wealth-producing elements, and doubly rich in civilizing institutions, culture, and benevolence. He must have been conscious, too, that a large share of this wonderful progress and material prosperity was due to his exertions.

Mr. Harrison possessed in a rare degree the talent of understanding character and of winning confidence. His knowledge of men enabled him to select and attach to himself, as partners, friends, associates and employes, men of talent and worth, each worthy of confidence and eminently fitted for the work he was to perform. Many of these still survive the leading spirit; and all are distinguished as men of enlarged views, fertility of resources, persevering energy, and all the other qualities which make men leaders and exemplars for their fellow-men, and benefactors of their country. He had a high appreciation of culture, and especially of the scientific education he had not an opportunity of acquiring.

He therefore caused him on whom it would more particularly devolve to continue the execution of his great designs, to be thoroughly educated in the best schools of his country and Europe, i chemistry, metallurgy, mining, and kir dred sciences, and in all acquirement needed by the refined gentleman, a well as the skillful manufacturer.— Right well have the hopes of th father been realized, and the mantle c this noble type of true manhood, ha fallen upon shoulders that will bear i right worthily; for he is recognized a one of St. Louis' noblest sons, and leading spirit in many of the grand en terprises that have added such lustre t our great city.

In person Mr. Harrison was tall an erect. His face always indicated gra ity and true dignity. His manner re pressed undue familiarity, while hi courteous bearing attracted all whon he deemed deserving and worthy. I his habits he was remarkably tem perate; hence his industry was unflag ging, his energy unceasing; while a well-known trait in his character was a marvelous serenity under misfortune and an absence of elation in periods o special prosperity.

Although sometimes deceived in hi varied relations with men, still he neve lost confidence in the ultimate triumpl of right.

It cannot be said that James Harri son toiled for wealth alone, but rathe to expend his energies and abilities on worthy objects, and to effect some grea good. It is true, also, that not a tain of suspicion of dishonor attaches t any of his numerous and large trans actions. While living, he was, indeed a shining light and a noble example t all whose aims were elevated and good and we are only uttering a truth whe we say that, though dead, the memor of this good man still speaks to th living, inciting his fellow-citi

rsue the paths of usefulness and nor.

And now, as we come to the close of is sketch, and consider the good ac- mplished in the lifetime of Mr. Har- ıon, the services he rendered to the ;y, State and individual, we feel how adequate has been our ability to make ıown the convictions that force them- lves upon us. His death has been an calculable loss to the community, the ty and the enterprising spirit of the 'est. But his example and character ıve been left as a legacy. And a ·ight and noble one it is. The evi- ɜnces of his exertions and enterprise, e engraved upon works that are more ıduring than brass or bronze, and the al and ability with which he grappled ith great commercial and manufactur- g problems have added a lustre to a name that Missourians will ever be proud to honor.

James Harrison is dead. But he lived the life of an honest man, and passed away in the midst of his useful- ness. His was a vigorous intellect. He was one of the strong men who came in early times to St. Louis, and pioneered some of the grandest en- terprises and most beneficent industries in and about the great central city.

He was a thinker; his brain being busy with great projects. But his pre- dominant characteristics were activity and ceaseless energy. These, added to his proverbial magnanimity, honesty and manliness, stamped him as one of the noblest types of manhood it was the pleasure of his fellow-citizens to honor and esteem.

MAY DAYS.

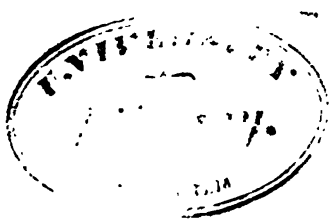
BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

O Love, the world is old—
  Old and right weary too;
She has no tale left untold,
  No song to sing that is new,
No sorrows that have not been,
And the service of no new sin;
But, though her bosom be cold,
  And her fresh delights be few,
There is none that will not say
She is well blest, having May!—

May, that sweeps with her hand
  The harp of the soft south breeze;
And lo! o'er the mellowed land
  Surge the white blossom-seas,
And the foliage, faint till now,
Breaks richlier from the bough—
May, at whose murmur bland
  Birds throng, and the eager bees—
May, at whose laugh the skies
  Are limpid as lovers' eyes.

What is quite like her smile,
  So sunnily debonair,
As she speeds to greet us, while
  The hyacinth stars her hair,
And Hebe-like, raises up
The tulip's dazzling cup,
Wherein 'tis her task to bear
  Over many a meadowed mile,
That the world may be glad and sing,
This luscious nectar of spring?

O Love, can the world grow old
  For a million years to come,
While the crocus hoards its gold
  In such halcyon halidom?
O Love, the world must be gay,
So long as she hath one May!
For, though she ache with untold
  Desires and yearnings dumb,
Though she suffer, sigh, regret,
She hath still the violet!



Abbott Lawrence

VII. ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

ABBOTT LAWRENCE, the founder of the Scientific School at Cambridge, which bears his name, was born at Groton, Massachusetts, on the 16th December, 1792—the fifth son of Samuel and Susana [Parker] Lawrence.* To the endowment of a bright, active mind and sanguine happy temperament, was added only the hardy and wholesome discipline of a pious New England country household,—and the meagre attainments of a District School, with the higher advantages for a few months of an Academy in his native village, up to the age of sixteen years, when he entered Boston, "a poor lad with a bundle under his arm, and with less than three dollars in his pocket, his whole fortune," to serve his apprenticeship as clerk in the importing house of his brother Amos Lawrence. From such beginnings, and without the aid of family connection and wealth, by the steady exercise of the homely and practical virtues of integrity, industry, courage, promptitude, public spirit, philanthropy, and perseverance, he attained a commercial, political, and social eminence, not surpassed by any citizen of Boston at the time of his decease. For years even before his death—one† who is a Bostonian in every fibre of his being, with a patriotism large enough to embrace the whole country, remarked in the language of Edmund Burke, "When an act of great and signal humanity was to be done, and done with all the weight and authority that belonged to it, this community could cast its eyes on none but him."

On the 1st of January, 1814, he was taken by his brother Amos, into partnership, and together, under the firm of A. & A. LAWRENCE—these two brothers, entered on a career of large commercial transactions—first in the foreign, but afterward in domestic trade—and finally of great manufacturing operations, by which, while they amassed great estates for themselves, and helped to develope the resources and material prosperity of their city, state, and country—they at the same time gave beautiful exhibitions of the true uses of wealth in relieving

* A brief notice of the family of Samuel Lawrence, will be given in a sketch of Amos Lawrence—the fourth son, in connection with a History of Williams College, and Lawrence Academy, of which institutions he was a liberal benefactor. The life of this truly good man, and noble hearted merchant, published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston, should be placed in every School Library, and be read by every young man in the country.

† Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in an Address at a Public Meeting in Faneuil Hall, on the occasion of the death of Abbott Lawrence, on the 20th of August, 1855.

destitution and misfortune, and in ministering to the moral and intellectual advancement of society. Their success and lives have added lustre to the mercantile profession of Boston, and their names are indissolubly connected with the growth of two great cities—Lowell and Lawrence—on sites, where the land was almost useless for ordinary agricultural purposes, to a capital invested in various forms of productive industry to the value of $20,000,000, and with an aggregate population of more than forty thousand inhabitants, with homes, churches, schools, libraries, and all other aids and appliances of intelligence, independence, comfort, and virtue, such as no two manufacturing communities in the old world can show. While engaged in the vigorous prosecution of his own business, Mr. Lawrence was prompt to consider and aid, by sharing the risk, any enterprise which promised not so much great return in dividends to those immediately interested, as public utility, in which those who are most backward to help in the start, are sure to step in to reap the private emolument in the end. Many of the great railroads and other means of internal communication in and out of New England,—of national and international importance, received his prompt and liberal support.

Mr. Lawrence did not seek public life, but when he accepted an official trust, he entered upon its duties with his whole heart, whether as chairman of a political meeting, or member of a working committee; in the councils of the country, or as her representative abroad. In 1831, he was elected a member of the Common Council of Boston for one term, and in 1834, and 1839, he represented Suffolk District in the National Congress. In 1842, he was appointed one of the Commissioners on the part of Massachusetts, to settle the North Eastern Boundary question, then pending between the United States and Great Britain. In 1848, he was a prominent candidate of the Whig party for nomination to the high office of Vice President of the United States; and in 1849, was tendered the choice of one of two Secretaryships in the Cabinet of President Taylor. He accepted in the same year, the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. To all these positions he was promoted without any solicitation on his part, by such majorities, or under such circumstances as showed the public confidence in his integrity, ability, and patriotism. In every office, while he acted out to the full circumference of his duty, and to the fullest realization of public confidence and anticipation, he at the same time used the influence of his wealth and position to minister in large measure to the social and individual happiness of his townsmen and countrymen. The credit of American skill and industry in the Great London Exhibition of

1851, was saved from public disgrace, and a large number of American inventors, mechanics, manufacturers, from sore disappointment, by the prompt and liberal advances of Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. George Peabody, another noble specimen of the American merchant.

Mr. Lawrence died in his own home in Boston, on the 18th of Aug., 1855, and was buried on the 22d, in the Rural Cemetery of Mount Auburn, that quiet and attractive Garden of Graves, which his liberality and public spirit had helped to create and adorn. His last illness, death, and burial were attended with such demonstrations of wide spread and deep-felt sorrow and respect as only a lively sense of his great private virtues, and public services could inspire, and which are seldom accorded even to one, holding the highest official station, cut down in the midst of public duties and relations. His illness with its varying aspects from day to day, was announced by telegraph and the press, as foreshadowing a great loss, not only to the mercantile profession, but to the whole country. The tidings of his death called forth resolutions of sympathy and gratitude from the many Charitable and Literary Associations of which he was a member and a benefactor;—and old Faneuil Hall, in which he had presided over many large assemblies of his fellow-citizens, was crowded on the 20th by representatives of every profession and pursuit, and every public institution of education and beneficence, to join in resolutions and addresses expressive of the common bereavement. On the 22d, when he was borne from his own home to the Brattle Square Church, of which he was a communicant, and regular worshipper,—the great men and all classes of the community—college professors and mechanics, judges and merchants, statesmen and divines, rich men and poor, flocked together to mingle their common grief over the coffin of a common friend. After solemn and appropriate religious observances, conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, the procession moved away through the streets of the city, which he loved so well, under a military escort, and with minute guns firing.

From the many addresses and notices which his death called forth, we select a large portion of that made by the Hon. Edward Everett in Faneuil Hall, as presenting a just estimate of the public services and private virtues of Mr. Lawrence, drawn by one "who having walked side by side with him for forty years, and acted with him confidentially on many important occasions public and private, enjoyed ample opportunities to witness the great and excellent qualities which made him so respected and valued a member of the community."

"It would be an unseasonable and superfluous, though a grateful task, before this assembly,—composed of the neighbors, the associates, the fellow-citizens of our deceased friend,—to attempt minutely to relate his career or delineate his character.

dered noble service to the community, but always as a private man. He wished to serve it in no other capacity. He resisted, as much as possible, all solicitations to enter public life. He served a little while in our municipal councils and our State Legislature, but escaped as soon as possible. He served two terms in Congress, with honor and good repute. He brought to that market articles with which it is not overstocked; sound, reliable, practical knowledge, and freedom from electioneering projects. He rendered the most important aid as one of the commissioners on behalf of Massachusetts, in the negociation of the North Eastern Boundary question. He was offered a seat in General Taylor's Cabinet, which was promptly declined; and, when the mission to London was placed at his disposal, he held it long under advisement. While he was deliberating whether to accept the place, he did me the honor to consult me, naturally supposing I could give him particular information as to the duties of the office; and, remarking that it would depend in a considerable degree on my report, whether he accepted it. Among many other questions, he asked me "whether there was any real foundation, in truth, for the ancient epigrammatic jest, that "an ambassador is a person sent to a foreign government to tell lies for his own," adding, that, if that was the case, his mind was made up; he had never yet told a lie, and was not going to begin at the age of fifty-six." I told him, "I could answer for myself as a foreign minister, that I had never said a word or written a line which, as far as my own character or that of my government was concerned, I should have been unwilling to see in the newspapers the next day;" and this explanation, he said, removed one of his scruples. I encouraged him, of course, to accept the mission; and his brilliant success is known to the country and to Europe; success equal to that of any of his predecessors, living or dead, however distinguished. His genial disposition, his affable manners, his princely hospitality, his appropriate speeches at public meetings and entertainments,—not studied harangues, not labored disquisitions,—but brief, animated, cordial appeals to the good feelings of the audience,—*topics* pertinent to the occasions,—the tone cheerful and radiant with good temper,—lively touches on the heart-strings of international sympathy,—these were the manly and honest wiles with which he won the English heart. His own government, (first duty of a foreign minister), was faithfully served. The government to which he was accredited was conciliated. The business confided to him, (and it is at all times immense), was ably transacted. The convenience of a host of traveling countrymen promoted. The public in England gratified. What more could be done or desired? His success, as I have said, was fully equal to that of any of his predecessors; perhaps I ought to use a stronger term.

He came home, and returned to private life, the same man. He resumed his place in his happy home, in his counting-house, in the circle of friends, and wherever duty was to be performed, or good done. To the sacred domain of private life I will not follow him, except to say a word on that trait of his character to which the gentlemen who have preceded me have so feelingly alluded, I mean his beneficence; a topic never to be omitted in speaking of Mr. Lawrence. And here I will say of him, what I heard President John Quincy Adams say of another merchant prince of Boston (Col. Perkins) in the Hall of the House of Representatives that "he had the fortune of a prince, and a heart as much larger than his fortune, as that was than a beggar's." I will say of him what was said of his lamented brother, Amos, that "every day of his life was a blessing to somebody." Sir, he gave constantly, by wholesale and retail; and, as I venture to affirm without certainly knowing the fact, every day of his life. His bounty sometimes descended in copious showers, and sometimes distilled in gentle dews. He gave munificent sums publicly, where it was proper to do so, by way of setting an example to others; and, far oftener, his benefactions followed humble want to her retreat, and solaced the misery known only to God and the earthly steward of his bounty. Vast sums were given by him while he lived, which evinced, but, if I mistake not, did not exhaust, his liberality.

Such he was; so kind, so noble, so complete in all that makes a MAN, and the ultimate source of all this goodness, its vital principle, that which brought all his qualities into harmonious relation, was religious principle; the faith, the hope of the gospel. This is no theme for a place like this,—other lips and another occasion will do it justice, but this it was which gave full tone to his character, and

which bore him through the last great trial. This it is which must console us under his irreparable loss, and administer comfort to those with whose sorrow the stranger intermeddleth not."

Of his many acts and bequests for educational and charitable purposes, his founding of the Scientific School at Cambridge, by the gift to Harvard College of $100,000, and his provision in his Will of $50,000, for the erection of *Comfortable Homes* for the industrious and temperate poor, are the most signal. Of the first enough has been said in general explanation,* in the remarks of Mr. Everett. Respecting the last we publish that portion of the Will, transcribed from the Probate Records of Boston, as best explaining his own object, and affording a good model for those who are disposed to go and do likewise.

Having heretofore contributed from time to time, as has seemed to me just and proper, to the various benevolent institutions and Charitable Societies of Boston, and as most of the public charities among us are now well established, and so far provided for, that their support, while properly and usefully conducted, may be safely left to a community like that of Boston, I do not now deem it necessary to make any gifts or bequests to those purposes, but prefer to direct the appropriation of that which under other circumstances I might devote to them, to another object not less important but which has not received so much of the public attention; and as it has long appeared to me that in no way could the welfare of the poor be more promoted than by providing for them honest and industrious, comfortable, and healthy habitations, at such reasonable rents as shall be within their means, and thus affording them one of the greatest safeguards of family happiness and virtue, "*A Home*," and desiring as far as in me lies to aid in this object, hoping that should the experiments lately commenced in this behalf be successful, others may be induced to join in this promotion of so desirable a purpose. I do hereby give, devise, and bequeath to my son James Lawrence, and to my friends I. Ingersoll Bowditch and George H. Kuhn, all of said Boston, or to such of them as shall accept this trust, the sum of Fifty thousand dollars, to hold the same to them the said Lawrence, Bowditch, and Kuhn, and their assigns, the survivors of them and their assigns, and the survivor of them, his heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns, but in trust nevertheless for the uses and purposes following, namely—that the said Trustees shall as soon as conveniently may be after the payment and receipt of the said sum, expend the same in the purchase of such suitable parcel or parcels of land, as they may consider best adapted to the purpose, in the City of Boston, and in the erection thereon of Model Lodging Houses for the Poor, the same to be built and arranged for the accommodation of families, with especial reference to the comfort and health of the occupants and the proper ventilation and cleanliness of their tenements; and upon the further trust to cause and permit the said houses and tenements when so erected and completed, to be let to poor, temperate, and industrious families at such reasonable rents as to the said Trustees shall seem best; and the nett yearly rents and income thereof, after deducting such sums as may be necessary for the payment of taxes, (in case taxes are assessed on the said property), and for repairs and insurance and such other reasonable expenses as may be incurred in the execution of the said trust including the compensation of such Clerk or Agent as they may require in the management of the said trust estate, to divide into two equal parts, one of which parts shall yearly and in each year be distributed by the said Trustees at their discretion, and in such proportions, as they shall decide, among the public charities of the City of Boston, incorporated or otherwise; and the other half part to invest in some safe and productive manner, and the interest and income to suffer to accumulate until it shall constitute a fund of Ten thousand dollars, to be applied when needed to the rebuilding of the said tenements or lodging-houses. Provided, however, that if by reason of the destruction or injury of the said buildings by fire or any other cause, the whole or any portion of the said reserve fund shall be required in addition to such amounts as may be received upon any policies of insurances, for the rebuilding or repair of the said tenements, before the said fund shall have amounted to the said sum of ten thousand dollars, it shall be lawful for the said Trustees to apply the same or so much as may be needed to that purpose. And whenever and as often as the said fund shall by reason of such appropriation and expenditure of the whole or a part have been reduced below the said

* For History of the Lawrence Scientific School, and the Course of Instruction established for 1855-56, see post page, 217.

sum of ten thousand dollars, the same shall be suffered to accumulate by the addition and investment of one full half part of the said nett yearly rents and income, and the interest thereon until it shall reach that sum; but whenever the same shall amount to the said sum of ten thousand dollars, then the whole of the said nett yearly rents and income, together with the interest and income of the said fund of ten thousand dollars, (until the said fund shall be wanted for the purpose of rebuilding), shall be yearly and in each year distributed among the public charities of the City of Boston as aforesaid. Provided, however, that if after the said fund of ten thousand dollars shall have been accumulated and invested in manner aforesaid, it shall in the opinion of the said Trustees, be desirable and expedient to appropriate and expend the income of the said trust fund of ten thousand dollars and the half part of the nett yearly rents and income before that time appropriated to the formation of the said fund of ten thousand dollars to the enlarging or improving of the tenements or houses then erected, they shall have the right so to do. And in case either of the said Trustees before named shall decline, or be unable to accept the said trust, as also in case of the decease, resignation, or continued inability to act of either of the said Trustees or of any other Trustees who may be appointed in their stead as herein provided, a new Trustee or Trustees shall be appointed by the joint nomination and choice of the Actuary of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, the Mayor of the City of Boston, and the Judge of Probate for the County of Suffolk for the time being, and the new Trustee or Trustees thus appointed shall have and exercise the same powers as are herein granted to the Trustees herein named. The Trustees herein named shall not be required to give bond for the faithful execution of their trust, nor shall the Trustees appointed in manner aforesaid be required to give bond, unless required so to do by the said Actuary of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, the Mayor of the City and the said Judge of Probate, or a majority of them. In case the said Trustees, or a majority of them, shall at any time deem it advisable and for the furtherance and promotion of the objects of the trust, to sell the land and buildings held by them in trust, for the purpose of changing the location, or procuring a better situation, they shall have the right so to do, and are hereby authorized and empowered to sell and convey by good and sufficient deed or deeds, the land and estates thus held in trust, and to invest the proceeds in the purchase of other suitable land in Boston, and the erection of buildings thereon, to be held upon the same trusts and used for the same purposes.—The said Trustees shall yearly and in each year render an account of their doings and expenditures to the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Boston.

This wisely guarded and munificent bequest to aid efforts which are already begun to secure comfortable Homes for the Poor, we regard as one of the wisest Charities which has been established in this generation, whether regarded in the light of an educational or humane movement.

An "Association for building Model Lodging Houses for the Poor," was organized in Boston in 1851, of which Mr. Lawrence was a member. The Association has already erected at an expense of $40,000 two houses with accommodation for forty families, on Osborne Place of Pleasant Street in a crowded quarter of the city. Of their operation for one year, the Rev. C. F. Barnard, of Warren Street Chapel—whose ministry is among the extreme poor of the city, and who has no official nor immediate personal connection with the Association, remarks:

"Every thing thus far has exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and there does not appear to be the slightest indication of any thing short of entire success.

* The Association for building Model Lodging Houses for the Poor had its origin in a public meeting held in Warren Street Chapel, on the 12th of June 1846. At this meeting a committee, consisting of S. H. Perkins, Charles F. Barnard, H. T. Bowditch, Walter Channing, James R. Richards, D. R. Chapman, and Edward Winslow, was appointed "to consider the expediency of providing better tenements for the Poor." The Report of this committee was drawn up with great care, and after much research, and was published in a pamphlet of thirty-six pages.

The tenants invariably pay their rent a week in advance, with an alacrity and certainty that are the best proofs of their being comfortably located, fairly treated, and fully satisfied. To your private ear they might testify to more than that. Not a day or a dollar has been lost in the rent account. Hundreds of applicants have been waiting from the beginning in the vain hope of vacant apartments. The few necessary regulations of the Corporation have been cheerfully and completely observed. The Trustees by their welcome daily or weekly visits, by the establishment of a Circulating Library, and by other acts of kindness and brotherhood, have done every thing in their power to deserve success.

* * * * Next to the means of mental, moral, social, and religious culture, and far above all soup houses and every other form of public relief, stand these truly model tenements. Indeed, of what avail are our schools, our chapels, and our churches, if the pupils and hearers do not lodge and cannot live as they should?"

Mr. Lawrence had the satisfaction to know that his wise and munificent donation to Harvard College, was justly appreciated in his own family, and in the world of science, as the following particulars will show.

After reading his brother's letter to the Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, Treasurer of Harvard College, accompanying his donation of $50,000, Mr. Amos Lawrence addressed him the following note:*

"WEDNESDAY MORNING, June 9, 1847.

DEAR BROTHER ABBOTT:—I hardly dare trust myself to speak what I feel, and therefore write a word to say that I thank God I am spared to this day to see accomplished by one so near and dear to me this last best work ever done by one of our name, which will prove a better title to true nobility, than any from the potentates of the world. It is more honorable, and more to be coveted, than the highest political station in our country, purchased as those stations often are by time-serving. It is to impress on unborn millions the great truth that our talents are trusts committed to us for use, and to be accounted for when the Master calls. This magnificent plan is the great thing which you will see carried out, if your life is spared; and you may well cherish it as the thing nearest your heart. It enriches your descendants in a way that mere money never can do, and is a better investment than any one you have ever made.

Your affectionate brother AMOS

TO ABBOTT LAWRENCE."

In a letter to a friend, soon after, the same brother writes: "This noble plan is worthy of him: and I can say truly to you that I feel enlarged by his doing it. Instead of our sons going to France, and other foreign lands for instruction, here will be a place, second to no other on earth, for such teaching as our country stands now in absolute need of." These expressions of approbation from one with whom he had taken counsel not only in great mercantile and manufacturing operations, by which these large fortunes had been amassed, but in plans for expending the fortunes thus accumulated, in advancing great public interests, as well as in private charities—must have been particularly precious.

In his last painful illness, when "it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, we think of most pleas-

* Extracts from the Diary and Correspondence of the late Amos Lawrence; edited by his son. P. 244. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1855.

antly," Mr. Lawrence received a letter from Prof. Benjamin Peirce, of Cambridge, (than whom there can be named no one more competent to judge of the thoroughness and value of scientific training), respecting "the magnificent examinations" of the students of the Scientific School, which was published in the Boston Daily Advertiser of July and from which, we subjoin extracts: —

"A portion of the pupils examined were in the Chemical Department, and the remainder in that of Engineering. The appearance of the students has been excellent in every respect; and, with those in the Chemical department, I have been especially astonished at their brilliant success. Their replies were uniformly characterized with high precision and accuracy; and, the variety of subjects, with which they exhibited a familiarity worthy of masters in science, evinced the extent and thoroughness of their attainments. I am now persuaded that a new era of American education has really commenced with this school. * * These magnificent examinations should not be conducted with such extreme privacy, but the public should be induced to attend them as freely as those of West Point, and the Naval Academy. * * I cannot conclude without congratulating you upon the success which has been at length attained; and, it must smooth the pillow of your sickness to feel that your noble endowment is beginning to return a hundred fold in blessings to the country, and in benedictions upon its generous founder. You must greatly rejoice that the great and greatly loved man (Prof. Agassiz), whom you have placed with us as a colleague, is at length enabled to bless America with the rich productions of his fertile genius."

The death of Mr. Lawrence occurred during the Annual Session of the *American Association for the Advancement of Science*, at Providence. After announcing the fact, Prof. A. D. Bache, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, introduced resolutions expressive of the sincere condolence of the members of the Association with the bereaved family, and of their sense of the public loss in the decease of one of the most munificent patrons of science in the United States, who had identified his name forever with its progress by the foundation of the Scientific School. These resolutions were sustained with much feeling by the Rev. Dr. Wayland, of Brown University, Hon. S. B. Ruggles, of New York, Prof. Silliman, of Yale College, and other gentlemen eminent in the literary and scientific world, and adopted by each member rising in his seat.

Mr. Lawrence married on the 28th of June, 1819, Katharine Bigelow, eldest daughter of Hon. Timothy Bigelow, of Medford, who was a distinguished lawyer of his time, and held high State offices, those of Speaker and Councellor for many years. Eight children were the fruits of this marriage, three of whom died in infancy. The other five (three sons and two daughters) are all married and all reside in Boston.

Mr. Lawrence will long be remembered with pride by the mercantile community in which he lived, as a bright example of professional probity, sagacity, enterprise, and success; by the city, to whose prosperity he so largely contributed, and of whose numerous humane and literary institutions he was a liberal benefactor, and by the poor, whom he never forgot while living, and whose comfortable homes he will multiply when dead. By a large circle of friends at home and abroad, his presence will be associated with high honor, incorrupt integrity, cordial hospitality, a true and generous patriotism, and the noble graces of a christian faith. In the wide republic of letters and science, which knows no boundaries of city or country, his name will be associated now and in all coming time, with the University at Cambridge, as the founder of its Scientific School—as one, who in the language of Edmund Burke, "not contented with reigning in the dispensation of happiness, during the contracted term of human life strains with all the graspings of a vivacious mind, to extend the dominion of its bounty beyond the limits of nature, and to perpetuate itself through generations of generations as the guardian, the protector, and the nourisher of mankind."

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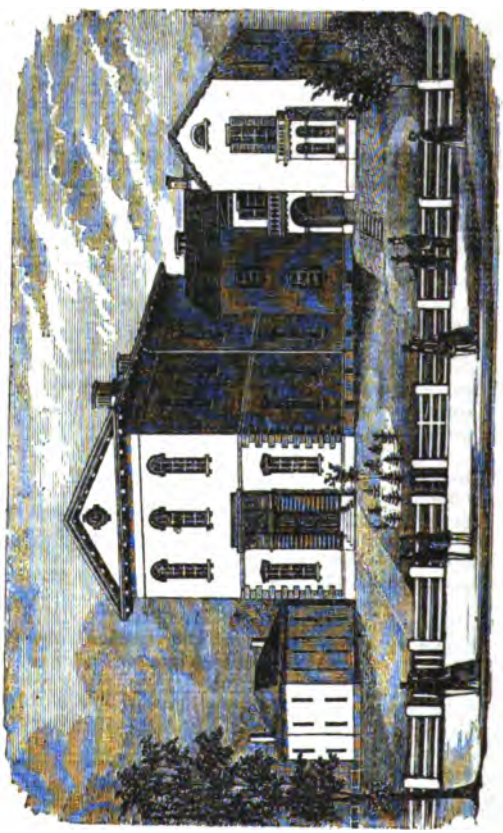
* Of Mr. Lawrence's Educational donations and bequests, besides the sum of $100,000 to the Scientific School at Cambridge, and $50,000 to the Model Lodging Houses, we may add the gift of $4,000 to the English High School and Latin School ($2,000 to each), as a fund for annual prizes, $5,000 to the Public Library of Boston, and $5,000 to the Franklin Library of Lawrence. His Pastor says: "He was in the *habit* of giving during his life, to every meritorious public object, every benevolent institution, every incorporated charity, and every association of a mere private nature for the relief of want." The amount of these donations exceed $250,000, while his private charities were numerous and constant, ranging from $3000 to $5000 a year. Of them Dr. Lothrop, in his Discourse, on the Sabbath following the funeral, mentions the following as having been "made known to me amid a scene of interest and solemnity, that we shall not soon forget. At the close of the funeral services on Wednesday, while crowds were passing up this aisle, to look upon the face of the dead, as I was standing here just beneath the pulpit, a gentleman, who I saw at once was a clergyman, came, and addressing me by name, asked if he might speak to me a moment. My reply was, 'Can you not chose some other time? I can not attend to any business amid this scene and with that body lying there.' His answer was, rapid as he could speak, as if his heart was bursting for utterance, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, 'I must leave the city at two o'clock and must speak now. It is of him who has left that body I would speak. Eighteen years ago I was a poor boy in this city, without means, and without friends. I was a member of the Mechanics' Apprentices' Association. Mr. Lawrence came to one of our meetings. He heard me deliver an essay I had written. He spoke to me afterwards—inquired into my circumstances and character. I made known to him my wants and wishes. He furnished me with means to acquire an education; when prepared, told me Harvard was best, but to go to what college I liked. I went to the Wesleyan University. He supported me at it. I am now a minister of the Gospel in the State of New York. I saw his death in the paper and a notice of his funeral to-day. I came on to attend it. He was my greatest benefactor. I owe it to him that I am a minister of the glorious gospel of Christ. I am not the only one he has helped thus. God will accept him. I felt that I must say this to some one, to whom can I better say it than to his clergyman?' and with this he hurried away, leaving me only time to learn his name and receive from him a kind promise to write to me."



LAWRENCE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE LAW REPORTER.

AUGUST, 1843.

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Of California.

THE HON. JOHN HOLMES.

The Hon. John Holmes died at Portland, in the state of Maine, July 7, 1843, in the seventy-first year of his age. This gentleman, from long practice at the bar, and the space he has occupied in public attention, is entitled from us to more than a passing notice. He was one of the oldest practitioners in the state, and died at his post. He was also a veteran politician, and was longer and more busily occupied on the field of party warfare, than any of his contempories, who have survived him. We therefore seize the earliest opportunity to pay a brief tribute to his services and character.

Mr. Holmes was the second son of Malachiah Holmes, and was born at Kingston, Massachusetts, in March, 1773. His early life was passed as a manufacturer in the extensive iron works of his father, at that place. He was seen toiling at the furnace by a collegian, the temporary schoolmaster of the village, who, being attracted by his intelligence, advised his father to educate him. The hint was improved, and in December, 1792, at the age of nearly twenty, he took his first lessons in Cheever's Latin Accidence, at the town school. His friend, on leaving the school in the spring, commended young Holmes, who had made very rapid progress in his studies, to the instruction of the Rev. Zephaniah Willis, the venerable minister of Kingston. He was admitted at Brown University one year in advance, in 1793, where he pursued his studies with great assiduity, and was a good scholar, although he labored under serious disadvantage, for want of early training; he

enjoyed the friendship of his college companions by his good humor, his frank and amiable manners. The same fearlessness, the same easy and independent manner characterized him there, as in the subsequent periods of his life. Among his classmates, were Tristram Burgess, of Rhode Island; Mr. Chief Justice Aldrich, of Vermont, Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff, of Boston, and Dr. Benjamin O. Simmons, of South Carolina.[1] He was graduated with a respectable appointment in 1796, and immediately entered upon his professional studies with Benjamin Whitman, who then resided at Hanover, and was in full and distinguished practice in the Old Colony. He was a diligent student in this situation, and fully bent on success in his profession.

On being admitted to the bar, in 1799, he resolved to seek his fortune in the eastern country, a remote and comparatively unknown region, but affording to the enterprising and intelligent adventurer, an eminent promise of success, and an ample field of professional labor. He established himself in September, 1799, at Alfred, in the county of York, in Maine, then a district of the town of Sandford, and containing but about eight hundred and fifty inhabitants. It was not incorporated until 1808; still it afforded a very favorable opportunity for a talented young man to rise in the profession. He was for several years the only lawyer in the neighborhood. The titles to land in that part of the county were in an imperfect and unsettled state; the settlers had made their *pitches* upon vacant spots, in what was called the *Fluellen* or *Phillips* grant, and made their improvements without a shadow of title; the proprietors had just begun to make an investigation of their rights. Mr. Holmes was employed by them for this purpose, and pursued the inquiry and the prosecution of the claims with great industry and success.[2] Many actions were necessarily brought,

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[1] The Rev. Jonathan Maxcy, a ripe scholar, had just been inaugurated president of this college, at the very early age of twenty-four years.

[2] Lieutenant William Phillips, son of William Phillips, of Boston, moved to Saco, in 1660. He was a *land speculator*, fully equal to any in modern times. In 1661, he purchased of the Indian Sagamore, Fluellen, a tract of land about eight miles square, including what are now the towns of Sandford, Alfred, and Waterborough. He also purchased in 1664 a large tract extending up the Saco river, fifteen miles above the falls at Saco. He had uncontrolled influence in the affairs of the settlements on the river. He returned to Boston in 1676, on account of the Indian war which had just broken out, and the same year conveyed the Fluellen tract to two of his sons, and several other of his connections, one of whom was Sandford, the son of his wife by a former husband, who had been secretary of Rhode Island. The tract was first called Philipstown, afterwards Sandford, from the son above mentioned.

and much and exasperated litigation was the consequence, which called forth great legal talent from Maine and Massachusetts, and settled some very important questions in the law of real estate. The statement of one of these cases, in which Mr. Dane of Beverly appeared as counsel, may be found in 7 Dane's Abridgment, 697. The discussion of the points in this case produced some little excitement between Mr. Chief Justice Parsons and the counsel, particularly with Mr. Dane, toward whom the judge expressed himself with some impatience, in regard to the plea of *not guilty* to a writ of right. These cases brought Mr. Holmes into extensive practice, and a familiar acquaintance with the law of real estate; and his fees were not inconsiderable. The counsel upon the other side complained to him that he received all the emoluments, while they had to bear heavy burdens.[1]

The courts in York, beside their own lawyers were attended by the late Mr. Chief Justice Parker, Mr. Symmes, and Solicitor Davis of Portland, some New Hampshire lawyers, and occasionally by professional gentlemen from Massachusetts, and were made the occasion of a great deal of sport and hilarity.[2] This collection of lawyers, jurors, suitors, and witnesses, filled up the small villages in which the courts were held, and the public houses could not afford comfortable accommodation for the persons that thronged them. It was quite a privilege, enjoyed by few, to obtain a separate bed, far more a separate chamber. These meetings were the occasion of much dissipation, in which many members of the bar were no ascetics. Scenes of frolic and waggery are still remembered

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[1] At the time Mr. Holmes commenced practice, the supreme court was composed of Mr. Chief Justice Dana, and Justices Paine, Bradbury, Nathan Cushing, and Dawes, and was held at York once a year. The common pleas consisted of Nathaniel Wells, Edward Cutts, Jonas Clark, and Simon Frye, none of whom were educated as lawyers. There were three terms a year of this court, held at York, Waterborough, and Biddeford.

[2] The judges and the lawyers, on account of the badness of the roads, generally performed their circuits on horseback, and often met with poor fare and rough usage; but when they could not get a good dinner, they would contrive to have a good laugh, to which Judge Paine, Mr. Davis, and the late Judge George Thacher, contributed no little of the attic seasoning; although it must be confessed that the jokes were often more practical than refined. The mail was also transported on horseback. It is related that a respectable lawyer on one occasion, as he was passing through Saco woods, met the mail-carrier, and expecting a letter from home by the mail, which only came once or twice a week, he expressed to the post-rider, his desire to obtain the letter. He took off his mail bag without hesitation, poured the contents upon the ground, and they both went to work searching for the desired object. The letter having been found, the carrier quietly deposited the remaining budget in his bag, and pursued his way.

which would shock the gravity and sobriety of the present generation. The gravity and dignity of the bar in that day of the robe and the wig, were very apt to be left in the court room — they were seldom seen in the bar room. Mr. Holmes contributed his share to the amusement of his associates. At one time he officiated as the priest in a mock marriage of one of the bar with a lively girl of the village, in which the parties jumped over the broomstick. The affair was reported by a wag to Judge Cutts, a feeble member of the judiciary, as involving his friend, Mr. Holmes, in a serious dilemma, for having performed a ceremony for which he was not legally qualified. The judge was only relieved from the pain this intelligence gave him, by the assurance of Judge Wells that the whole matter was a joke.

The number of lawyers in Maine, at the time of Mr. Holmes accession to the bar was forty-three, of whom nine resided in the county of York, which then included Oxford, and was the most populous county in the district.[1] Those in York, were the late Mr. Chief Justice Mellen in Biddeford, Cyrus King in Saco, Dudley Hubbard, Temple Hovey, and Edward P. Hayman in Berwick, Joseph Thomas and George W. Wallingford in Kennebunk, Judah Dana in Fryburg, and Nicholas Emery in Parsonsfield. Beside these, the bar of Maine then contained the rich names of Mr. Chief Justice Parker, Mr. Justice Wilde, and Solicitor General Davis, afterwards of Massachusetts, Mr. Chief Justice Whitman, then of New Gloucester, William Symmes, and Salmon Chase of Portland, and Silas Lee of Wiscasset, who was afterwards a member of congress, and fourteen years United States Attorney for Maine. These all were distinguished in their profession, and most of them in public life. Of the forty-three, but eight are now living, viz., Mr. Chief Justice Whitman, Judge Wilde, Judge Dana, Judge Emery, Benjamin Hasey of Topsham, Judge Bailey of Wiscasset, and Allen Gilman of Bangor. Mr. Holmes, although senior in years to several of these, was the youngest at the bar.

Mr. Holmes was a good lawyer, but not of the first order. He handled the weapons of wit with more skill and effect than those of a severe logic, although he was not deficient in that prime quality of a sound jurist. The force of his argument was sometimes weakened or at least appeared to be less close and stringent, by the propensity he had, and which he seemed not able to control, of

[1] The population of York county was then 34,000, of Maine, 151,000.

mingling in its texture the gay threads of wit and anecdote. He was quick of perception, and seized readily upon a weak point of his adversary, which by a great facility of language and infinite good humor, he turned to the best account. Whenever an opportunity occurred of exhibiting his opponent in a ridiculous position, no person could better avail himself of the occasion. An opportunity of this kind was furnished him in the discussion which took place in the senate of the United States, on some subject connected with nullification. Mr. Tyler, we believe, alluding to the satirical remark of John Randolph, some years previous, which designated certain active politicians as partners, under the name of "James Madison, Felix Grundy, John Holmes and the Devil," inquired, with a view to reproach Mr. Holmes, what had become of that celebrated firm. Mr. Holmes immediately sprung upon his feet, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I will tell the gentleman what has become of that firm; the first member is dead, the second has gone into retirement, and the last has gone over to the Nullifiers, and is now electioneering among the gentleman's constituents! and thus the partnership is legally dissolved." The laugh produced on the occasion was wholly at the expense of Mr. Tyler.

In his discussions at the bar, Mr. Holmes often carried the exercise of this talent too far for good taste or ultimate benefit to his client; to raise a laugh at the expense of an opponent, is not always to gain a cause; he was yet very successful with the jury and a popular advocate, and became and continued for several years the leader of the York bar. Wit and humor were the characteristics of his mind; they effloresced on all occasions, at the bar, in the legislature and in private life, and he delighted in their display. An instance or two, at random, will exhibit this trait more perfectly. He was once assisting a client in the survey of a parcel of land about which he was quarrelling with his neighbor; neither of the parties was of unimpeachable character. As they were passing through a portion of the disputed territory, they came to a swamp covered with bushes and almost impassable; one of the litigants said to Mr. Holmes, "this, 'Squire, is the Devil's hop-yard." "Ah!" said Mr. Holmes, "then I think the Devil must be dead, for I see his sons are quarrelling for the *inheritance*." "Then you expect to prevail," said the opposing counsel, "as your client is the oldest heir." "It is not certain," said he, "my client, to be sure, is the *oldest*, but yours is the most *deserving*." [1]

[1] Mr. Holmes was equally happy in the relation of anecdotes. The Rev. Mr. P., some years since, delivered a lecture at Alfred on the subject of *slavery*, and took

During a portion of the time of Mr. Holmes's practice, Joseph Bartlett also practised at that bar. He was a graduate of Harvard, of the class of 1782, and settled first in Woburn, Mass.: he came to Saco in 1802. In some respects he resembled Mr. Holmes; he was a better scholar, and of a more polished wit: his manners were insinuating, and he possessed a peculiar sway over the minds of young men. In other respects he was far different from Mr. Holmes; he was treacherous to his friends, abandoned in his morals, and miserable in his end. Yet the early part of his career was brilliant and promising. He was at the theatre in London, soon after the war of the revolution, at the representation of a piece which caricatured American manners and principles, and afforded great delight to the audience. In one portion of the exhibition, the Americans were represented as a nation of shoemakers, pedlers and tinkers; this sally was received with rapturous applause. As soon as it subsided, Bartlett arose from the pit, and shouted, "Great Britain beaten by a nation of shoemakers, pedlers and tinkers, by ——." The suddenness of the retort electrified the house, and they bestowed upon him more applause for his boldness, than they had before upon the players. Bartlett became intemperate; he left Saco in 1808, and settled awhile in Portsmouth; here he was reduced to his last expedient. His latest appearance in court was on the occasion when he had for a client a poor vagabond named *Cæsar*, than whom himself was hardly better; the judge reproved him for representing such a case and such a client; he respectfully replied, although half seas over; "May it please your honor, it is '*Aut Cæsar aut nullus.*'" [1]

Mr. Bartlett, while he resided at Saco, had a libel suit against the publisher of the Argus, a democratic paper published at Port-

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for his text the words, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them." After he had finished his discourse, which was an able one, Mr. Holmes observed, that whatever might be justly said against the institution of slavery, he did not think the text ever had or was intended to have any application to the subject; it related to a very different affair. The application of it to domestic slavery reminded him of a clergyman who preached from this text, "and David took from the brook *three* smoth stones." "Now, my hearers," said the preacher, "by these words, I intend to prove, explain and illustrate the doctrine of the *Trinity*." "It was *five* smooth stones," said the deacon, in a low tone, very respectfully. "We will see," said the preacher, opening the book with some excitement, and read deliberately, "And David took from the brook *five* smooth stones." "Well, my hearers," said he, "I made a small mistake in the *fact*, but it makes not the slightest difference in the *argument*."

[1] Bartlett wrote poetry and aphorisms, which were published, but have followed their author to obscurity. He perished in an almshouse, the result of profligate habits and shamefully abused talents.

land, and another upon the jail bond, given by the defendant in this case, growing out of political questions, which are no doubt freshly remembered by some of the parties now living. The latter case, which was a very severe one for the defendant, was argued by solicitor Davis and Samuel Dexter for the plaintiff, and by the famous Barnabas Bidwell and Mr. Justice Story of Massachusetts, for the defence; a report of it is contained in the Massachusetts Reports, volume 3, page 86. The former was conducted by Mr. Mellen, Mr. Emery and Mr. Holmes for the plaintiff, and Cyrus King and Judge Wilde for the defendant. There was much irritation and sparring between the counsel; the case was closed by Judge Wilde for the defendant, in a clear, concise and highly finished argument, which produced a deep sensation. Mr. Mellen was also very able in his closing argument for the plaintiff.

One of the principal competitors of Mr. Holmes at the bar and in politics, was Cyrus King, of Saco, a fine lawyer and an accomplished scholar; a man of ardent temperament, inflexible principle and elevated moral character. Mr. Holmes frequently took advantage of the irritability of his temper to gain advantages over him at the bar. By the coolness of his own temper, he often succeeded in this attempt. Mr. King was elected to congress in 1813, re-elected in 1815, and was succeeded in the next congress by Mr. Holmes. While there, he distinguished himself by his earnest and able opposition to the war measures and to the policy of Mr. Madison.

Mr. Holmes was not content with the quiet pursuit of his professional duties, although he had an extensive and profitable business. "The gladsome light of jurisprudence" was not bright and warm enough for him;—he loved law, but he loved politics more; he was ambitious, and like too many of the profession, he abandoned the embraces of the most noble of sciences for the strife of politics. How many thousands who have embarked their proud hopes and anxious expectations upon this wild and stormy sea, after a course of imposing but transient grandeur, have been swept away into entire forgetfulness, while the names of the upright judge and the learned jurist, the Hales, the Mansfields, and the Marshalls, continue fresh and fragrant, as the benefactors of their race!

Mr. Holmes was of a sanguine temperament and ambitious of distinction. He began life as a federalist of the old school, and was not backward in making his principles known and felt. He was elected by that party in 1802 and 1803 to the legislature of Massachusetts from Sandford and Alfred. But the federal policy, although it had the ascendency in Massachusetts, was not to the taste of the

people of his town or county, nor indeed to the majority in Maine. He could not, therefore, succeed any more as the candidate of that party; still he labored on in the cause with great ardor, hoping against hope, through the exciting periods of the embargoes and non-intercourse, when, finding that there was no stemming the tide of democratic principles, he yielded to the storm like many of his contemporaries, and trimmed his sails to the prevailing wind of popular favor.[1]

In the latter part of 1811, he became the advocate of the national administration, and the war measures of Mr. Madison. And immediately on the next election he was returned a representative to the general court of Massachusetts from Alfred. So high stood his reputation with his new friends, that he was their candidate for speaker of the house, in opposition to the old incumbent, Timothy Bigelow. A large majority of the house were the political friends of Mr. Bigelow, and he was reëlected; but Mr. Holmes became an untiring assailant of the measures of the majority, and a vigorous partisan and active leader of the party which he had espoused. He was elected to the senate of Massachusetts in 1813, and continued a member of that body during the trials and excitements of the war, boldly sustaining the policy of the national government, and contending fearlessly and with unabating ardor against all the anti-war measures of Massachusetts.[2]

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[1] In this connection we cannot forbear presenting our readers with a specimen of Mr Holmes's poetical talent. In 1810, a democratic caucus was held at Kennebunk for the selection of candidates. It was said by their opponents, that, disregarding the modern rule of total abstinence, they determined to try the efficacy of treating at the election. Mr. Holmes, with a good deal of tact, seized upon this topic, and published the effusion in six stanzas, from which we copy the following: —

KENNEBUNK CAUCUS.

SONG.

"The York County *Demos* of late had a meeting;
The object was great, but the party was small.
The marshal had issued his circulars greeting,
To tag, rag and bob-tail to meet at his call.
He called for attention
While he made objection
To Gore's reëlection,
And wished they 'd be *mum*;
But while he was stating
The cause of the meeting
The caucus was prating
And calling for — *rum*.

[2] Mr. Holmes was appointed Lieutenant Colonel in Col. Lane's Regiment, United States Army, in 1813, but declined the appointment.

The situation of Mr. Holmes in the legislature was one which would have exceedingly embarrassed a man of ordinary firmness or less buoyancy of mind. The suddenness of his change of sentiment, and the zeal with which he advocated the cause to which he had devoted himself, became the subject of severe rebuke on the part of his former associates. The keen severity of Daniel A. White, the polished irony of Harrison Gray Otis, the caustic humor of Josiah Quincy and Judge Putnam were not spared in the frequent and sharp encounters which the political heats of the day engendered. And it would be doing great injustice to Mr. Holmes not to say, that he sustained himself with great ability in these trying and unequal contests. For wit he returned wit, and full measure, for argument, argument, and on all occasions preserved his coolness; "even when refuted, he could argue still." He was a ready debater, never taken by surprise, and when argument was deficient or unavailing, he pressed into his service the auxiliaries of wit.

In 1815, he was appointed by Mr. Madison, commissioner under the fourth article of the treaty of Ghent, to make division between the United States and Great Britain, of the islands in Passamaquoddy bay. The next year he was elected a representative to congress from York district to succeed Mr. King, and reëlected in 1818 without opposition, having received eleven hundred and six out of eleven hundred and eighty-two votes. This latter was a period when parties were in a transition state, and little excitement agitated the public mind. While he was discharging the duties of commissioner and member of congress, he was actively engaged in effecting the separation of Maine from Massachusetts. He not only labored in this work, but he led in it, and as a leader he had to bear the blame of whatever measures of his party were injudicious or unjustifiable.

In the proceedings of the Brunswick convention, which reported a constitution, on the assumption that the requisite majority of five ninths had been obtained, he sustained a liberal share of abuse. He was not, however, the author of the political arithmetic which converted five ninths of the aggregate majorities of the corporations into a majority of five ninths of the legal voters of the district. He indeed signed the report of that committee as the chairman, and thus the paternity of that calculation was cast upon him. It is unnecessary to say, that the plan did not succeed, the legislature of Massachusetts not being inclined to sanction so palpable a perversion of the plain import of language. The next attempt, however, at separation, succeeded: and a convention met at Portland, in October, 1819, composed of the most prominent and able men in

Maine, to form a constitution of government. Mr. Holmes was appointed chairman of the committee which drafted the instrument, and took a conspicuous part in all the discussions which led to the adoption of the constitution under which the people of Maine now live.

In 1820, he was elected the first senator to congress from the new state, and continued to hold that honorable station, by renewed election, until 1827. In 1828 he was again elected to the senate, for the unexpired term of Judge Parris, who was appointed to the bench of the supreme court, in June, 1828. In 1833, his congressional life ceased, and he returned, with all the freshness of youth, to his first love, the practice of the law, after an uninterrupted and most successful political career of over twenty-two years, in which there was not a year when he was not occupying some public station. In 1836 and 1837, he was elected a representative from Alfred to the legislature of Maine, and in 1841, he was appointed by President Harrison, attorney of the United States, for the Maine district, in which office he died.

Few persons have had their ambition more fully gratified than Mr. Holmes. The road of public life was freely opened before him, and he appeared to have attained, whatever in that direction he most desired. That he acquired a very exalted or enviable reputation cannot be awarded him; he may rather be considered a skilful partisan, than an able statesman; he directed his energies to skirmishing and hanging upon the flanks of his political opponents, rather than striking out any great and permanently useful measures. His popularity at one time in Maine was very great, and he managed matters in his own way. In reviewing the life of such a man, we may perhaps derive a useful reflection upon the danger, not to say folly, of leaving the broad highway of an honorable and profitable profession, for the fitful and the exciting pursuits, and the unsubstantial rewards of the mere politician. That Mr. Holmes had as much of popular favor and its fruits, as falls to the lot of men, none will deny; that they furnished him the satisfaction and the rewards which he would have acquired in the quiet progress of his profession, we do not believe.[1]

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[1] The sentiment we would inculcate is, that members of the profession should not waste their energies, nor destroy their peace of mind, in the exciting and unsubstantial pursuits of political ambition. The idea is finely expressed by the elegant wit and scholar, Sir Henry Wotton, who, three hundred years ago, had ample experience on this subject. Speaking of him who keeps aloof from "princes' favor and the vulgar breath," he says,—

"This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall—
Lord of himself, tho' not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

Whatever estimate may be formed of Mr. Holmes's public life, there is no diversity of opinion in regard to his private and domestic qualities. He was a kind husband, a tender and judicious parent, and a good neighbor. As a townsman, he was exceedingly vigilant in promoting the interests of his fellow citizens in the matters of education, internal improvements, and whatever related to their municipal interests. From the time he settled in Alfred, he never ceased his exertions until he procured all the courts to be held in that place, which was finally accomplished in 1833. He also succeeded in having the route of a railroad from Portland to Dover laid out through his adopted town, but failed in raising the means to complete it.

Mr. Holmes was twice married; his first wife was Sally Brooks, of Scituate, to whom he was united in September, 1800. By her he had all his children, two sons and two daughters, of whom the sons and one daughter survive. His eldest daughter married the Hon. Daniel Goodenow, judge of the district court of Maine, for the western district, including the counties of York, Cumberland, Oxford, and Franklin. She died a few years since. His second wife was the widow of Henry Swan, and the accomplished daughter of General Knox, to whom he was married in July, 1837. He moved the next year to her seat in Thomaston, the late residence of her father, where he continued the principal portion of the time, until his appointment as district attorney, when he divided his residence between Portland and Thomaston. He devoted that period of his life to the preparation of a digest of public and private law, which he published in 1840, under the name of the "Statesman," in one octavo volume. In this work he passes rapidly through the circuit of jurisprudence, contenting himself by presenting a succinct statement of general principles in constitutional and municipal law.

It is satisfactory, in closing this account of a man who has occupied, for many years, so large a space in public opinion, to be able to say that the last scenes of his life were calm and delightful — life's fitful fever was over; the pageantry had passed before him in all its gaudy drapery; his heart was weary of it, and sought that rest which only can be found in a close communion with its divine author. His intellect was clear to the last; his faith was unclouded; he knew in whom he trusted, and exhausted nature surrendered up the spirit, without a murmur or a struggle, to the hand that gave it.[1]

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[1] The United States district court being in session, the morning after Mr. Holmes's death, Judge Emery, the only survivor of the York bar, when Mr. Holmes

Recent American Decisions.

Circuit Court of the United States, Maine, May Term, 1842, at Portland.

WOOD *v.* CARR.

Set-off: — All actions and matters of difference between the parties having been referred to referees, they made separate reports, upon which executions issued and were placed in the hands of the sheriff. Before the executions were issued one of the parties assigned the amount he might recover to third persons, who had full notice of all the facts. *Held*, that the assignee was not within the meaning of the proviso of the statute of Maine of the 13th March, 1821, ch. 6, § 4, the claim not having been "assigned to him *bona fide* and without fraud;" and that the sheriff had a right to set off one execution against another, notwithstanding the notice given to him of the assignment.

THE defendant, being sheriff of the county of Penobscot, had an execution placed in his hands for collection issued on a judgment recovered by the Bangor House Proprietary against the plaintiff. He had also placed in his hands for collection an execution issued on a judgment recovered by the plaintiff against the Bangor House Proprietary. Thereupon, at the request of said Proprietary, the defendant satisfied the plaintiff's execution by setting the amount thereof due and unpaid off upon the execution in favor of the Bangor House Proprietary, indorsing said amount on said execution in part payment and satisfaction thereof. This action was brought against the defendant for an alleged misfeasance in making the said set off. It appeared in evidence, that the plaintiff and the said Proprietary having got into difficulty and dispute several actions were brought by the Proprietary against the plaintiff; all of which were referred with all matters of difference between the parties

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entered it, except Judge Dana, of Fryeburg, communicated to the court, in a highly appropriate manner, the intelligence of the decease of the United States attorney. Judge Ware briefly replied, expressing his high sense of Mr Holmes's merits, and his sympathy with the bar on the occasion, and observed he was ready to unite with them, in paying the last tribute of respect to his memory. The court was immediately adjourned, and the bar then adopted appropriate resolutions, and attended his remains, the next day, to their final resting place. Appropriate services were performed in the High street church, which he attended, and he was buried under masonic honors.

from his friend,
Chas. Sumner

THE LAW REPORTER.

UNIVERSITY
Library.
Of California.

JUNE, 1846.

THE LATE JOHN PICKERING.

It was the remark of Lord Brougham, illustrated by his own crowded life, that the complete performance of all the duties of an active member of the British parliament might be joined with a full practice at the bar. The career of the late Mr. Pickering illustrates a more grateful truth: that the mastery of the law as a science, and the constant performance of all the duties of a practitioner, are not incompatible with the studies of the most various scholarship, — that the lawyer and the scholar may be *one*. He dignified the law by the successful cultivation of letters, and strengthened the influence of these elegant pursuits by becoming their representative in the concerns of daily life, and in the common places of his profession. And now, that this living example of excellence is withdrawn from our personal regard, we feel a sorrow which words can only faintly express. Let us devote a few moments to the contemplation of what he did, and what he was. The language of exaggeration is forbidden by the modesty of his nature, as it is rendered unnecessary by the multitude of his virtues.

John Pickering, whose recent death we now deplore, was born in Salem, February 17th, 1777, at the period of the darkest despondency of the revolution. His father, Col. Pickering, was a

man of distinguished character, and an eminent actor in public affairs, whose name is one of the household words of our history. Of his large family of ten children John was the eldest.[1] His diligence at school was a source of early gratification to his friends, and gave augury of future accomplishments. An authentic token of this character, higher than any tradition of partial friends, is afforded by a little book, entitled "Letters to a Student in the University of Cambridge, Mass., by John Clarke, Minister of a Church in Boston," printed in 1796; which were in reality addressed to him. The first letter begins with an honorable allusion to his early improvement. "Your superior qualifications for admission into the University give you singular advantages for the prosecution of your studies. . . . You are now placed in a situation to become, what you have often assured me is your ambition, *a youth of learning and virtue.*" The last letter of the volume concludes with benedictions, which did not fall as barren words upon the heart of the youthful pupil. "May you," says Dr. Clarke, "be one of those sons who do honor to their literary parent. The union of *virtue* and *science* will give you distinction at the present age, and will tend to give celebrity to the name of Harvard. You will not disappoint the friends who anticipate your improvement." They who remember his college days still dwell with fondness upon his exemplary character, and his remarkable scholarship, at that period. He received his degree of bachelor of arts at Cambridge in 1796.

On leaving the university, he went to Philadelphia, at that time the seat of government, where his father resided as secretary of state. Here he commenced the study of the law under Mr. Tilghman, afterwards the distinguished chief justice of Pennsylvania, and one of the lights of American jurisprudence. But his professional lucubrations were soon suspended by his appointment, in 1797, as secretary of legation, under Mr. Smith, to Portugal. He resided, in this capacity, at Lisbon for two years, during which period he became familiar with the language and literature of the country. Later in life, when his extensive knowledge of foreign tongues opened to him, it might almost be said, the literature of the world, he recurred with peculiar pleasure to the language of Camoens and Pombal.

From Lisbon he passed to London, where, at the close of the last century, he became, for about two years, the private secretary

[1] The reporter, *Octavius* Pickering, was the *eighth* child, which was the reason of his name.

of our minister, Mr. King, residing in the family, and enjoying the society and friendship of this distinguished man. Here he was happy in meeting with his classmate and attached friend, Dr. James Jackson, of Boston, who was then in London, pursuing those professional studies whose ripened autumnal fruits of usefulness and eminence he still lives to enjoy. In pleasant companionship they walked through the thoroughfares of the great metropolis, enjoying together its shows and attractions; in pleasant companionship they continued ever afterwards, till death severed the ties of a long life.

Mr. Pickering's youth, and inexperience in the profession to which he afterwards devoted his days, prevented his taking any special interest, at this period, in the courts or in parliament. But there were several of the judges who made a strong impression on his mind; nor did he ever cease to remember the vivacious eloquence of Erskine, or the commanding oratory of Pitt.

Meanwhile his father, being no longer in the public service, had returned to Salem; and thither the son followed, in 1801, and resumed the study of the law, under the direction of Mr. Putnam, afterwards a learned and beloved judge of the supreme court of Massachusetts, whose rare fortune it has been to rear two pupils whose fame will be among the choicest possessions of our country: Story and Pickering. In due time, he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of the law in Salem.

Here begins the long, unbroken series of his labors in literature and philology, running side by side with the daily untiring business of his profession. It is easy to believe that, notwithstanding his undissembled fondness for jurisprudence as a *science*, he was drawn towards its *practice* by the compulsions of duty rather than by any attractions which it possessed for him. Not removed by fortune from the necessity, to which Dr. Johnson so pathetically alludes, of providing for the day that was passing over him, he could indulge his tastes for study only in hours secured by diligence from the inroads of business, or the seductions of pleasure. Perhaps no lawyer has lived, since the days of the Roman Orator, who could have uttered, with greater truth, those inspiring words, confessing and vindicating the cultivation of letters: "Me autem quid pudeat, qui tot annos ita vivo, judices; ut ab nullius unquam me tempore aut commodo — aut otium meum abstraxerit, aut voluptas avocârit, aut denique somnus retardârit? Quare quis tandem me reprehendat, aut quis jure succenseat, si, quantum cæteris ad suas res obeundas, quantum ad festos dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates, et ad ipsam requiem animi et corporis conceditur temporis; quantum alii tribuunt tempestivis conviviis, quantum

denique aleæ, quantum pilæ; tantum mihi egomet ad hæc studia recolenda sumpsero?"[1]

In his life may be seen two streams, flowing, side by side, as through a long tract of country; one of which is fed by the fresh fountains far in the mountain tops, whose waters leap with delight on their journey to the sea; while the other, having its sources low down in the valleys, among the haunts of men, moves with reluctant, though steady, current onward.

Mr. Pickering's days were passed in the performance of all the duties of a wide and various practice, first at Salem, and afterwards at Boston. He resided at Salem till 1829, when he removed to the latter place, where he was appointed, shortly afterwards, city solicitor; an office, whose arduous labors he continued to perform until within a few months of his death. There is little worthy of notice in the ordinary incidents of professional life. What Blackstone aptly calls "the pert debate," renews itself in infinitely varying forms. Some new turn of litigation calls forth some new effort of learning or skill, calculated to serve its temporary purpose, and like the manna, which fell in the wilderness, perishing on the day that beholds it. The unambitious labors, of which the world knows nothing, the counsel to clients, the drawing of contracts, the perplexities of conveyancing, furnish still less of interest than the ephemeral displays of the court-room.

The cares of his profession, and the cultivation of letters, left but little time for the concerns of politics. And yet he filled, at different periods, offices in the legislature of Massachusetts. He was three times representative from Salem, twice senator from Essex, once senator from Suffolk, and once a member of the executive council. In all these places, he commended himself by the same diligence, honesty, learning and ability which marked his course at the bar. The careful student of our legislative history will not fail to perceive his obligations to Mr. Pickering, as the author of several important reports and bills. The first bill providing for the separation of the district of Maine from Massachusetts, was reported by him in the senate, in 1816. Though this failed to be adopted by the people of Maine, it is characterized by the historian of that state, as "drawn with great ability and skill."[2] The report and accompanying bill, in 1818, on the jurisdiction and proceedings of the courts of probate, in which the whole system is discussed and remodelled, is from his hand.

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[1] Pro Archia, § 6.

[2] Williamson's History of Maine, Vol. II. p. 663.

In 1833, he was appointed to the vacancy, occasioned by the death of Professor Ashmun, in the commission for revising and arranging the statutes of Massachusetts, being associated in this important work with those eminent lawyers, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Stearns. The first part, or that entitled *Of the Internal Administration of the Government*, corresponding substantially with Blackstone's division *Of Persons*, was executed by him. This alone would entitle him to be gratefully remembered, not only by those who have occasion to refer to the legislation of Massachusetts, but by all who feel an interest in scientific jurisprudence.

His contributions to what may be called the literature of his profession, were frequent. The American Jurist was often enriched by articles from his pen. Among these is a Review of the valuable work of Williams on the Law of Executors; and of Curtis's Admiralty Digest, in which he examined the interesting history of this jurisdiction; also an article on the Study of the Roman Law, in which he has presented, within a short compass, a lucid sketch of the history of this system, and of the growth, in Germany, of the historical and didactic schools, "rival houses," as they may be called, in jurisprudence, whose long and unpleasant feud has only recently subsided.

In the Law Reporter, for July, 1841, he published an article of singular merit, on *National Rights* and *State Rights*, being a Review of the case of Alexander McLeod, recently determined in the supreme court of judicature of the state of New York. This was afterwards republished in a pamphlet, and extensively circulated. It is marked by uncommon learning, clearness and ability. The course of the courts of New York is handled with freedom, and the supremacy of the federal government vindicated. Of all the discussions which were elicited by that most interesting question, on which, for a while, seemed to hang the portentous issues of peace and war between the United States and Great Britain, that of Mr. Pickering will be admitted to take the lead, whether we consider its character as an elegant composition, or as a masterly review of the juridical aspects of the case. In dealing with the opinion of Mr. Justice Cowen, renowned for black-letter and the bibliography of the law, he shows himself more than a match for this learned judge, even in these unfrequented fields, while the spirit of the publicist and jurist gives a refined temper to the whole article, which we seek in vain in the other production.

In the North American Review, for October, 1840, is an article by him, illustrative of *Conveyancing in Ancient Egypt*, being an explana ion of an Egyptian deed of a piece of land in hundred-

gated Thebes, written on papyrus, more than a century before the Christian era, with the impression of a seal or stamp attached to it, and a certificate of registry on its margin, in as regular a manner as the keeper of the registry in the county of Suffolk would certify to a deed of land in the city of Boston, at this day. Here jurisprudence is gilded by scholarship.

There is another production, which, like the latter, belongs to the department of literature as well as of jurisprudence; his *Lecture on the Alleged Uncertainty of the Law*, delivered before the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Though originally written for the general mind, which it is calculated to interest and instruct in no common degree, it will be read with equal advantage by the profound lawyer. It would not be easy to mention any popular discussion of a juridical character, in our language, deserving of higher regard. It was first published in the American Jurist, at the solicitation of the writer of these lines, who has never been able to refer to it without fresh admiration of the happy illustrations and quiet reasoning by which it vindicates the science of the law.

In considering what Mr. Pickering accomplished out of his profession, we shall be led over wide and various fields of learning, where we can only hope to indicate his footprints, without presuming to examine or explain the ground.

One of his earliest cares was to elevate the character of *classical studies* in our country. His own example did much in this respect. From the time he left the university, he was always regarded as an authority on topics of scholarship. But his labors were devoted especially to this cause. As early as 1805, he published, in conjunction with his friend, the present Judge White, of Salem, an edition of the Histories of Sallust, with Latin notes, and a copious index. This is one of the first examples, in our country, of a classic edited with scholarlike skill. The same spirit led him, later in life, to publish in the North American Review, and afterwards in a pamphlet, "Observations on the Importance of Greek Literature, and the Best Method of Studying the Classics," translated from the Latin of Professor Wyttenbach. In the course of the remarks, with which he introduces the translation, he urges with conclusive force the importance of raising the standard of education in our country. "We are too apt," he says, "to consider ourselves as an insulated people, as not belonging to the great community of Europe; but we are, in truth, just as much members of it, by means of a common public, commercial intercourse,

literature, a kindred language and habits, as Englishmen or Frenchmen themselves are; and we must procure for ourselves the qualifications necessary to maintain that rank, which we shall claim as equal members of such a community."

His "Remarks on Greek Grammars," which appeared in the American Journal of Education, in 1825, belong to the same field of labor, as does also his admirable paper, published in 1818, in the Memoirs of the American Academy,[1] on the proper pronunciation of the ancient Greek language. He maintained that it should be pronounced, so far as possible, according to the Romaic or modern Greek, and learnedly and ably exposed the vicious usage which had been introduced by Erasmus. His conclusions, though controverted when they were first presented, are now substantially adopted by scholars. We well remember his honest pleasure in a communication he received within a few years from President Moore, of Columbia College, in which that gentleman, who had formerly opposed his views, with the candor that becomes his honorable scholarship, volunteered to them the sanction of his approbation.

But the "*Greek and English Lexicon*" is his work of greatest labor in the department of classical learning. This alone would entitle him to regard from all who love liberal studies. With the well-thumbed copy of this book, used in our college days, now before us, we feel how much we are debtors to his learned toils. This was planned early in Mr. Pickering's life, and was begun in 1814. The interruptions of his profession induced him to engage the assistance of the late Dr. Daniel Oliver, Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy at Dartmouth College. The work, proceeding slowly, was not announced by a prospectus until 1820, and not finally published until 1826. It was mainly founded on the well-known Lexicon of Schrevelius, which had received the emphatic commendation of Vicesimus Knox, and was generally regarded as preferable to any other for the use of schools. When Mr. Pickering commenced his labors, there was no Greek Lexicon with explanations in our own tongue. The English student obtained his knowledge of Greek through the intervention of Latin. And it has been supposed by many, who have not sufficiently regarded, as we are inclined to believe, other relations of the sub-

[1] "*Observations upon Greek Accent*" is the title of an Essay, in the Royal Irish Transactions, Vol. VII., by Dr. Browne, which was suggested, like Mr. Pickering's, by conversation with some modern Greeks, and which touches upon kindred topics. Dr. Browne is the author of the well-known and somewhat antediluvian book on the Civil and Admiralty Law.

ject, that this circuitous and awkward practice is a principal reason why Greek is so much less familiar to us than Latin. In the honorable efforts to remove this difficulty, our countryman took the lead. Shortly before the last sheets of his Lexicon were printed, a copy of a London translation of Schrevelius reached this country, which proved, however, to be "a hurried performance, upon which it would not have been safe to rely."[1]

Since the publication of his Lexicon, several others in Greek and English have appeared in England. The example of Germany, and the learning of her scholars, have contributed to these works. It were to be wished that all of them were free from the suggestion of an unhandsome appropriation of the labors of others. The Lexicon of Dr. Dunbar, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, published in 1840, contains whole pages, which are taken bodily — "convey, the wise it call" — from that of Mr. Pickering, while the preface is content with an acknowledgment in very general terms to the work which is copied. This is bad enough. But the second edition, published in 1844, omits the acknowledgment altogether; and the Lexicon is received by an elaborate article in the Quarterly Review,[2] as the triumphant labor of Dr. Dunbar, "well known among our northern classics as a clever man and an acute scholar. *In almost every page*," continues the reviewer, "*we meet with something which bespeaks the pen of a scholar;* and we every now and then stumble on explanations of words and passages, occasionally fanciful, but always sensible, and sometimes ingenious, which amply repay us for the search. . . . . *They prove, moreover, that the professor is possessed of one quality, which we could wish to see more general: he does not see with the eyes of others;* he thinks for himself, and he seems well qualified to do so." Did he not see with the eyes of others? The reviewer hardly supposed that his commendation would reach the production of an American lexicographer.

In the general department of *Languages* and *Philology*, his labors have been various. Some of the publications already mentioned might be ranged under this head. But there are others still which remain to be noticed. The earliest of these is the work generally called "*The Vocabulary of Americanisms*," being a collection of words and phrases, which have been supposed to be peculiar to the United States, with an Essay on the state of the English language in the United States. This was originally published in 1815, in the Memoirs of the American Academy, and

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[1] Preface to Pickering's Lexicon. [2] Vol. LXXV. p. 299.

was republished in a separate volume in 1816, with corrections and additions. It was the author's intention, had his life been spared, to publish another edition, with the important gleanings of subsequent observation and study. It cannot be doubted that this work has exerted a beneficial influence over the purity of our language. It has promoted careful habits of composition, and, in a certain sense, helped to guard the "wells of English undefiled." Some of the words, which are found in this Vocabulary, may be traced to ancient sources of authority; but there are many which are, beyond question, provincial and barbarous, although much used in our common speech, *fæx quoque quotidiani sermonis, fœda et pudenda vitia.*[1]

In 1818 appeared in the Memoirs of the American Academy his "*Essay on a Uniform Orthography of the Indian Languages.*" The uncertainty of their orthography arose from the circumstance that the words were collected and reduced to writing by scholars of different nations, who often attached different values to the same letter, and represented the same sound by different letters; so that it was impossible to determine the sound of a written word, without first knowing through what alembic of speech it had passed. Thus the words of the same language or dialect, as written by a German, a Frenchman, or an Englishman, would seem to belong to languages as widely different as those of these different people. With the hope of removing from the path of others the perplexities which had beset his own, Mr. Pickering recommended the adoption of a common orthography, which would enable foreigners to use our books without difficulty, and, on the other hand, make theirs easy of access to us. For this purpose, he devised an alphabet, to be applied practically to the Indian languages, which contained the common letters of our alphabet, so far as it seemed practicable to adopt them, a class of nasals, of diphthongs, and, lastly, a number of compound characters, which, it was supposed, would be of more or less frequent use in different dialects. With regard to this Essay, Mr. Duponceau said, at an early day, "If, as there is great reason to expect, Mr. Pickering's orthography gets into general use among us, America will have had the honor of taking the lead in procuring an important auxiliary to philological science."[2] Perhaps no single paper on languages, since the legendary labors of Cadmus,

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[1] De Orator. Dialogus, § 32.

[2] Notes on Eliot's Indian Grammar, Mass. Hist. Coll. Vol. XIX. p. 11.

has exercised a more important influence than this communication. Though originally composed with a view to the Indian languages of North America, it has been successfully followed by the missionaries in the Polynesian Islands. In harmony with the principles of this Essay, the unwritten dialect of the Sandwich Islands, possessing, it is said, a more than Italian softness, was reduced to writing according to a systematic orthography prepared for them by Mr. Pickering, and is now employed in two newspapers, which are published by the natives. It is thus that he may be properly regarded as one of the contributors to that civilization, under whose gentle influence those islands, set like richest gems in the bosom of the sea, have been made to glow with the effulgence of Christian truth.

The Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society contain several important communications from him on the Indian languages; in 1822, (Vol. XIX.) an edition of the Indian Grammar of Eliot, the Augustine of New England, with introductory observations on the Massachusetts language by the editor, and notes by Mr. Duponceau, inscribed to his "learned friend, Mr. Pickering, as a just tribute of friendship and respect;" in 1823, (Vol. XX.) an edition of Jonathan Edwards's "Observations on the Mohegan Language," with introductory observations, and copious notes on the Indian languages, by the editor, and a comparative vocabulary, containing specimens of some of the dialects of the Lenape, or Delaware stock; in 1830, (Vol. XXII.) an edition of Cotton's "Vocabulary of the Massachusetts Language." These labors were calculated, in no ordinary degree, to promote a knowledge of the aboriginal idioms of our country, and to shed light on that important and newly attempted branch of knowledge, the comparative science of languages.

Among the Memoirs of the American Academy, published in 1833, (New Series, Vol. I.) is the "Dictionary of the Abenaki Language, in North America," by Father Sebastian Rasles, with an introductory memoir, and notes, by Mr. Pickering. The original manuscript of this copious Dictionary, commenced by the good and indefatigable Jesuit in 1691, during his solitary residence with the Indians, was found among his papers after the massacre at Norridgewalk, in which he was killed, and, passing through several hands, at last came into the possession of Harvard College. It is considered one of the most interesting and authentic memorials in the history of the North American languages. In the memoir which accompanies the Dictionary, Mr. Pickering says, with the modesty that marked all his labors, that he made inquiries

for memorials of these languages, "hoping that I might render some small service, by collecting and preserving these valuable materials for the use of those persons whose leisure and ability would enable them to employ them more advantageously, than it was in my power to do, for the benefit of philological science."

The elaborate article on the "*Indian Languages of America*," in the Encyclopædia Americana, is from his pen. The subject was considered so interesting, in regard to general and comparative philology, while so little was generally known respecting it, that it was allowed a space more than proportionate to the usual length of philological articles in that work.

The forthcoming volume of the Memoirs of the American Academy contains an interesting paper of a kindred character, one of his latest productions, on the language and inhabitants of Lord North's Island, in the Indian Archipelago, with a vocabulary.

The Address before the American Oriental Society, published in 1843, as the first number of the Journal of that body, is a beautiful contribution to the history of languages, presenting a survey of the peculiar field of labor to which the Society was devoted, in a style which attracts alike the scholar and the less careful reader.

Among his other productions in philology, may be mentioned an interesting article on the *Chinese language*, which first appeared in the North American Review, and was afterwards *dishonestly reprinted, as an original article*, in the London Monthly Review for December, 1840; also an article on the *Cochin-Chinese language*, published in the North American Review for April, 1841; another on Adelung's "Survey of Languages," in the same journal, in 1822; a review of Johnson's Dictionary, in the American Quarterly Review for September, 1828; and two articles in the New York Review for 1826, being a caustic examination of General Cass's article in the North American Review, respecting the Indians of North America. These two articles were not acknowledged by their author at the time they were written. They purport to be by Kass-*ti-ga-tor-skee*, or the *Feathered Arrow*, a fictitious name from the Latin Cas-*tigator*, and an Indian termination *skee* or *ski*.

But even this enumeration does not close the catalogue of Mr. Pickering's labors. There are still others, to which, however, we shall refer by their titles only, which may be classed with contributions to *general literature*. Among these is an Oration, delivered at Salem on the Fourth of July, 1804; an article in the North American Review, (Vol. XXVIII.) on Elementary In-

struction; a Lecture on Telegraphic Language, delivered before the Boston Marine Society, and published in 1833; an article on Peirce's History of Harvard University, in the North American Review for April, 1834; an article on Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in the New York Review for April, 1838; the noble Eulogy on Dr. Bowditch, delivered before the American Academy, May 29, 1838; and obituary notices of Mr. Pierce, the Librarian of Harvard College; of Dr. Spurzheim; of Dr. Bowditch; and of his valued friend and correspondent, the partner of his philological labors, Mr. Duponceau; also, an interesting Lecture, still unpublished, on the Origin of the Population of America, and two others on Languages.

The reader will be astonished at these various contributions to learning and literature, which we have thus hastily reviewed, particularly when he regards them as the diversions of a life, filled in amplest measure by other pursuits. Charles Lamb said that his *real works* were not his published writings, but the ponderous folios copied by his own hand, in the India House. In the same spirit, Mr. Pickering might point to the multitudinous transactions of his long professional life, the cases argued in court, the conferences with clients, and the deeds, contracts, and other papers, in that clear, legible autograph, which is a fit emblem of his transparent character.

His professional life, then, first invites our attention. And here it should be observed, that he was a thorough, hard-working lawyer, for the greater part of his days in *full practice*, constant at his office, attentive to all the concerns of business, and to what may be called the humilities of his profession. He was faithful, conscientious and careful in all that he did; nor did his zeal for the interests committed to his care ever betray him beyond the golden mean of duty. The law, in his hands, was a shield for defence, and never a sword with which to thrust at his adversary. His preparations for arguments in court were marked by peculiar care; his brief was very elaborate. On questions of law he was learned and profound, but his manner in court was excelled by his matter. The experience of his long life never enabled him to overcome the native childlike diffidence, which made him shrink from public displays. He developed his views with clearness, and an invariable regard to their logical sequence; but he did not press them home by energy of manner, or any of the ardors of eloquence.

His mind was rather judicial than forensic in its cast. He was better able to discern the right than to make the wrong appear the

better reason. He was not a legal athlete, snuffing new vigor in the hoarse strifes of the bar, and regarding success alone; but a faithful counsellor, solicitous for his client, and for justice too.

It was this character that led him to contemplate the law as a science, and to study its improvement and elevation. He could not look upon it merely as a means of earning money. He gave much of his time to its generous culture. From the walks of practice, he ascended to the heights of jurisprudence, embracing within his observation the systems of other countries. His contributions to this department illustrate the spirit and extent of his inquiries. It was his hope to accomplish some careful work on the law, more elaborate than the memorials he has left. The subject of the *Practice and Procedure of Courts*, or what is called by the civilians *Stylus Curiæ*, had occupied his mind, and he had intended to treat it in the light of the foreign authorities, particularly the German and French, with the view of determining the general principles or natural law, common to all systems, by which it is governed. Such a work, executed in the fine, juridical spirit in which it was conceived, would have been welcomed wherever the law is studied as a science.

It is, then, not only as a lawyer, practising in courts, but as a jurist, to whom the light of jurisprudence shone gladsome, that we are to esteem our departed friend. As such, his example will command attention, and exert an influence, long after the paper dockets, in blue covers, chronicling the stages of litigation in his cases, shall be consigned to the oblivion of dark closets, and cob-webbed pigeon-holes.

But he has left a place vacant, not only in the halls of jurisprudence, but also in the circle of scholars throughout the world, it may almost be said, in the Pantheon of universal learning. In contemplating the variety, the universality, of his attainments, the mind involuntarily exclaims, "the admirable Pickering!" He seems, indeed, to have run the whole round of knowledge. His studies in ancient learning had been profound; nor can we sufficiently admire the facility with which, amidst other cares, he assumed the task of the lexicographer, which Scaliger compares to the labors of the anvil and the mine. Unless some memorandum should be found among his papers, as was the case with Sir William Jones,[1]

[1] Sir William Jones had studied eight languages, critically,—English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit; eight others less perfectly, but all intelligible, with a dictionary,—Spanish, Portugese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish; twelve studied less perfectly, but all attainable,—Tibetian, Pali, Phalari, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, Chinese; in all, twenty-eight languages. — *Teignmouth's Life of Jones.*

specifying the languages to which he had been devoted, it may be difficult to frame a list with entire accuracy. It is certain that he was familiar with at least *nine*, — the English, French, Portuguese, Italian, Spanish, German, Romaic, Greek, and Latin; of these he spoke the first five. He was less familiar, though well acquainted, with the Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and Hebrew; and had explored, with various degrees of care, the Arabic, Turkish, Syriac, Persian, Coptic, Sanscrit, Chinese, Cochin-Chinese, Russian, Egyptian hieroglyphics, the Malay in several dialects, and particularly the Indian languages of America and of the Polynesian Islands.

The sarcasm of Hudibras on the "barren ground," supposed to be congenial to "Hebrew roots," is refuted by the richness of his accomplishments. His style is that of a scholar and man of taste. It is simple, unpretending, like its author, clear, accurate, and flows in an even tenor of elegance, which rises at times to a suavity, almost Xenophontean. Though little adorned by flowers of rhetoric, it shows the sensibility and refinement of an ear attuned to the harmonies of language. He had cultivated music as a science, and in his younger days performed on the flute with Grecian fondness. Some of the airs which he had learned in Portugal, were sung to him by his daughter, shortly before his death, bringing with them, doubtless, the pleasant memories of early travel, and of the "incense-breathing morn" of life. A lover of music, he was naturally fond of the other fine arts, but always had particular happiness in works of sculpture.

Nor were those other studies, which are sometimes regarded as of a more practical character, alien to his mind. In his college days he was noticed for his attainments in mathematics; and later in life, he perused with intelligent care the great work of his friend, Dr. Bowditch, the translation of the *Mécanique Céleste*. He was chairman of the committee which recommended the purchase of a telescope of the first class, to be used in the neighborhood of Boston, and was the author of their interesting report on the uses and importance of such an instrument. He was fond of natural history, particularly of botany, which he himself taught to some of his family. In addition to all this, he possessed a natural aptitude for the mechanic arts, which was improved by observation and care. Early in life he learned to use the turning lathe, and, as he declared, in an unpublished lecture before the Mechanics Institute of Boston, made toys and playthings which he bartered among his schoolmates.

The latter circumstance gives singular point to the parallel, al-

ready striking in other respects, between him and the Greek orator, the boast of whose various knowledge is preserved by Cicero. "Nihil esse ulla in arte rerum omnium, quod ipse nesciret; nec solum has artes, quibus liberales doctrinæ atque ingenuæ continerentur, geometriam, musicam, literarum cognitionem, et poetarum, atque illa quæ de naturis rerum, quæ de hominum moribus, quæ de rebuspublicis dicerentur; *sed annulum, quem haberet, se sua manu confecisse.*"[1]

It is, however, as a friend of classical studies, and as a student of language, or a philologist, that he is entitled to be specially remembered. It is impossible to measure the influence which he has exerted upon the scholarship of the country. His writings and his example, from early youth, have pleaded its cause, and will plead it still now that his living voice is hushed in the grave. His genius for languages was profound. He saw, with intuitive perception, their structure and affinities, and delighted in the detection of their hidden resemblances and relations. To their history and character he devoted his attention, more than to their literature. It would not be possible for our humble pen to attempt to determine the place which will be allotted to him in the science of philology; but the writer cannot forbear recording the authoritative testimony, which it was his fortune to hear, from the lips of Alexander von Humboldt, to the rare merits of Mr. Pickering in this department. With the brother, William von Humboldt, that great light of modern philology, he maintained a long correspondence, particularly on the Indian languages; and the letters of our countryman will be found preserved in the royal library at Berlin. Without rashly undertaking, then, to indicate any scale of preëminence or precedence among the cultivators of this department, at home or abroad, it may not be improper to say of his labors, in the words of Dr. Johnson, with regard to his own,[2] "that we may now no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent."

If it should be asked by what magic Mr. Pickering was able to accomplish these remarkable results, it must be answered, by the careful husbandry of time. His talisman was industry. He was pleased in referring to those rude inhabitants of Tartary who placed idleness among the torments of the world to come, and often remembered the beautiful proverb in his Oriental studies, that by labor the leaf of the mulberry tree is turned into silk. His life is a

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[1] De Oratore, Lib. III. § 32.

[2] Preface to Dictionary.

perpetual commentary on those words of untranslatable beauty in the great Italian poet:[1]

"———— seggendo in piuma
In fama non si vien, nè sotto coltre:
Sanza la qual, chi sua vita consuma
Cotal vestigio in terra di se lascia,
Qual fumo in aere od in acqua la schiuma."

With a mind, thus deeply imbued with learning, it will be felt that he was formed less for the contentions of the forum than the delights of the academy. And yet, it is understood that he declined several opportunities, which were afforded him, of entering its learned retreats. In 1806, he was elected Hancock professor of Hebrew, and other Oriental languages, in Harvard University; and, at a later day, he was invited to the chair of Greek literature, in the same place. On the death of Professor Ashmun, many eyes were turned towards him, as a proper person to occupy the professorship of law in Cambridge, which has been since so ably filled by Mr. Greenleaf;[2] and, on two different occasions, his name was echoed by the public prints as about to receive the dignity of president of the university. But he continued, as we have seen, in the practice of the law to the last.

He should be claimed with peculiar pride by the bar. If it be true, as has been said of Sergeant Talfourd, that he has reflected more honor upon his profession, by his successful cultivation of letters, than any of his contemporaries by their forensic triumphs, then should the American bar acknowledge their obligations to the fame of Mr. Pickering. He was one of us. He was a *regular* in our ranks; in other services, only a *volunteer*.

The mind is led, instinctively, to a parallel between him and that illustrious scholar and jurist, one of the ornaments of the English law, and the pioneer of Oriental studies in England, Sir William Jones. Both confessed, in early life, the attractions of classical studies; both were trained in the discipline of the law; both, though engaged in its practice, always delighted to contem-

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[1] Dante, Inferno, Canto 25.

[2] The lovers of the science of law will learn with pleasure that the benchers of the Temple have appointed Mr. George Long, well known for his scholarship in Europe and America, reader on the civil [Roman] law and jurisprudence. The other inns will be compelled to follow this example; and students will no longer be able merely *to eat* their way to the bar. In the joint cultivation of classical and juridical studies, Mr. Long is not unlike Mr. Pickering.

plate it as a science; both surrendered themselves, with irrepressible ardor, to the study of languages, while the one broke into the unexplored fields of Eastern philology, and the other devoted himself more especially to the native tongues of his own continent. Their names are, perhaps, equally conspicuous for the number of languages which had occupied their attention. As we approach them in private life, the parallel still continues. In both there was the same truth, generosity and gentleness, a cluster of noble virtues; while the greater earnestness of the one, is compensated by the intenser modesty of the other. To Pickering, also, may be applied those words of the Greek couplet, written in honor of his prototype: "The Graces, seeking a shrine that would not decay, found the soul of Jones."

While dwelling with admiration upon his triumphs of intellect, and the fame he has won, let us not forget the virtues, higher than intellect or fame, by which his life was adorned. In the jurist and the scholar let us not lose sight of the *man*. So far as is allotted to a mortal to be, he was a spotless character. The rude tides of this world seemed to flow by without soiling his garments. He was pure in thought, word and deed. He was a lover of truth, goodness and humanity. He was the friend of the young, encouraging them in their studies, and aiding them by his wise counsels. He was ever kind, considerate and gentle to all; towards children, and the unfortunate, full of tenderness. He was of modesty "all-compact." With learning to which all bowed with reverence, he walked humbly alike before God and man. His pleasures were simple. In the retirement of his study, and in the blandishments of his music-loving family, he found rest from the fatigues of the bar. He never spoke in anger, nor did any hate find a seat in his bosom. His placid life was, like law, in the definition of Aristotle, "mind without passion."

Through his long career, which was extended to the extreme limit of that length of days which is allotted to man, he was blessed with unbroken health. He walked on earth with an unailing body and a serene mind. And at last, in the fullness of time, when the garner was overflowing with the golden harvests of a well-spent life, in the bosom of his family, the silver cord was gently loosened. He died in Boston, May 5th, 1846, in the seventieth year of his age,—only a few days after he had revised the last proof-sheet of a third edition of his Greek Lexicon. His wife, to whom he was married in 1805, and three children, survive to mourn their irreparable loss, and to rejoice in his good name on earth, and his immortality in heaven.

The number of societies, both at home and abroad, of which he was an honored member, attests the wide-spread recognition of his merits. He was president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; president of the American Oriental Society; foreign secretary of the American Antiquarian Society; fellow of the Massachusetts Historical Society; of the American Ethnological Society; of the American Philosophical Society; honorary member of the historical societies of New Hampshire, of New York, of Pennsylvania, of Rhode Island, of Michigan, of Maryland, of Georgia; of the National Institution for the Promotion of Science; of the American Statistical Association; of the Northern Academy of Arts and Sciences, Hanover, N. H.; of the Society for the Promotion of Legal Knowledge, Philadelphia; corresponding member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin; of the Oriental Society of Paris; of the Academy of Sciences and Letters at Palermo; of the Antiquarian Society at Athens; of the Royal Northern Antiquarian Society at Copenhagen; and titular member of the French Society of Universal Statistics.

For many years he maintained a copious correspondence, on matters of jurisprudence, science and learning, with distinguished names at home and abroad; especially, with Mr. Duponceau, at Philadelphia; with William von Humboldt, at Berlin; with Mittermaier, the jurist, at Heidelberg; with Dr. Pritchard, author of the Physical History of Mankind, at Bristol; and with Lepsius, the hierologist, who wrote to him from the foot of the pyramids in Egypt.

The death of one, thus variously connected, is no common sorrow. Beyond the immediate circle of family and friends, he will be mourned by the bar, amongst whom his daily life was passed; by the municipality of Boston, whose legal adviser he was; by clients, who depended upon his counsels; by all good citizens, who were charmed by the abounding virtues of his private life; by his country, who will cherish his name more than gold or silver; by the distant islands of the Pacific, who will bless his labors in every written word that they read; finally, by the company of jurists and scholars throughout the world. His fame and his works will be fitly commemorated, on formal occasions, hereafter. Meanwhile, one who knew him at the bar and in private life, and who loves his memory, lays this early tribute upon his grave.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE.

MAY 1828.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

THE details of the lives of some distinguished writers present few incidents of interest or importance; and though their productions may long survive them, and be read with admiration in succeeding ages, yet that they lived, and wrote, and died, is sometimes nearly the sum total of what is recorded concerning them. Too often indeed does it happen, as Dr Johnson strongly observed, that writers for the press are men who have lived nobody knows how, and died nobody knows where. And even when the rare union of prudence and ability is crowned with worldly prosperity, and fortune as well as fame rewards the labours of an eminent writer, his life may yet be marked by no occurrences out of the common routine of affairs, and his reminiscences, so far as they relate to himself, be as dull as those of P. P. Clerk of the Parish.

But splendid instances of exception to the spirit of these remarks will occasionally occur; and the life of the successful aspirant after literary fame *may* afford a narrative, less varied and astonishing perhaps, but not less amusing and instructive than that of the bold adventurer whose deeds rival those of the hero of a romance. And whatever may be the degree of interest belonging to the personal history of an author, it derives additional importance from its connection with his literary labours. We view the writer in his works. For in tracing the emanations of the mind it is scarcely possible to avoid forming some ideas of the character, manners, and disposition of the individual from whom they originated. It is likewise to be observed, that those who neither by their original compositions nor their personal adventures have secured any permanent celebrity, may yet deserve commemoration on account of their intercourse, whether

hostile or amicable, with persons of higher and more legitimate pretensions. Numerous examples might be adduced of authors, who have owed the preservation of their names from oblivion solely to their animadversions on the productions of learning and genius,—from Zoilus, who assailed with his criticisms the reputation of the great father of epic poetry, to the antagonists of his English imitator, Pope, whom he condemned to long-enduring, if not everlasting fame, of no very enviable description, in his Dunciad. But this sort of reflected notoriety attaches not merely to the carping censurer, but also to the liberal commentator, whose critical observations are dictated by sincere esteem and respect for the subject of his animadversions. Those who possess taste and judgment which enable them fairly to appreciate and indicate the beauties of thought and expression which occur in the writings of others, manifest traces of kindred genius, and their names may be allowed to descend to posterity in conjunction with those of the original writers to whose fame they may have contributed, even when there is nothing in the character of their own productions which could serve as the basis of an independent claim to lasting reputation. It is thus that the 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' has preserved the memory of Dr Richard Farmer, who was too insensible to the charms of literary distinction, or too much inclined to give way to indolence of disposition, to leave any other considerable testimony of his learning and ability. And Joseph Spence is better known as the author of an ingenious Commentary on Pope's translation of the Odyssey, than on account of his erudite treatise on Classical Mythology; the merit of which, indeed, consists chiefly in the display of critical taste and judgment as applied to the great poets of antiquity.

Various then are the causes which conduce to render interesting the memoirs of literary men, shed a lustre over their names, and secure them a portion of that fondly worshipped fame, which is sometimes the dear-bought and sole reward of their most assiduous labours and energetic exertions. But among the subjects of literary biography, there are some whose claims to notoriety arise not from one class of circumstances only, and whose personal history, as well as their writings and connections, may afford materials for the abundant gratification of liberal curiosity. Such was the talented individual, on the narrative of whose life and literary labours we are about to enter.—Raised to eminence by his own exertions, and the patronage elicited by the early display of great natural abilities and industrious application, WILLIAM GIFFORD became the Aristarchus of his age and country. Born in obscurity, and in the earlier stages of his life consigned to indigence and neglect, his spirit soared above his circumstances; and despising the difficulties with which he was surrounded, he

applied himself to the task of intellectual cultivation as assiduously as if he had anticipated the brilliant success which was the destined reward of his labours. But the interesting history of the opening scenes of the life of Mr Gifford have been traced by his own pen, and the simple and unaffected detail which he has communicated of his early sorrows and privations, his yearnings after knowledge, and the means by which he was ultimately enabled to obtain the gratification of his wishes, cannot be better told than in the autobiographical sketch which he prefixed to one of his most important publications.* Referring our readers, therefore, to the memoir in question for fuller information, we shall proceed to give such a slight abstract of it as may serve to elucidate the subsequent history of this distinguished member of the republic of letters.

The family, from which William Gifford claimed his descent, was one of the most ancient and respectable of those which were settled in the southern part of the county of Devon; and his great-grandfather possessed considerable property at Halsworthy, a parish in the neighbourhood of Ashburton. The extravagance and dissipation of the son of this gentleman deprived him of a portion of his inheritance. Edward Gifford, the father of our author, appears to have followed, or rather surpassed, the example of paternal misconduct and imprudence set before him. He was sent to the grammar-school at Exeter, from which he made his escape, and entered on board a man-of-war: he was soon reclaimed from this situation by his father, and he left school a second time to wander in vagabond society; having travelled with Bamfylde Moore Carew, then an old man. He was now probably given up: for he was, on his return from this notable adventure, reduced to article himself to a plumber and glazier, with whom he luckily stayed long enough to learn the business.† Becoming possessed of two small estates, he married Elizabeth Cain, the daughter of a carpenter at Ashburton, and set up in his occupation at South Molton. After residing there five years, he thoughtlessly engaged in an attempt to excite a riot in a Methodist chapel, and the apprehension of being prosecuted for this misdemeanor induced him to abscond; and he accordingly went to sea, leaving his wife in a state of pregnancy: she returned to her native place, Ashburton, where the subject of this memoir was born, in April 1757. On the scanty income arising from the rent of a few fields, Mrs Gifford contrived to support herself and her child during the

* The narrative of the earlier part of the life of Gifford, above alluded to, first appeared in the Preface to his translation of the Satires of Juvenal, in 1802; and it has been repeatedly republished since the death of the writer, particularly in the eleventh volume of the 'Autobiography.'

† Autobiography, vol. xi.—Memoir of Gifford, p. 6.

period of about seven years, which elapsed before her husband returned home. At a proper age she sent her son to a dame-school, where he learned to read; and from his mother, he says "he acquired much curious knowledge of 'Catskin,' and the 'Golden Bull,' and the 'Bloody Gardener,' and many other histories equally instructive and amusing."*

His father came home in 1764, and having disposed of the little landed property which he had remaining, engaged in business a second time as a glazier and house-painter. The son, at the age of eight, was placed at the free-school at Ashburton, kept by Hugh Smerdon, to learn to read, write, and cypher.† There he continued about three years, with little advantage, when his father fell a martyr to intemperance. The widow, who was left with two sons, the youngest being an infant, determined to continue her husband's business; but the workmen she employed wasted her property and embezzled her money; and at her death, which took place within twelve months of that of her husband, William Gifford and his orphan brother were almost abandoned to the mercy of the wide world. The property left by the widow was seized by "a person of the name of Carlile," to whom she had been indebted for advances of money, and who had stood god-father to her elder son. The latter, who was not quite thirteen years old, this person took into his house, and soon after sent him to school; but getting tired of the expense, removed him in about three months, and would have consigned him to the drudgery of husbandry. But after driving the plough one day, he absolutely refused to resume that employment; for which he was in a great degree incapacitated, owing to an injury of the chest, occasioned by an accident during the life of his father. Carlile then, after an abortive attempt to ship him for Newfoundland, that he might become an assistant in a store-house, proposed sending him on board one of the Torbay fishing-boats. At this proposal he demurred, and the matter was compromised by his consenting to go on board a coasting-vessel; and he was accordingly placed with a man named Full, the master of a coaster at Brixham. "Our vessel," he observes, "was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself: when we had to go far-

* Id. p. 7.

† In the Introduction to the 'Dramatic Works of John Ford, with Notes, by W. Gifford,' published shortly after the death of the editor, he mentions "a little charity-school, founded at Ashburton by a Mr John Ford, (a relative of the poet) who endowed it with a few pounds a year, for a master to teach reading and writing." This was probably the school at which Mr Gifford received his early education.

ther, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage. In this vessel, the Two Brothers, I continued nearly a twelvemonth; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished. It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only 'a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,' but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet, if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading: as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the 'Coasting Pilot.'"*

A share in those accidents, to which the life of a mariner is peculiarly liable, contributed doubtless to increase his disrelish for the occupation. On one occasion, attempting to get on board a vessel at midnight, he missed his footing and fell into the sea; but some ropes being thrown out, one of them got entangled about him and he was drawn up in a state of insensibility, from which he was not without difficulty recovered.

The state of neglect and degradation to which he had been reduced at length becoming the subject of public rumour at Ashburton, Mr Gifford's godfather was induced, by the animadversions of his neighbours, to take back his orphan charge, who accordingly quitted Brixham, on Christmas-day, 1770. He was, on the expiration of the Christmas holidays, sent again to school, where his progress in arithmetic was so rapid, that in a few months he was able, on any extraordinary emergency, to assist his master, Mr E. Furlong, who repaid his services by giving him some trifling sums of money. The height of his ambition now was to engage in the office of instructing youth; and his first master, Mr Hugh Smerdon, being infirm and advanced in years, he flattered himself that on his death he might possibly be appointed his successor; but on making known his plan to his guardian, Carlile, it was treated with contempt. That person had other views for him, and being utterly dependent, Mr Gifford was obliged to comply with his proposal, in pursuance of which he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, who agreed to take him without a premium; and by an indenture, dated January 1st, 1772, he agreed to serve his new master till he should arrive at the age of twenty-one.

"The family of which he thus became an inmate, consisted of four journeymen, two sons about his own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. His master was a Presbyterian, whose reading

* Memoir, u. s. p. 10.

was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter controversy. As these—at least his portion of them—were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility; and being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents, and became, in consequence of it, intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not however indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph: he was possessed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then get by heart the synonyme or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the other, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete." *

At this period Mr Gifford's reading had been confined to a black-letter romance, called 'Parismus and Parismenus;' a few loose numbers of magazines belonging to his mother; the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' by St Thomas-à-Kempis, which he had read to her on her death-bed; and the Bible. Disliking extremely his new occupation, he acquired no proficiency in it; and, unpromising as were existing prospects, he still indulged hopes of succeeding his former teacher, Mr H. Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted his favourite study of mathematics at every interval of leisure. He had but one book, which was a treatise on algebra, given him by a young woman who had accidentally found it in a lodging-house. Want of elementary instruction rendered this work to him a sealed volume. But he was lucky enough to borrow, unknown to the owner, who was his master's son, Fenning's 'Introduction to Algebra,' one of the plainest works ever produced on the subject. His enthusiastic desire of knowledge induced him to sit up during the greater part of several nights successively, till he had studied the treatise so effectually as to be well acquainted with simple equations, and consequently qualified to cope with the difficulties which had impeded his progress in the study of his own book. His manner of working problems in algebra, is too curiously characteristic of his profession to be omitted. Being without pens, ink, or paper, or money to purchase them, he beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and drew his diagrams, or minuted down his calculations, with a blunted awl.

"Hitherto," says Mr Gifford, "I had not so much as dreamt of poetry; indeed I scarcely knew it by name, and whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never 'lisp'd in numbers.' I recollect the occasion of my first attempt; it is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I

* Id. pp. 13, 14.

should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person had undertaken to paint a sign for an alehouse; it was to have been a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair, one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verses: I liked it, but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose: I tried, and by the unanimous suffrage of my shopmates was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject; and so I went on, till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly nothing on earth was ever so deplorable; such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them, even out of it. I never committed a line to paper, for two reasons: first, because I had no paper; and secondly—perhaps I might be excused from going farther—but in truth I was afraid, for my master had already threatened me for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme. The repetitions of which I speak were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial; little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed like a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c. and what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine: it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits."*

Unforeseen misfortunes now awaited him. His master, displeased with his negligence in business, seized his little stock of literature, and interdicted the continuance of his studies; and the disappointment of the hope which he had cherished of succeeding Mr Hugh Smerdon (whose death happened soon after) plunged him in absolute despair. The soothing kindness of a female neighbour at length alleviated his distress, and he comforted himself with the reflexion that his apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when he determined to renounce his hated employment, and open a private school.

This was the most critical epoch of the life of Mr Gifford, when he had the good fortune to attract the notice and excite the compassion of a gentleman, who, though holding no very exalted station in society, yet possessed the ability and the will to render him essential services. He thus speaks of his early patron:—

* Id. pp. 15, 16.

"Mr Cookesley was not rich: his eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him indeed much employment; but in a country town men of science are not the most liberally rewarded: he had, besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence; that little, however, was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to supply the deficiencies of his fortune." * The result of this gentleman's examination of his case was the forming of a subscription for purchasing the remainder of his time of apprenticeship, and furnishing him with the means of improving himself in writing and English grammar. He was now in his twentieth year; and out of the money collected his master received the sum of six pounds for giving up his indentures, and the remainder of what had been subscribed was sufficient to support him for a few months, during which he assiduously attended to the instructions of the Rev. Thomas Smerdon. At the expiration of this period his progress was more considerable than those who had taken an interest in his circumstances had anticipated; and, through the friendly exertions of Mr Cookesley, further donations were obtained, to provide for the support of the young student at school during another year. In two years and two months after his emancipation from his apprenticeship, he was pronounced by Mr Smerdon fit for the university. The plan of opening a writing school had been previously abandoned; his patron therefore determined to send him to Oxford; and having, through the interest of Thomas Taylor, Esq. of Denbury, obtained for him the office of Bible Reader at Exeter College, he engaged to furnish him with such additional assistance as might enable him to maintain himself, at least till he became a graduate.

After his settlement at the university, Mr Gifford engaged in a literary undertaking of considerable importance. This was a translation of the Satires of Juvenal; and his early attention to this work is the more worthy of remark, as it seems to have influenced his taste as a public writer, and greatly contributed to give the predominant character to his original productions. The circumstances which first turned his attention to this author are thus described in his own narrative:—"During my attendance on Mr Smerdon I had written several tuneful trifles, some as exercises, others voluntarily (for poetry had now become my delight), and not a few at the desire of my friends. When I became capable, however, of reading Latin and Greek with some degree of facility, that gentleman employed all my leisure hours in translations from the classics; and indeed I do not know a single school-book of which I did not render some portion into English verse.

* Id. p. 18.

Among others, Juvenal engaged my attention, or rather my master's, and I translated the tenth satire for a holiday task. Mr Smerdon was much pleased with this; I was not undelighted with it myself; and as I was now become fond of the author, he easily persuaded me to proceed with him, and I translated in succession, the third, the fourth, the twelfth, and I think the eighth satires. As I had no end in view but that of giving a temporary satisfaction to my benefactors, I thought little more of these than of many other things of the same nature which I wrote from time to time, and of which I never copied a single line." *

Before Mr Gifford left school, he had written two tragedies, the 'Oracle' and the 'Italian.' "These rhapsodies," as he styles them, "were placed by an indulgent friend, who thought well of them (probably Mr Cookesley) in the hands of two respectable gentlemen, who undertook to convey them to the manager of ——; and of their subsequent fate the author never received any information." Notwithstanding, however, the little pains he took to preserve them, many of his productions at this period may be still in existence. The author of 'Anecdotes of the Private Life of Mr Gifford,' published in the 'Literary Gazette,' who was long and intimately acquainted with him, mentions, as being in his possession, five Eclogues composed by Mr Gifford, "probably while he was at school. They are in the manner of Pope, and have much of his harmonious flow; perhaps Pope and Virgil were the only pastoral poets with whom he was acquainted at the time of their composition."

At the University Mr Gifford resumed the task of translation, and he had gone through the first and second satires when his friend Mr Cookesley first started the idea of his making a complete version, and publishing it by subscription, as a means of increasing his pecuniary resources. Having finished the thirteenth, eleventh, and fifteenth satires, the design was mentioned among the friends of the translator, and meeting with much approbation, on the 1st of January 1781 the subscription was opened by Mr Cookesley, at Ashburton, and by Mr Gifford himself at his college.

In justice to our author, it will be proper to give his own observations on this project.—"So bold an undertaking, so precipitately announced, will give the reader, I fear, a higher opinion of my conceit than of my talents: neither the one nor the other, however, had the smallest concern in the business, which originated solely in ignorance. I wrote verses with great facility, and I was simple enough to imagine that little more was necessary for a translator of Juvenal! I was not, indeed, uncon-

* Id. p. 21.

scious of my inaccuracies; I knew they were numerous, and that I had need of some friendly eye to point them out, and some judicious hand to rectify or remove them; but for these, as well as for everything else, I looked to Mr Cookesley, and that worthy man, with his usual alacrity and kindness, undertook the laborious task of revising the whole translation. My friend was no great Latinist, perhaps I was the better of the two; but he had taste and judgment, which I wanted."*

It being thought desirable that a specimen of the work should be laid before the public, a sheet was selected for that purpose from the beginning of the first satire; and while this was printing, Mr Gifford experienced a serious affliction in the sudden death of his kind and zealous patron, which took place January 15, 1781. Mr Cookesley thus cut off, as it seems, in the prime of life, was denied the noble gratification of witnessing even the dawnings of the literary fame of his *protegée;* who, however, duly appreciated and constantly acknowledged his obligations to the early friend, by whose discriminating liberality he had been rescued from want and obscurity. In an 'Elegy on the Death of Mr Cookesley,' written while he remained at College, he has given vent to his feelings for the melancholy deprivation, with much pathos and elegance of expression. An extract or two from this poem is subjoined, as affording some proof of the early proficiency of the writer, and not destitute of interest on account of the allusions to the character of him whom it commemorates:—

"'Tis night, dead night, and drowsy sleep descends
To shed his poppies o'er a nation's eyes;
But not *my* couch the partial god attends,
Nor stays my tears, nor calms my bursting sighs.

Restless I start, and by the moon's pale gleam,
To Isis' willowy margin bend my way:
Ah! never, Isis, by thy sacred stream
May wretch so lost to hope, to comfort, stray.

Once free and sportive as the sylvan choir,
I rang'd thy wild meand'ring course along;
Drew from thy hallow'd urn ideal fire,
And tun'd my reed to many a blithesome song.

That sportive range, that blithesome song are past,—
Adieu the Muse's charm, the poet's pride!
The scene was sadden'd, and the day o'ercast,
And ev'ry pleasure lost, when Cookesley died.

Dear honour'd name!—but cease, ye tears, to flow—
A moment cease—the while with pious care

* Id. pp. 21, 22.

I cull the freshest, earliest sweets that blow,
And weave unfading garlands for his bier.

* * * * *
* * * * *

O you that give the tuneful breast to glow,—
Whatever haunts, whatever names you choose,
Native of heav'n, or bright Parnassus' brow,
Effluence of God! Pure Fire! or Sacred Muse!

Be present now, and prompt my grateful lay,
To many a deed of genuine friendship due:
All hopeless else the debt of love to pay,
I call—auspicious be the call—on you.

He never learnt the mean, the selfish art
To soothe the baseness that he disapproved:
Free were his thoughts, and open was his heart,
And ever partial to the worth he loved.

Averse from guile, and easy to believe,
The tale of unfelt misery gain'd his ear;
He dared not think another would deceive,
But held all language, like his own, sincere.

Oft from the sick, by med'cine's happiest pow'r,
He turn'd the dire impending blow aside:
From *others* turn'd—but Heav'n had fix'd *his* hour,
And med'cine's happiest pow'r in vain was tried.

Nor solely to that godlike art confined
His genius and his worth conspicuous shone;
His were the nobler virtues of the mind,
His the warm tear for sorrows not his own.

Go, ask the pensive maid, of joy forlorn,
Whose counsel check'd, *whose* pity charm'd her sighs?
Go, ask the helpless widow, left to mourn,
Who wiped the streams of anguish from her eyes?

Go, ask the woe-worn wretch, to want a prey,
Whose bounty cheer'd affliction's hateful gloom?
Go, ask—ah! fond inquirer, haste to me,
And read thy answer in this humble tomb.

Ambition never fired his gentle breast;
Alike unknown to meanness and to pride,
Av'rice ne'er broke his soft, untroubled rest,
Nor int'rest lured his steady steps aside.

When virtue rose, unwonted joy he found,—
The triumph and the glory were his own;
When virtue fell, *he* also felt the wound,
And Heav'n has heard the deep, th' impassion'd groan.

Yet cruel envy all his life pursued;
Envy of merit still th' ungrateful meed,

His ev'ry act through jaundiced optics view'd,
And pour'd her venom o'er each gen'rous deed."*

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* * * * *

This mournful event occasioned repeated interruptions, and at length the temporary abandonment of the translation. The author applied himself to the more intimate study of the classics, and the acquisition of some of the modern languages. He likewise by permission, or rather recommendation, of the rector and fellows of his college, undertook the care of a few pupils; by which employment he was in some degree relieved from anxiety relative to his future means of support. Reviewing now with the critical eye of improved taste and judgment the work on which he had been engaged, he was so dissatisfied with what he had completed, that he determined for a while to lay aside the undertaking, and return to his subscribers the money they had advanced. This, so far as it was practicable, was done; and he thus saw himself released from the obligation which he had contracted; yet the scheme was only delayed, to be resumed with greater advantage at a future period.

Among the circumstances which principally contributed to prevent Mr Gifford for a considerable time from finishing his translation, was his removal from college into the family of Earl Grosvenor, with whom he went to reside in 1782. His introduction to this nobleman was the result of a fortunate accident. He had formed an acquaintance with the Rev. William Peters, now a royal academician, who resided a short time at Oxford, and with that gentleman, on his returning to the metropolis, he kept up an epistolary correspondence. At his particular request the letters addressed to him were inclosed in covers, and sent to Lord Grosvenor. One day Mr Gifford inadvertently omitted the direction, and his lordship, necessarily supposing the letter to be intended for himself, opened and read it. There was something in it which attracted his notice, and when he gave it to Mr Peters, he had the curiosity to inquire about his correspondent at Oxford; and in consequence of the answer received, he desired that he might be brought to see him on his coming to town. An interview accordingly took place, when Lord Grosvenor, finding on personal inquiry that his visitor had neither friends nor prospects of any kind, gave him an invitation to become an inmate of his family, charging himself at the same time with the care of his present support and future establishment.

Thus suddenly and unexpectedly removed from a state border-

* Literary Gazette, No. 542.

ing on indigence to the enjoyment of ease and competence, though not of independence, Mr Gifford applied himself anew to the translation of Juvenal; but the work was destined to experience a fresh interruption, in consequence of his being called upon to fill the office of travelling tutor to Lord Belgrave, the son of his patron, and at present the possessor of the family title and estates.

"There is among his early poems, though of considerably later date than the Eclogues before mentioned, an Ode to the present Lord Grosvenor, then his pupil; and which is one of the happiest of his youthful efforts: in the exordium he obviates any objection that might be taken to his premature devotion to the Muses. He also entered into a correspondence with the daughter of his patron, in which he prescribed for her a course of reading in English poetry; adding occasional criticisms of his own, explanations of poetical figures, &c. These letters are exceedingly curious: the criticisms coming from one so young, are, of course, not very subtil or refined, but are distinguished by that elegance of taste and discrimination which characterised him to a remarkable degree." *

He spent several years in two successive tours on the continent, with the young nobleman under his tuition; and whilst abroad "he kept his acquaintance well informed of his adventures, in a series of most entertaining letters: his descriptions in which are exceedingly humorous,—many of them highly picturesque." †

On his return from the last of these excursions, he again took up his residence in the family of his munificent patron. Thus settled, as he describes himself, "in the bosom of competence and peace," his thoughts recurred to his promised translation of the works of the Roman satirist; but it was not till after he had acquired high reputation as an original writer that he completed that undertaking.

His first appearance before the public in the character of an author was in 1791, when his 'Baviad,' a poetical satire, issued from the press. This was an anonymous publication, the general objects and peculiar motives of which the satirist thus states in the preface to the poem:—"In 1785, a few English of both sexes, whom chance had jumbled together at Florence, took a fancy to while away their time in scribbling high panegyrics on themselves, and complimentary canzonettas on two or three Italians, who understood too little of the language to be disgusted with them. In this there was not much harm; but as folly is progressive, they soon wrought themselves into an opinion that

* Anecdotes of the Private Life of W. Gifford.—*Lit. Gaz.* No. 542.
† Ibid.

that they really deserved the fine things which were mutually said and sung of each other. About the same period a daily paper, called the World, was in fashion, and much read. This paper was equally lavish of its praise and abuse, and its conductors took upon themselves to direct the taste of the town, by prefixing a short panegyric to every trifle that appeared in their own columns. The first cargo of Della Cruscan poetry was given to the public through the medium of this paper. There was a a specious brilliancy in these exotics which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarcely ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove; with an ostentatious display of 'blue hills,' and 'crashing torrents,' and 'petrifying suns,' From admiration to imitation is but a step. Honest Yenda tried his hand at a descriptive ode, and succeeded beyond his hopes; Anna Matilda followed; in a word,

> - - - - - - - - - - contagio labem
> Hanc dedit in plures, sicut grex totus in agris
> Unius scabie cadit, et porrigine porci.

"While the epidemic malady was spreading from fool to fool, Della Crusca came over, and immediately announced himself by a sonnet to Love. Anna Matilda answered it; and the 'two great luminaries of the age,' as Mr Bell * calls them, fell desperately in love with each other. From that period not a day passed without an amatory epistle fraught with thunder, lightning, *et quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli*. The fever turned to frenzy: Laura Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand other nameless names, caught the infection, and from one end of the kingdom to another all was nonsense and Della Crusca. Even then I waited with a patience which I can better account for than excuse, for some one abler than myself to step forth to correct this depravity of the public taste, and check the inundation of absurdity that was bursting upon us from a thousand springs. As no one appeared, and as the evil grew every day more alarming, (for now bed-ridden old women and girls at their sampler began to rave,) I determined, without much confidence of success, to try what could be effected by my feeble powers, and accordingly wrote the following poem."

This piece of poetical criticism, which at once established the fame of the caustic bard, and has perhaps not been surpassed by any of his later productions, was a paraphrase or rather adaptation

* Mr John Bell, formerly a bookseller in the Strand, was the publisher of 'A Classical Arrangement of Fugitive Poetry;' an edition of the 'British Poets,' from Chaucer to Churchill; 'Shakspeare's Plays,' &c.; besides the 'Poetry of the World.'

of the first satire of Persius. The individuals so severely animadverted on both in prose and verse, were Robert Merry, Mrs Piozzi, Miles Peter Andrews, Mr Colman, Mrs Cowley, Mrs Robinson, and Mr Jerningham, with several contemporary wits and versifiers of inferior notoriety. The 'World,' in which these worthies of Parnassus found a local habitation and a name, was a newspaper conducted under the patronage of Captain Topham, a gentleman well known in the regions of gallantry and fashion. But the chief object of Mr Gifford's satire was Mr Merry, of whose adventures at Florence the following account was given in a short memoir of his life, which was published several years ago.—He studied at Oxford, and then at Lincoln's inn; but on the death of his father, who had acquired a fortune in trade, he entered into the army, which he soon quitted, and engaged in a tour on the continent. For a while he took up his residence at Florence, and fascinated by the charms of a married lady of quality, he became the votary of love and beauty; and taking the tone of the society with which he was surrounded, he naturally enough clothed the offspring of his poetical conceptions in a gaudy mantle of Italian drapery. His style of living, pleasing manners, and acknowledged talents, procured him the acquaintance of many persons, natives of Tuscany as well as foreigners, who were distinguished in the literary and fashionable circles. He was chosen a member of the academy of Della Crusca, and he was induced to engage with a few English emigrants of both sexes in the support of a periodical work, entitled 'The Florentine Miscellany,' carried on under the superintendance of Mrs Piozzi. While this publication was continued, the secret of Mr Merry's gallantries transpired, and such reports were circulated on the subject as gave him much uneasiness. On tracing the origin of these stories, he had the mortification to discover that he was indebted for the propagation of them to his literary coadjutors; and, in retaliation, he employed his pen in ridiculing the greater part of the coterie. This affair hastened, if it did not occasion, the dissolution of the partnership of these retailers of poetry and scandal. Mr Merry returned to England, where he wrote verses on the French revolution and epigrams in the Argus newspaper, besides a tragedy and a comic opera; all which are deservedly forgotten. He subsequently married Miss Brunton, an actress, with whom he went to America; and he died suddenly at Baltimore in Maryland, December 24, 1798.

Mr Gifford doubtless visited Florence in the course of his travels with Lord Belgrave; but whether he had any intercourse with Mrs Piozzi and her tuneful associates, and if he had, whether any circumstances occurred which could prompt him to bestow

on them so severe a castigation as they received from his critical scourge, it would probably be now fruitless to inquire. Conjectures as to the motives of a public writer, especially where they tend to his disadvantage, certainly ought to be hazarded with great caution. We shall therefore only observe, that if Mr Gifford had any private reasons for pouring forth his satirical vituperations, his spleen was probably moved by something published in the World; and having taken up his pen to expose to derision the contributors to that journal, he seized the opportunity for bestowing an occasional lash on various other poetasters of the day. A short specimen of his poem will serve to shew how he executed the office of self-elected censor of literature and morals which procured him so much public approbation.

" Oh thou that deign'st this homely scene to share,
Thou know'st when chance (tho' this indeed be rare)
With gleams of random wit has graced my lays,
Thou know'st too well how I have relish'd praise.
Not mine the soul that pants not after fame;
Ambitious of a poet's envied name,
I haunt the sacred fount athirst to prove
The grateful influence of the stream I love.
And yet, my friend, (tho' still at praise bestow'd
Mine eye has glisten'd, and my cheek has glow'd,)
Yet, when I prostitute the lyre to gain
The eulogies that wait each modish strain,
May the sweet Muse my groveling hopes withstand,
And tear the strings indignant from my hand.

Nor think that, while my verse too much I prize,
Too much th' applause of fashion I despise;
For mark to what 'tis given, and then declare,
Mean tho' I am, if it be worth my care.
Is it not given to Este's unmeaning dash,*
To Topham's fustian, Colman's flippant trash,
Miles Andrews' doggrel, Merry's frantic whine,
Cobb's vapid jest, and Greathead's lumbering line.?" †

Baviad, 113.—134.

* Charles Este, who was one of the contributors to the 'World,' and, at one time at least, " principal director" of that Journal, under Mr Topham, had been bred to the medical profession, which he exchanged for that of an author. In 1787 he published 'Memoirs' of his own life, in an eighteenpenny pamphlet.

† Bertie B. Greathead, Esq. of Guy's Cliff, near Warwick, nephew of the Duke of Ancaster, wrote a tragedy intitled 'The Regent,' published in 1788. It was also brought upon the stage; but in consequence of the indisposition of his late Majesty, in 1789, the exhibition was stopped by an order from the Lord Chamberlain. Mr Greathead died in 1823.

Among the objectionable passages in the 'Baviad' are the ensuing allusions to the celebrated tragedian, John Kemble:—

"Others, like Kemble, on black-letter pore,
And what they do not understand adore."—189, 90.

With the concluding line of the poem—

"And the hoarse croak of Kemble's foggy throat."

It is also a fault of Mr Gifford's satire, that it descends too low, as some of the scribblers whom he gibbeted were so obscure, that their merits or demerits could not for a moment have interested the public, even at the time he wrote. And though the professors of the Della Cruscan school of poetry afforded a fair mark for the darts of sarcastic criticism, "it has been questioned whether the folly of this harmless class required all the caustic severity which in this instance it extorted; and the rude personality of the satirist, towards those of the softer sex in particular, has been thought more indicative of the deficiency in courtesy and refinement which might be expected from his early disadvantages, than of his residence in a nobleman's house, in which woman notoriously engrossed a very large share of attention." *

In 1794 was published the 'Mæviad,' a poetical imitation of the tenth Satire of the first book of Horace. Following up the impression his former production had made on the public mind, the bard now undertook the Herculean labour of purifying that Augean stable, the stage. The following remarks occur in the preface to the 'Mæviad:'—"I know not if the stage has been so low since the days of Gammer Gurton as at this hour. It seems as if all the blockheads in the kingdom had started up and exclaimed, *una voce*, 'Come, let us write for the theatres!' In this there is nothing perhaps altogether new, but the striking and peculiar novelty of the times seems to be, that all they write is received. Of the three parties concerned in this business, the writers and the managers seem the least culpable. If the town will have husks, extraordinary pains need not be taken to find them anything more palatable. But what shall we say of the town itself? The lower orders of the people are so brutified and besotted by the lamentable follies of O'Keefe, and Cobb, and Pilon, and I know not who—*Sardi venales*, each worse than the other—that they have lost all relish for simplicity and genuine humour; nay, ignorance itself, unless it be gross and glaring, cannot hope for 'their most sweet voices.' And the higher ranks are so mawkishly mild, that they take with a placid simper whatever comes before them; or, if they now and then experience a

* Autobiography, vol. xi. Sequel to Mem. of Gifford, pp. 29, 30.

slight disgust, have not resolution enough to express it, but sit yawning and gaping in each other's faces for a little encouragement in their pitiful forbearance."

Though on this occasion Mr Gifford had selected a most appropriate subject for satirical reprobation, and executed his undertaking in a manner highly creditable to his talents, he had little reason to boast of his success. The extravagant farces of O'Keefe and Cobb have kept possession of the stage; and with all their faults, they are preferable to the mischievous sentimentality of Kotzebue and his imitators, and the unmeaning bombast of the melodrama, by which they have occasionally been superseded; to say nothing of the swimming and fighting dogs,* the horses, elephants, *et hoc genus omne*, whose appearance has from time to time been hailed by the public with enthusiastic delight. The 'Mæviad,' though, like its predecessor, abounding in personal and sarcastic allusion, is less deformed by coarseness of epithet and virulence of language; and its want of effect was owing to no deficiency of power in the critic, but to the influence of circumstances tending to the corruption of the public taste, over which the press could exercise little or no control.

The 'Baviad' and 'Mæviad,' though they appeared without the name of the author, were known as the productions of Mr Gifford, whose merit obtained the tribute of applause from writers of whose approbation he had reason to be proud. Among his eulogists were the author of the 'Pursuits of Literature,' and Lord Byron. The latter, in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' thus apostrophizes his precursor in the field of criticism. After classing him with the poets who—

"Feel as they write, and write but as they feel,"

he adds—

"'Why slumbers Gifford?' once was ask'd in vain;†
Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?
Are there no fools whose backs demand the scourge?
Are there no sins for satire's bard to greet?
Stalks not gigantic vice in ev'ry street?
Shall peers or princes tread pollution's path,
And 'scape alike the law's and muse's wrath?
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time,
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise claimed:
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed."—799—810.

* See 'The Caravan,' and 'The Castle of Montargis.'

† "Mr Gifford promised publicly that the 'Baviad' and 'Mæviad' should not be his last original works: let him remember, '*Mox in reluctantes Dracones.*'"

The public promise adverted to by Lord Byron seems to have been forgotten by Mr Gifford, or perhaps he conceived the importance of his future labours as a journalist and editor cancelled the voluntary obligation which he had contracted; for his only original production subsequent to those already noticed was his 'Epistle to Peter Pindar.' But before this issued from the press, he engaged in the office of editing the 'Anti-Jacobin' newspaper. In the latter part of the year 1797, a number of gentlemen holding situations under government, or otherwise connected with the ministry, projected the publication of a periodical work, to be intitled, The Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner, the principal object of which was to combat, by means of wit and argument, the political principles disseminated in reviews and magazines, by a host of writers, in favour of what the one party styled the cause of liberty, and the other, jacobinism and licentiousness. In the first instance, Dr Grant, a periodical writer of that period, was engaged as the conductor of the undertaking. But a few days previous to the time fixed for the appearance of the first Number, Dr Grant, being taken seriously ill, sent for Mr Wright, then a bookseller in Piccadilly, who was to be the publisher, and stating his inability to enter on the discharge of his editorial functions, desired that information of the circumstance should be immediately communicated to the supporters of the undertaking. Mr Wright accordingly called on Mr Charles Long (the present Lord Farnborough), and told him what had taken place. Mr Long enquired whether Mr Wright could recommend any gentleman competent to supply the place of Dr Grant; and the bookseller immediately mentioned Mr Gifford. He was commissioned to make the satirist an offer of the vacant office, which the latter accepted without hesitation. The first Number of the paper was published November the 20th, 1797, and the last made its appearance on the 9th of July 1798. Some of the ablest articles are said to have been written by the editor; and to his office was annexed the task of detecting and exposing the "misrepresentations" and "lies" of the opposition journals, for which purpose a corner of the Anti-Jacobin was always expressly reserved. Among the principal contributors to this undertaking were Mr Canning, Mr John Hookham Frere, and Mr George Ellis (now Lord Seaford); and the keen satire, playful wit and genuine humour displayed in their communications indubitably constituted the chief attraction of the Anti-Jacobin. The farewell address of the conductors was probably from the pen of Mr Gifford; and it exhibits the following summary of the result of their labours:—"We trust we 'have done the state some service.' We have driven the Jacobins from many strong holds to which they most tenaciously held. We

have exposed their principles, detected their motives, weakened their authority, and overthrown their credit. We have shown them in every instance ignorant, and designing, and false, and wicked, and turbulent, and anarchical,—various in their language, but united in their plans, and steadily pursuing through hatred and contempt the destruction of their country."

The services of Mr Gifford as a political partizan did not go unrewarded, as he obtained a post under government, which was nearly sinecure, with a salary of 300*l.* a year. An amusing anecdote has been circulated relative to the manner in which he performed his official duties, at least upon one occasion. "Shortly after the Right Honorable Lord Sidmouth was appointed Secretary of State for the Home Department, he very handsomely presented Mr Gifford with the Paymastership of the Honorable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, or Men at Arms,—(a situation he enjoyed till the period of his death),—of which corps Mr Bulmer, his ancient typographer, had long been one of the oldest members. It was the practice of Mr Gifford, whenever an exchequer warrant was issued for the payment of the quarterly salaries of the gentlemen of the band, to inform the members, by a circular letter, that their salaries were in a course of payment: but on many of these occasions he was wont to depart from his usual routine, and indulge himself in a poetical notice to Mr Bulmer. These notices were generally written on any blank or broken page he might accidentally find on the proof sheet of Shirley's dramatic works which he might be correcting at the instant,—a work he had long been employed in conducting through the Shakspeare press. From a variety of those momentary effusions of the satirist, which, we understand, are in the possession of the printer, we have been favoured with the following admonitory epistle, to which a translation has been added:—

Ad Cl. V. Gul. Bul. Gent. Pens. Epistola Hortatoria.

O qui terribili Regem præstare securi
Securum gaudes, Βουλμηρον πιστατε παντων!
Nummorum (vox aurea) apud me jam stabat acervus
Ingens, officii merces lautissima fidi:
Ad quem, si sapias, alato jam pede curras.
Nam, si quid veri veteres cecinere poetæ,
Ipsæ alas sibi opes faciunt, volitantque repente.

An Admonitory Epistle to the Right Worthy W. Bulmer, Gentleman Pensioner.

Most loyal Bulmer, who well pleased dost bear
The dreadful axe, thy sov'reign's life to guard,
A mighty heap of money (golden word)
Before me stands for faithful service due.
And thou, if wise, with winged foot will speed

Hither the bounteous guerdon to receive:
For, if there's truth in what old bards have sung,
Riches make wings, and oft take sudden flight.*

The editorship of the Anti-Jacobin involved Mr Gifford in a quarrel with Dr Wolcot, who, under the assumed title of 'Peter Pindar,' long amused the public by his satirical attacks in rhyme on persons of all ranks and parties. As his productions were in general much more distinguished for wit than loyalty, they not unreasonably excited the wrath of the contributors to the Anti-Jacobin. Their animadversions appear to have deeply wounded the feelings of the satirist, who took his revenge in a coarse invective, which he styled "a most interesting postscript," to a poem intitled 'Lord Auckland's Triumph, or the Death of Crim. Con.' Wolcot was a native of the same part of the kingdom with Gifford, with whose origin and early history he was acquainted; and in this postscript he vented his anger in a tirade full of the most vulgar and illiberal reflections on the original occupations and subsequent connections of his antagonist, mixed with insinuations highly degrading with regard to his personal and literary character. It has been remarked that "Wolcot was an unscrupulous man, and could advert to the personal character of patrons and clients, as well as suggest motives and employments, in a species of banter between jest and earnest, of a more annoying nature than even direct accusation." The abuse contained in the postscript was indeed so gross and unsparing, that the prudence of Mr Gifford, in resorting to his pen rather than to any other weapon, to defend himself and wound his adversary, is more likely to be admired than imitated. He accordingly met his calumniator on his own ground, and in an 'Epistle to Peter Pindar,' he made his knowledge of the private history of Dr Wolcot subservient to a retaliatory exposure of his conduct and motives as a public writer; and his satire, if not so caustic as that of which he had been the object, seems to have been no less galling and effective. Wolcot, maddened by the attack, adopted a mode of revenge in every respect unjustifiable. He sallied forth determined to inflict on the author of the Epistle bodily chastisement; and, having provided himself with a cudgel, he followed Mr Gifford into the shop of his bookseller, in Piccadilly, and was about to apply the weapon to the shoulders of the satirist, when his arm was arrested by a gentleman present, and the assailant was dragged into the street, and rolled in the kennel, by way of cooling his angry passions. He shortly after had recourse to the press; and in a piece, intitled 'A Cut at a Cobbler,' lampooned the object of his resent-

* Literary Gazette, No. 554.

ment, both in prose and verse, in a strain of vulgar ribaldry, in which (unlike the usual stile of his works) he displayed more malice than humour. And thus ended this controversy, so little creditable to either of the parties concerned. A contemporary writer, in a review of the compositions of the rival bards, thus alludes to their dispute:—

"In a prose postscript to his poems, Peter attacks several writers whom he conceives to be his opponents in anonymous productions; and among others the author of the 'Baviad,' who has not been tardy in returning blow for blow. This war of words, and of *very foul* words, brings to our recollection a simile in the conclusion of a humorous piece of fugitive poetry, which much diverted us nearly half a century ago, and which we now quote from memory:

"So when a chimney-sweep and barber fight,
The barber beats the chimney-sweeper white;
The chimney-sweeper heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber black;
In comes the brick-dustman, with grime o'er-spread,
And beats the sweeper and the barber red:—
Red, black and white, in various clouds are tost,
Till, in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost."*

Justice to the memory of Mr Gifford demands that we should not close the account of this affair without observing that the truly dishonourable imputations, which, in his reckless indignation Dr Wolcot had cast on the character of the former, were destitute of the slightest foundation in anything like fact. Our author therefore, (who, notwithstanding the acrimony of his style, possessed certainly much constitutional coolness of temper,) acted wisely perhaps in treating with contempt the last ebullition of the venom of his irritated adversary.

The only tangible accusation which Dr Wolcot brought forward against the author of the 'Baviad,' was that of procuring subscriptions for a work which he never intended to publish. This was successfully repelled by the appearance of the 'Translation of Juvenal,' which was printed in 1802. The circumstances which induced him to undertake this work, and those which occasioned the long delay of the publication, are detailed in the prefatory memoir, and have been already noticed. His conduct, with regard to the subscriptions, may be stated in his own words. After mentioning his determination, when at Oxford, "to renounce the publication for the present," he adds:—"In pursuance of this resolution, I wrote to my friend in the country (the Rev. Ser-

* Monthly Review for August 1800.

vington Savery,) requesting him to return the subscription-money in his hands to the subscribers. He did not approve of my plan; nevertheless he promised, in a letter which now lies before me, to comply with it; and in a subsequent one, added that he had already begun to do so.—For myself, I also made several repayments; and trusted a sum of money to make others with a fellow-collegian, who, not long after, fell by his own hands in the presence of his father. But there were still some whose abode could not be discovered, and others on whom to press the taking back of eight shillings would neither be decent nor respectful: even from these I ventured to flatter myself that I should find pardon, when on some future day I presented them with the work (which I was still secretly determined to complete) rendered more worthy of their patronage, and increased by notes, which I now perceived to be absolutely necessary, to more than double its proposed size." *

The anxiety which Mr Gifford manifests to set in a fair light his conduct, with regard to the subscription, was probably occasioned by the inculpatory animadversions of Peter Pindar; and it is no unreasonable conjecture that to the sarcastic allusions of the satirist to his early employment, we owe the autobiographical narrative which has been so much and so deservedly admired.

The English version of Juvenal's Satires, which occupied a considerable portion of the life of the translator, may be regarded as his most important literary undertaking; and when at length it was perfected by the corrections of his friends, and his own revisions and improvements, it issued from the press with every possible advantage, headed by a Dedication to his patron, Lord Grosvenor, "with admiration of his talents and virtues."

The following character of the work appeared in the 'Monthly Review:'—

"In the translation before us the Roman satirist appears with great advantage. Mr Gifford has caught the spirit and style of his author; and he has, in general, accomplished his endeavour, which was to make Juvenal speak as he would probably have spoken if he had lived among us. Excepting Dr Johnson's admirable imitations of the third and tenth Satires, we know not any prior version in our language which could convey to the English reader so complete an idea of the stateliness, force and point, which are the prominent features of the compositions of this bard. It is needless to mention the translations of Stapleton, Holiday, Dryden and his coadjutors, and Owen, since they will not endure a comparison with that of Mr Gifford; which conveys the sense and manner of the original in easy and flowing verse." †

This version is undoubtedly in general correct and spirited;

* Autobiog. Mem. of W. Gifford, p. 24.
† Monthly Review for April 1802.

but there is a coarseness of expression observable, from which none of Mr Gifford's works are entirely exempt, and the language is occasionally diffuse and inharmonious. Some strictures on the translation appeared in the 'Critical Review,' which Mr Gifford thought of sufficient importance to merit an 'Examination,' in a pamphlet which he published in 1803; and in the following year he produced a 'Supplement to the Examination.' Notwithstanding its faults however, and the criticisms with which they were visited, the work was well received by the public, and a second edition appeared in 1806.—Previously to the republication of his Juvenal, Mr Gifford presented himself to the literary world in a new point of view, as editor of the plays of Philip Massinger. This was an office for which his critical judgment, extensive reading, and more especially his intimate acquaintance with the old English drama, qualified him in a high degree. But it was no small drawback on his merits as a commentator, that he was accustomed to treat with unnecessary harshness and contempt those who had occupied the field of criticism before him, as if they were intruders on his own peculiar domain. He exposed the mistakes of his predecessor, Mr Monck Mason, with all the acerbity of reproof and overwhelming ridicule which he had before applied to the Della Cruscans and Jacobins; seemingly quite unconscious that his own judgment and accuracy were not absolutely unimpeachable, and that it is a much easier task to point out the errors of others than to avoid similar imperfections.*

* It may be proper to substantiate this observation; for which purpose we adduce the remarks of a writer in Dr Aikin's Athenæum, on Mr Gifford's edition of Massinger's works:—"In the 'Maid of Honour,' Act ii. scene 2, the Page says to Sylli,

'hold my cloak
While I take a leap at her lips; do it, and neatly;
Or, having first tripped up thy heels, I'll make
Thy back my footstool!

Sylli. Tamberlane in little!
Am I turn'd Turk! What an office am I put to!'

"The editor's note upon 'turn'd Turk,' is 'Is my situation or occupation changed?' But it is a manifest allusion to the historical anecdote, that Tamerlane, after making a captive of the Turkish emperor Bajaset, set his foot upon his back while he mounted upon his horse.

In the 'Picture,' Act iii. scene 6, on the passage

'Such a soldier and a courtier never came
To Alba regalis.'

A note says, "Mr M. Mason reads 'Aula Regalis.' Why this change should be thought necessary, I cannot tell. 'Alba regalis' was no uncommon expression at that time, and indeed is used by more than one writer for the English court."

"It would have been gratifying to the curious reader if Mr G. had adduced his instances; but, in fact, Alba Regalis is the name of the ancient capital of Hungary, in which country the scene of the play is laid."—*Athen.* v. i. p. 19.

Thus, in spite of the opposition called forth by his unceremonious behaviour towards his literary competitors, Mr Gifford's industry and abilities had raised him to great celebrity as a critic, when he assumed the office of judge, to pass sentence *ex cathedrâ* on contemporary productions of the press. In 1802 a new critical journal was established at Edinburgh, the conductors of which, by assuming a bold and decisive style of animadversion, by their free and discursive manner of treating the subjects which they selected for discussion, and by their unreserved expression of sentiments in favour of liberalism in religion and politics, united with considerable ability and address, succeeded in erecting a literary tribunal, to whose claims to superiority the older courts of criticism were obliged to give way. It was not be expected that the Edinburgh Reviewers should be permitted to retain their ascendancy unquestioned. As theirs was a quarterly publication, one of a similar description was projected on opposite principles, as relating to the affairs of church and state. Mr Gifford, who is said to have proposed the undertaking, was entrusted with its management; and he accordingly engaged in the office of editor of the Quarterly Review, the first number of which was published at the commencement of the year 1809, by Mr Murray, bookseller of Albemarle street, London, who has ever since continued to be proprietor of the work. Supported as this journal has been by ministerial and clerical patronage, by the liberality of the publisher, and by the general ability of the conductor and his coadjutors, it has met with all the success which might have been anticipated; and, as a counterpoise to the occasional excesses of the rival review, it has not been without utility. Much more extensive however would have been the claims of the editor to the gratitude of the public, if he had not suffered his critical judgment to be warped by prejudice; systematically estimating the merits of a writer, no matter upon what subject, by the test of his political tenets, as if the sin of heresy in politics entailed on the unfortunate culprit incapacity as to literature and science. No one knew better than Mr Gifford how to find out the weak points of a chain of argument, or to detect faults in composition, or errors in judgment; but not content with severely exposing such blemishes in the works of an author whom he had any motives for condemning, he sometimes resorted to the most disingenuous artifice of creating the blunders which he imputed to his victims, that he might have an opportunity of holding them up to ridicule and contempt.* Other considerations, besides those of a political nature, sometimes influenced the conduct of Mr Gifford as a literary censor. Had

* See critique on Lord George Grenville's 'Portugal, a Poem,' in Quarterly Review, vol. viii.—and the author's remonstrance in Valpy's New Review, No. 1, for January 1813.

he been endowed with liberality of sentiment, he would have felt that a review conducted by a successful rival was a most unbecoming vehicle for such an article as the critique on Dr Badham's 'Translation of Juvenal;' and he seemed to act as if he conceived that the interests of morality might be postponed to those of his publisher, when he delayed the reprobation of the enormities of Lord Byron's rambling muse till the pecuniary profits arising from the productions of the noble bard were transferred to another bookseller.

But however objectionable his mode of proceeding occasionally as a reviewer, he was not chargeable with the inconsistency which was exhibited by some of his coadjutors, who, having embarked in life as enthusiastic admirers of the French revolution, and signalized themselves by Utopian schemes for the amelioration of civil society, which subjected them to the satire of the Anti-Jacobins, became sudden converts to the doctrine of expediency, and intolerant persecutors of those who retained the sentiments which they had themselves thought proper to abandon. Compared with such men, he may be deemed an honest and disinterested writer, acting, as consistently as he could, according to the principles he had originally adopted.* The author of

* The following remarks on the character and conduct of the editor of the Quarterly Review, though they include some questionable positions, are adduced, as substantially corroborating the estimate of Mr Gifford's critical honesty and capacity hazarded above.

"Mr Gifford was not a man of genius, nor an original writer; but he was an acute scholar, possessed of sound judgment, the result of long years of experience—subtle—splenetic—acute—gifted with tact, and with that knowledge of minutiæ in conducting a work of this nature, which in the aggregate is of infinite importance. A writer of first-rate genius and talent is rarely equal to such a task: his attention is generally concentrated in one point, and he is unable to view more at a time. No man of this class, who attempts it, will meet with Mr Gifford's success: a wriggling, shrewd, persevering, unsensitive mind is best adapted for it. Mr Gifford saw a writer's weakness at a glance: he knew how to gloss over strong truths, or to distort them, so that the reader could scarcely suspect the deception practised upon him. He was well acquainted with the dispositions of mankind, and had the power of multiplying the fears of the timid for his own uses, and of marshalling all his readers' prejudices on his side, to promote the end of his party and torture the victim of his political indignation. Mr Gifford had no powers of humour—the most vulgar was too polished a weapon for his coarse hands; his satire was horse-play, as Dryden terms it; the lap-stone and hammer of his early years were his favourite weapons to the end of his career. His unflinching obduracy of purpose, and sacrifice even of reason herself, to serve his political views, were rarely before equalled, and will never be surpassed. These were the best qualifications for supporting such a work as the Quarterly Review. Mr Gifford, too, was invulnerable where most of his party were defenceless. He was no renegade in politics; chance threw tory bread in his way in early life, and gratitude was his subsequent principle of action. He must have been amused at being ultimately aided by contributors to the

some anecdotes concerning him, already referred to, says:—"He disliked incurring an obligation which might in any degree shackle the expression of his free opinion. Agreeably to this, he laid down a rule, from which he never departed,—that every writer in the Quarterly should receive so much, at least, per sheet.* On one occasion, a gentleman holding office under government, sent him an article, which, after undergoing some serious mutilations at his hands preparatory to being ushered into the world, was accepted. But the usual sum being sent to the author, he rejected it with disdain, conceiving it a high dishonour to be *paid* for anything—the independent placeman! Gifford, in answer, informed him of the invariable rule of the Review, adding, that he could send the money to any charitable institution, or dispose of it in any manner he should direct—but that the money *must be paid*. The doughty official, convinced that the virtue of his article would force it into the Review at all events, stood firm in his refusal: greatly to his dismay, the article was returned. He revenged himself, by never sending another. Gifford, in relating this afterwards, observed with a smile, "Poor man! the truth was, he didn't like *my* alterations; and I'm sure I didn't like *his* articles; so there was soon an end of our connexion?"—His objection to asking a personal favour was, owing to the same principles, exceedingly strong. If the united influence of the Anti-Jacobin and Quarterly be considered, we may probably be justified in assigning to Gifford's literary support of government a rank second only to Burke. His services, at all events, formed a very powerful claim to any moderate favour in the power of ministers to bestow; and yet, though anxious at all times to gratify the wants of his needier friends to the utmost of his ability, his aversion to soliciting the bounty of government was seldom overcome. On one occasion, indeed, in particular, he exerted his influence in favour of the son of a deceased friend; but undoubtedly not without being driven to it by such importunity as left an application to ministers the less of two evils. About two years before his death he wrote, I believe, to the Chancellor, re-

Quarterly Review, furious in their new-fledged politics, whom he had badgered unsparingly in the Anti-Jacobin, for their revolutionary enthusiasm." From a paper intitled 'The Reviewers Reviewed,' in the London Magazine, vol. viii. p. 17.—See also 'Sequel to the Memoir of Gifford,' in Autobiography, vol. xi.

* Shortly after the death of Mr Gifford it was stated, in the newspapers, that the editor's copy of the Quarterly Review contained manuscript memorandums at the end of each article, mentioning the name of the writer, and the sum he received for his critique. Public curiosity however is not likely to be gratified with the disclosure of these official secrets, as Mr Gifford, in his will, directed that all his confidential papers relating to the Review should be destroyed.

questing a small living for a distressed relative of his first patron: his request was not complied with. But then it should be remembered that, at the time it was made, the Quarterly had passed into other hands. Othello's occupation was gone; and Gifford had to digest, as well as he could, the mortification which commonly awaits every political writer, of finding that the favour of a government is self-interested, extorted, and ungrateful. It is true, his independence of opinion might seem to be interfered with by the situations he held; but they were bestowed on him unsolicited, and from motives of personal regard. I am sure every one acquainted with him will admit, that he would have rejected with scorn any kindness which could be considered as fettering the freedom of his conduct in the smallest degree. I am not more certain of many conjectures than I am that he never propagated a dishonest opinion, nor did a dishonest act. He enjoyed a very close intimacy with Mr Pitt: he used to mention that, when he dined with that minister *tête-à-tête*, or with but a few chosen others, a servant was never permitted to remain in the room. The minister's dumb-waiters were as serviceable in his private as in any other house.*"

"Gifford always—that is, for the last twenty years of his life—dined at four, and drank tea at six, and for several years slept immediately after dinner till tea time. Then he was always glad to see his private friends: it was at this meal that I saw him for the last time. He was for many years exceedingly feeble, and so dreadfully oppressed with asthma, as very often to be entirely deprived of speech. The fatigue of business entailed on him by the Review, and the various calls with which he was incessantly harassed during the morning, produced an overpowering exhaustion, which tends to sour the temper or excite irritability. And if, when suffering under the complicated misery of distressing bodily disease and mental exhaustion, he occasionally became fretful or peevish, the most illiberal cannot withhold indulgence, nor the most malignant affect surprise. He continued the editorship of the Quarterly much longer than a just regard for his health authorized: but no successor that was proposed pleased him; and nothing but a bodily decay, little short of dissolution, compelled him to resign.† He never stipulated for any salary as an editor: at first he received 200*l.* and at last 900*l.* per annum; but never engaged for any particular sum. He several times returned money to Murray, saying, 'he had been too liberal.' Perhaps he was the only man on this side the Tweed who thought so! He was perfectly indifferent about wealth. I do not know a

* Literary Gazette, No. 542.

† He continued to edit the Quarterly Review till 1824.

better proof of this, than the fact that he was richer, by a very considerable sum, at the time of his death, than he was at all aware of. In unison with his contempt of money was his disregard of any external distinction: he had a strong natural aversion to anything like pomp or parade. A very intimate friend, who had risen like himself, from small beginnings, having taken his doctor's degree, conceived his importance to be somewhat augmented by this new distinction. Having called on Gifford shortly after, he brought the subject on the *tapis*, and observed with evident self-satisfaction; 'But I hope, Gifford, you wont *quiz* me, now I'm a doctor?' '*Quiz* thee! God help thee! make what they will of thee, I shall never call thee anything but Jack.' Yet he was by no means insensible to an *honorable* distinction; and when the university of Oxford, about two years before his death, offered to give him a doctor's degree, he observed, 'twenty years ago it would have been gratifying, but *now* it would only be written on my coffin.' His disregard for external show was the more remarkable, as a contrary feeling is generally observable in persons who have risen from penury to wealth." *

Contemporaneously with the management of the Quarterly Review, Mr Gifford was engaged in preparing for the press new editions of the works of Ben Jonson, Ford, and Shirley. The dramas of Jonson, with notes and an introductory memoir, appeared in 1816. In his observations and criticisms, the editor displays the same acuteness and spirit of investigation which was exhibited in his illustrations of Massinger; and he ably and successfully defends his author from the charge of illiberality towards Shakspeare, and other calumnies, which, with little foundation except uncertain tradition, had been carelessly reported as matter of fact by preceding commentators.

In 1821 Mr Gifford published, as a sort of supplement to his Juvenal, a new poetical translation of the Satires of Persius. His edition of the works of Ford, the printing of which was nearly completed at the time of his death, was published shortly after that event. It is accompanied with an introduction and notes, the former of which appears to have been partly written several years previous to the publication; but it was obviously finished not long before its appearance, as the author alludes to the operas of 'Faust' and 'Der Freischütz.' A reviewer of this work says—"Never yet did Mr Gifford dip his pen in gall of deeper wormwood flavour, than in his remarks on Stevens, Malone, Weber (and, by implication with the latter, somewhat on Sir Walter Scott) in these pages." † The anecdote writer,

* Literary Gazette, u. a. † Idem, No. 528.

already quoted, also thus alludes to Mr Gifford's peculiar enmity to his predecessor Weber:—"I spoke of Ford, and observed that the public would be more gratified by an edition of that dramatist than of Shirley; adding, that it was a pity so noble a writer should have no worthier editor than Weber. At the mention of this man's name he seemed irritated, and said, rather angrily, 'He's a sad, ignorant fellow.' The formal demolition of this poor man, to which he has condescended in his own edition of Ford, may seem like breaking a gnat on a wheel; and can only indeed be accounted for on the supposition, which is however probably a correct one, that Weber was only the *ostensible*, and a much greater antagonist the *real* editor." * The manner in which the labours of Mr Weber are criticised by the new editor of Ford, and the motives of the latter, so far as he has thought proper to avow them, will best appear from the ensuing extracts from his introductory memoir:—"The person selected by the booksellers for this purpose [editing the works of Ford] was Mr Henry Weber. It would be curious to learn the motives of this felicitous choice. Mr Weber had never read an old play in his life; he was but imperfectly acquainted with the language; and of the manners, customs, habits—of what was and what was not familiar to us as a nation—he possessed no knowledge whatever: but secure in ignorance, he entertained a comfortable opinion of himself, and never doubted that he was qualified to instruct and enliven the public. With Ford's quartos, therefore, and a wallet containing Cotgrave's French Dictionary, the variorum edition of Shakspeare, and Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, he settled himself to his appointed task, and in due time produced the two volumes now before the public, much to the delight of 'the judicious admirers of our ancient drama,' and so entirely to the satisfaction of his employers, that they wisely resolved to lose no time in securing his valuable services for an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher." He adds—"On what particular ground is Mr Weber entitled to forbearance? Omitting his calumnies and his falsehoods, his insolence is at least as notorious as his ignorance. In the Introduction to Massinger, I spoke of Monck Mason *naso adunco*, as I was abundantly warranted in doing; but that gentleman did not always repose in his disgraceful negligence. He saw his error, and acknowledged and reformed it. He studied the old editions of our dramatic writers with care and success, and subsequently became one of

* Idem, No. 542.—This conjecture, so far as it may relate to Sir Walter Scott, has been formally contradicted, where it first appeared, in the Literary Gazette; in which it is stated that "Sir Walter Scott never saw a sheet of Weber's Ford till it came before the public in the usual way."—Lit. Gazette, No. 544, p. 398.

the most acute and rational commentators on our great poet. It appears that he also meditated an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, and had prepared a considerable body of notes to accompany it. The extent of the work alarmed him, and he laid it aside, after sending to the press a great number of emendations, and elucidatory remarks, creditable at once to his industry and his judgment. These of course fell into the hands of Mr Weber, and constitute the only valuable part of his publication; for his own notes are of the most contemptible kind; yet he has the hardihood to speak of Mr Monck Mason as if he had never advanced a step beyond his Massinger; and of every preceding editor of Beaumont and Fletcher with a contempt, that, to say the least of it, strangely misbecomes him. Instances of this might be produced from every page. Assuredly, Simpson and Seward were no great champions in the field of criticism: compared with Mr Weber, however, they were giants, and worthy to be cited by him without a scoff. We have seen with what contempt he speaks of 'Old Ben:' but he even presumes to treat Dr Johnson himself without much ceremony; he calls him, in one place, 'a literary bugbear;' and in another, sneers at his 'superficial contest' with Mr Stevens! And here—I know not how—but the name recalls a little anecdote to my mind, which, as my best atonement, I am tempted to preserve from oblivion:—My friend, the late Lord Grosvenor, had a house at Salthill, where I usually spent a part of the summer, and thus became a neighbour of that great and good man, Jacob Bryant, who kindly encouraged me to visit him. Here the conversation turned one morning on a Greek criticism by Dr Johnson, in some volume lying on the table, which I ventured (for I was then young) to deem incorrect; and pointed it out to him. I could not help thinking that he was somewhat of my opinion; but he was cautious and reserved. 'But, Sir,' said I, willing to overcome his scruples, 'Dr Johnson himself'—(a fact which Mr Bryant well knew)—'admitted that he was not a good Greek scholar.' 'Sir,' he replied, with a serious and impressive air, 'it is not easy for us to say what such a man as Johnson would call a good Greek scholar.' I hope that I profited by the lesson—(certainly I never forgot it)—and if but one of my readers do the same, I shall not repent placing it upon record."

The works of Shirley, edited on the same plan with those of the preceding dramatists, were left by Mr Gifford in a state nearly ready for publication. At one period of his life he had contemplated an edition of the dramas of Shakspeare, with annotations chiefly abridged from those of former commentators, and a free exposure of their blunders and fanciful new readings; but it does not appear that he had made any progress in this under-

taking, which would undoubtedly have afforded ample scope for his satirical animadversions.

Minute, unsparing, and sarcastic, as was the criticism which Mr Gifford applied to the literary productions of those who had the misfortune to differ from him on matters of taste, opinion, or fact, it would not have become the subject of general remark and frequent disapprobation, but for the tone of overbearing insolence and bitter obloquy which pervade his censorial writings. It was his undoubted duty to correct the misconceptions and errors of those who had preceded him in his editorial labours; but their mistakes might have been indicated and fairly ridiculed, where they deserved it, without the adoption of language savouring more of personal malevolence than of sober judgment and critical sagacity. It was surely unnecessary, after noticing a false reading of a passage in Weber's edition of Ford, to add, that "simple folly seems unequal to the production of such nonsense;" and elsewhere to stigmatise that writer as "a dolt," and "an arrant driveller," with whom it would be "an act of gratuitous folly" to enter into a dispute. "Gifford," says one of his eulogists, "was a *gentleman* in feeling and in conduct: and you were never led to suspect that he sprung from an obscure origin, except when he reminded you of it by an anecdote relative to it." * This may be very true with respect to his manners and general behaviour; but it is scarcely possible to recur to the vituperations just quoted without surmising that they may have resulted from his early associations, and from the privation of intercourse with genteel society at the period of life when intellectual impressions are most readily received and indelibly retained.

The concluding scenes of the existence of this celebrated writer present the spectacle of mental energy and corporeal imbecility, which, distressing as it is both to the sufferer and his friends, is much less so than that wreck of genius where the nobler powers perish first. "Mr Gifford's debility for many months previous to his death was such as to incapacitate him for the smallest exertion —even that of writing. * * * * He would sometimes take up a pen, and after a vain attempt to write, throw it down, exclaiming, 'No! my work is done!' Excessive infirmity rendered existence a great burthen: the most common and involuntary thoughts, in their passage through his mind, seemed to leave pain behind them. He was once talking with perfect tranquillity, as indeed he always did, of the approaching termination of his life, when the friend with whom he was conversing expressed a hope that he might yet recover, and live several years: but he added, "Oh, no! it has pleased God to grant me a much longer

* Lit. Gaz. No. 542.

life than I had reason to expect, and I am thankful for it: but two years more is its utmost duration.' He died exactly two years after using these words." *

"A few days before his decease he said, 'I shall not trouble myself with taking any more medicine—it's of no use—I shall not get up again. As his last hour drew nearer, his mind occasionally wandered; he said once—'These books have driven me mad,—I must read my prayers:'—singular words, as coming from a man deeply impressed with religious feeling. Soon after, all power of motion failed him; he could not raise a tea-spoon to his mouth, nor stir in his bed. His breath became very low, and interrupted by long pauses; his pulse had ceased to beat five hours before his death. † He was continually enquiring what time it was. He once faltered forth, 'When will this be over?' At last, on his nurse coming into the room, he said, 'Now I'm ready;' (words he generally used when he was ready to be moved)—'very well; you may go.' These were his last words. On retiring, the nurse listened behind the door; she observed the intervals of his breathing to grow longer; and she re-entered the room just in time to catch a breath that had a little of the strength of a sigh—it was his last.—The few who saw him afterwards agreed that the usual serenity of death was exceeded by the placid composure of *his* countenance." ‡

Mr Gifford died on the 31st of December 1826, at his house in James street, Buckingham gate, Westminster, in the seventy-first year of his age. It had been his wish to be interred in Grosvenor chapel, South Audley street; but his friend Dr Ireland, Dean of Westminster, having obtained his consent, in his last illness, to the interment of his body in Westminster Abbey, it was there deposited, the funeral taking place January the 8th, 1827.

In the course of his long life and prosperous literary career, he had accumulated considerable property. Besides his salary as editor of the Quarterly Review, he is said to have received from his pupil, Earl Grosvenor, a pension of £400 a year; and in addition to the £300 a year which he received as paymaster of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, he was for some time comptroller of the lottery, at an annual salary of £600.

A will was left by the deceased, with various codicils annexed; the whole in his own hand-writing. Dr Ireland, with whom Mr

* Idem.

† This statement must not be taken literally: for as it appears that the respiration continued, so likewise must the arterial pulsation, or circulation of the blood; the cessation of the two vital functions always taking place nearly at the same time. All that can be inferred therefore from the expression in the above narrative is, that the pulse became imperceptible five hours before the patient expired.—Edit.

‡ Lit. Gaz. u. a.

Gifford was long and intimately acquainted, is by this instrument appointed executor; and the amount of the personal property for which the probate was taken out was sworn to be within £25,000. Mr Gifford bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to the Rev. Mr Cookesley (the son of his original benefactor), whom he made his residuary legatee. The house in which he resided, in James street, he left, for the remainder of the term for which he held it, to Mrs Hoppner, widow of the late J. Hoppner, Royal Academician; and he also left some legacies to her children. Among his other bequests are £3000 to the relatives of Ann Davies, a female domestic, who died in 1815, after having been in his service twenty years; £100 to Mr Murray the bookseller, as a memorial of esteem; and 500 guineas, to enable him to reimburse a military gentleman, to whom he appears to have become jointly bound for the advance of that sum for Mr Cookesley, at a former period; to Mr Heber, his edition of Maittaire's Classics, and any other books Mr Heber might choose to select from his library; a sum of money, for the foundation of two scholarships at Exeter College, Oxford; and another sum, the interest of which is to be distributed annually among the poor of Ashburton, his birth-place. To his executor, Dr Ireland, he left 50 guineas for a ring, and any of his books which the Dean might select. There is also an injunction or request, that the executor should destroy all confidential papers, especially such as relate to the 'Review.'

"Mr Gifford was short in person; his hair was of a remarkably handsome brown colour, and was as glossy and full at the time of his death as at any previous period. He had lost the use of his right eye, by gradual and natural decay:* but the remaining one made ample amends for the absence of its fellow, having a remarkable quickness and brilliancy, and a power of expressing every variety of feeling. His head was of a very singular shape, being by no means high, if measured from the chin to the crown, but of a greater horizontal length from the forehead to the back of the head, than any I remember to have seen. I believe he would have puzzled the phrenologists strangely: but that is an ordinary occurrence; and I, not being a disciple of these philosophers, shall not concern myself in their distress. His forehead projected at a right angle from his face, in a very uncommon manner."† A portrait of Mr Gifford, by his friend Hoppner, said to be a good likeness, was engraved as a frontispiece to his Juvenal. The same artist painted another portrait; and a miniature, by W. H. Watts, executed a few years since, has been noticed as an admirable likeness.

* Probably the loss of sight was owing to the disease called *gutta serena*, an affection of the optic nerve.

† Lit. Gaz. No. 542.

The private and personal character of Mr Gifford has been the subject of high and apparently well-merited encomium. His manners were bland and easy, his behaviour kind and conciliating, and his disposition warm and affectionate. Having been deprived of his brother by death, before the commencement of his own prosperity,* he had no relations to share the gifts which fortune bestowed on him, or afford exercise for the benevolent feelings with which he was endowed by nature. Yet though he led a life of celibacy, he did not neglect to cultivate the social virtues. The author of the anecdotes already quoted bears testimony to his partiality for the company of children, and the kindness and liberality with which he was accustomed to treat them. He displayed a becoming gratitude in the services he rendered to the family of his early friend and patron, Mr Cookesley. And we are told that "he formed an attachment for his pupil which no subsequent circumstances could abate. The change in his lordship's political sentiments did not shake Gifford's unalterable affection for his character. He, on the other hand, met this attachment with an equal degree of warmth: their mutual respect was built on principle, and reflected equal honour on both. In Gifford's last protracted illness, when he was in bed, or asleep on the sofa, during the greater part of the day, Lord Grosvenor occasionally ventured on an infringement of his strict orders not to be disturbed, and walking on tiptoe to his side, used to gaze on his almost expiring instructor." † His friendship for his schoolfellow, whom he appointed his executor, and who, like himself, had made his way by his talents to literary eminence, is pleasingly alluded to in the preface to his edition of the works of Ben Jonson:—"With what feelings do I hear the words—'THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER!' Five and forty springs have now passed over my head, since I first found Dr Ireland, some years my junior in our little school, at his spelling-book. During this long period, our friendship has been without a cloud—my delight in youth, my pride and consolation in age." Perhaps no better

* In the Memoir of his own Life, Mr Gifford thus relates the brief history of his brother:—"He was literally

'The child of misery, baptized in tears;'

and the short passage of his life did not belie the melancholy presage of his infancy. When he was seven years old, the parish bound him out to a husbandman of the name of Leman, with whom he endured incredible hardships, which I had it not in my power to alleviate. At nine years of age he broke his thigh, and I took that opportunity to teach him to read and write. When my own situation was improved, I persuaded him to try the sea; he did so, and was taken on board the Egmont, on condition that his master should receive his wages. The time was now fast approaching when I could serve him, but he was doomed to know no favourable change of fortune: he fell sick and died at Cork."—Autobiog. vol. xi. Mem. of Gifford, p. 11.

† Lit. Gaz. u. a.

instance can be adduced of his amiable kindness of heart and warmth of attachment than is exhibited in his stanzas on the death of Ann Davies, to whose relatives he bequeathed a considerable sum of money, and for whom he erected a monument in the cemetery belonging to Grosvenor chapel, in which he commemorated "her uncommon worth, and his perpetual gratitude, respect, and affection, for her long and meritorious services." As this poem is short, we give it entire:—

"I wish I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
'Go, and partake her humble bier.'

"I wish I could: for when she died
I lost my all; and life has proved,
Since that sad hour, a dreary void—
A waste unlovely and unloved.

"But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the rugged moss away,
And weeds that have no business there?

"And who, with pious hand, shall bring
The flow'rs she cherish'd (snow-drop cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,)
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould?

"And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name, for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter—bitter tear?

"I did it: and, would Fate allow,
Should visit still—should still deplore;
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

"Take then, sweet maid, this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

"And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

"Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good-humour—can they fade?

"Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye—
Cold turf, which I no more must view,
Dear name, which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last,—a sad adieu!"

In private life Mr Gifford was undoubtedly an amiable man and agreeable companion; but it can hardly be conceded to his admirers that he was qualified to shine with extraordinary brilliance in society. Such anecdotes as the following are rather calculated to secure him the reputation of obliging manners and plain good sense, than to vindicate his claims to the more splendid attributes of wit and genius.

"Amongst other engaging talents, Gifford possessed that very agreeable one of telling a story well, in singular perfection. The gist of trifles of this kind depends principally on the manner in which they are told. Many people acquire a right over particular stories which, from their peculiar happiness in relating them, become exclusively their own: but Gifford had an inexhaustible supply, and his arch drollery rendered all almost equally good. I will mention the first that occurs, which has nothing particular in it, but which he contrived to render exceedingly entertaining. While at Ashburton he contracted an acquaintance with a family of that place, consisting of females somewhat advanced in age. On one occasion he ventured on the perilous exploit of drinking tea with these elderly ladies. After having demolished his usual allowance of tea, he found, in spite of his remonstrances to the contrary, that his hostess would by no means suffer him to give up, but persisted in making him drink a most incredible quantity. 'At last,' said Gifford, in telling the story, 'being overflooded with tea, I put down my *fourteenth* cup, and exclaimed with an air of resolution, 'I neither can nor will drink any more.' The hostess then seeing she had forced more down my throat than I liked, began to apologise, and added, 'but, dear Mr Gifford, as you did not *put your spoon across your cup*, I supposed your refusals were nothing but good manners.' He was a great tea-drinker himself, but not equal to the encounter of these amazons. He generally had some brought to him between eleven and twelve at night, besides the regular meal which every one makes of tea who can afford it. I remember, when I complained once that I had met with some bad tea at a house, where I had been dining, a friend observed, 'Your host has not enough of a gentleman's polish about him to set a right value on good tea.' Estimated by this standard, Gifford was the very first of gentlemen—none of my acquaintance have such delicious tea as he used to give. The ladies used to complain of its being too strong; but they, seeing they have *nerves*, are quite out of the question."*

As a proof that he was destitute of pride, it is stated that Mr Gifford was in the habit of candidly recurring to the obscurity of his condition in early life. He was likewise free, we are told, from personal vanity.

"A lady of his acquaintance once looked in upon him, and said she had a rout that evening, and endeavoured by every inducement

* Lit. Gaz. No 542, p. 362.

to persuade him to join it. 'Now do, Gifford, come in: it will give such an *eclat*,' she added, patting him familiarly on the shoulder, 'to say, There is Mr Gifford, the poet!' 'Poet, indeed! and a pretty figure this poet,' he answered, looking demurely on his shrunk shanks, 'would cut in a ball-room.'"*

The literary character of Gifford has been already, in a great degree, developed in the history of his career as an author. It does not appear that he ever conceived the project of any grand original work, as a monument of his talents and learning. And even the 'Baviad' and the 'Mæviad' are imitations of classical models, and therefore destitute of merit on the score of invention; while the temporary nature of the topics descanted on deprives the poet of all chance of lasting celebrity. Had Pope never written anything but his 'Dunciad,' his fame would have rested on a feeble foundation. But the 'Dunciad' is a work of far higher pretension than the satires of Gifford, which cannot long survive the memory of the faults and follies which their author ridiculed and execrated. He probably regarded his translation of Juvenal as the most stable basis of his poetical reputation: and though he has not ensured himself such a degree of popularity as Dryden and Pope acquired by their versions of Virgil and Homer, his failure of success may be ascribed to the inferiority of permanent interest in the writings of the Roman satirist, so much resembling his own original productions. Some of his smaller pieces of poetry display tenderness of sentiment and elegance of expression, indicating more versatility of talent than might have been inferred from the general complexion of his writings.

Though not a poet in the highest sense of the title, as being destitute of originality and the imaginative power of genius, he possessed knowledge, taste, and judgment to discover the beauties and defects of poetical composition; and whether employed in transfusing the conceptions of ancient bards into our native language, or in commenting on the works of genius, or the effusions of imbecility, his critical sagacity was conspicuous in the selection of topics for imitation, illustration, or censure; while his command of language enabled him to express his ideas, from whatever source they might be derived, with weight and energy, and sometimes with feeling and elegance. The heedless warmth of friendship and the indiscriminating zeal of party prejudice combined to represent the subject of this memoir as a prodigy of genius and learning; but the sober estimate of strict justice will leave him the higher praise of solid intellect, unwearied industry, and sufficient literary enthusiasm, to enable him to cope with difficulties of no common kind, and make his way to a station among the most eminent writers of his age and country.

* Id. ibid.

CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF W. GIFFORD.

1. The Baviad; a paraphrastic Imitation of the first Satire of Persius. London, 1791, 8vo.
2. The Mæviad; an Imitation of the tenth Satire of the first Book of Horace. 1794, 8vo.
3. An Epistle to Peter Pindar. By the author of the Baviad. 1800, 4to.
4. The Satires of Decius Junius Juvenalis, translated into English Verse, with Notes and Illustrations. 1802, 4to.
5. Examination of the Strictures of the Critical Reviewers on the Translation of Juvenal. 1803, 4to.
6. Supplement to the Examination. 1804, 4to.
7. The Plays of Philip Massinger; with critical and explanatory Notes. 1805. 4 vols. 8vo.
8. The Works of Ben Jonson; with Notes, critical and explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir. 1816, 9 vols. 8vo.
9. Translation of the Satires of Juvenal; with those of Aulus Persius Flaccus annexed. 1817, 2 vols. 8vo.
10. The Dramatic Works of John Ford; with Notes critical and explanatory. 1827, 2 vols. 8vo.
11. The Dramatic Works of James Shirley.
12. Contributions to the Anti-Jacobin Newspaper.
13. Contributions to the Quarterly Review.

JOHN MASON GOOD, M. D.

JOHN MASON GOOD was the second son of the Rev. Peter Good, an Independent Minister, and of Sarah Peyto, daughter of the Rev. Henry Peyto and niece of the Rev. John Mason.* Peter Good was a native of Romsey in Hampshire, and was descended from a respectable family, which had for several generations possessed property in that town and the neighbouring parish of Lockerly. The grandfather of the subject of this memoir was engaged in the shalloon manufacture, the staple trade of Romsey. The Rev. P. Good, after completing his education at a dissenting academy at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, became the pastor of a congregation at Epping, in Essex, in 1760. The following year he married Miss Peyto, who died in child-bed, February 17th, 1766, leaving three sons;—William, born October 19th, 1762; *John Mason*, born May 25th, 1764; and Peter, born February 13th, 1766.

"Within two years of the death of his first wife, the Rev. P. Good married a second, the only daughter of Mr John Baker, an opulent tradesman residing in Cannon street, London. She was a woman of great piety and extensive information, and discharged the duties which devolved upon her with so much prudence, affection and delicacy, that many years elapsed before John Mason Good discovered, with equal surprise and regret, that she was not actually his mother."†

Soon after his second marriage, Mr Good removed from Epping, to become minister of a congregation at Wellingborough; where he remained about a year, and then settled at Romsey, in consequence of succeeding to the patrimonial estate, on the death of his elder brother. Being thus disengaged from his profession,

* This gentleman was a dissenting clergyman, at Hemel Hempstead, in Hertfordshire; and was the author of a popular treatise on 'Self-Knowledge,' besides several other works.

† Memoirs of the life, writings and character, literary, professional, and religious, of the late J. Mason Good, M.D. By Olinthus Gregory, LL. D. Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. London, 1828, 8vo. pp. 5, 6.

he resolved to devote his time to the education of his children; and, in compliance with the wishes of his friends, he at length opened a seminary for a limited number of pupils.* Under the tuition of his father, therefore, John Mason Good was instructed in the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and obtained some knowledge of various branches of literature. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Mr Johnson, a surgeon, at Gosport. In this situation he made himself acquainted with pharmacy, and the general principles of medical practice; and his intervals of leisure were devoted to the sciences and belles lettres. He composed a 'Dictionary of Poetic Endings,' and several little poems; and also drew up 'An Abstracted View of the Principal Tropes and Figures of Rhetoric,' in their origin and powers, illustrated by a variety of examples, original and selected. He also studied Italian, and formed a common-place-book, on the plan recommended by Locke.

Before he had completed his sixteenth year, he was obliged, in consequence of the infirm health of Mr Johnson, to take an extraordinary share in the management of the business. "He had to prepare the medicines, to enter an account of them in the several books, to send them to the respective patients, &c. almost without superintendence. All this, however, served but to consolidate and establish the habits of order and regularity in which he had been trained; and thus supplied a link in the chain of circumstances which operated in the formation of his character."

A considerable part of the destined period of his apprenticeship had elapsed, when, in consequence of the death of Mr. Johnson, he removed into the family of a surgeon at Havant, where his father then resided. After a few months an opportunity presented itself for his entering into partnership with Mr Deeks, a surgeon, at Sudbury, in Suffolk. To qualify himself for the duties of that situation, he spent the autumn of 1783, and the spring of 1784, in the metropolis, attending the lectures of Dr George Fordyce, Dr William Lowder, and other medical professors connected with St Thomas's and Guy's hospitals. He also became a surgeon's pupil, and was chosen a member of the Physical Society of Guy's hospital, an institution consisting of students and practitioners, who hold periodical meetings for the discussion of topics connected with medicine or natural philosophy. It is the custom for each junior, or ordinary member, in turn, to furnish a dissertation to be submitted to the society, a requisition which

* About 1780 the Rev. P. Good, having completed the education of his children, removed to Havant, where he resumed his duties as a preacher. In three or four years he left that place, and settled as minister to a congregation at Bishop's Hull, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, where he died in 1805 or 1806. Memoirs, p. 23.

those who are so disposed, may avoid complying with by paying a fine of half a guinea. Mr Good was too ardent a lover of science to adopt such an expedient; instead of which he presented to the society 'An Investigation of the Theory of Earthquakes,' in which, though he defended what is now considered as an erroneous hypothesis, he displayed much ingenuity, and a spirit of research which did great credit to his industry and abilities.

Having finished his studies in London, Mr Good, in July or August 1784, commenced practice at Sudbury. Notwithstanding his early age, his engaging manners, and professional assiduity, together with some striking instances of surgical skill which he exhibited, procured him reputation and employment to a greater extent than might have been anticipated.

At the age of twenty-one he married Miss Godfrey, the daughter of a surgeon at Coggeshall, in Essex; but in a little more than six months his wife died of consumption. He remained a widower nearly four years, and then entered again into wedlock, marrying the daughter of Thomas Fenn, Esq. of Ballingdon Hall, engaged in business as a banker at Sudbury; and this lady survived him.

In 1792 he was subjected to some pecuniary embarrassment, in consequence of lending money, or giving security for friends who became insolvent. His difficulties induced him to turn his attention to literary composition, as a means of increasing his resources.—"Mr Good's exertions on this occasion were most persevering and diversified. He wrote plays; he made translations from the French, Italian, &c.; he composed poems; he prepared a series of philosophical essays: but all these efforts, though they soothed his mind and occupied his leisure, were unproductive of the kind of benefit which he sought. Having no acquaintance with the managers of the London theatres, or with influential men connected with them, he could not get any of his tragedies or comedies brought forward; and being totally unknown to the London booksellers, he could obtain no purchasers for his literary works: so that the manuscript copies of these productions, which in the course of two or three years had become really numerous, remained upon his hands. Yet nothing damped his ardour. He at length opened a correspondence with the editor of a London newspaper, and became a regular contributor to one of the Reviews: and though these, together, brought him no adequate remuneration, they served as incentives to hope and perseverance." *

The newspaper in which Mr Good's earliest published productions made their appearance was the World, whose con-

* Gregory's Mem. of Dr. Mason Good, p. 33.

tributors formed the Della Cruscan school of poetry, which the coarse but effective satire of Gifford reduced to insignificance and decay. The compositions of the "Rural Bard," as he was denominated in this journal, seem, from the specimens given by his biographer,* to have possessed no redeeming qualities which could entitle them to exemption from the general censure passed on the poetry of the World in the 'Baviad.'

Early in the year 1793, Mr Good entered into a partnership with Mr W., a surgeon and apothecary of extensive practice in the metropolis, who had also an official connexion with one of the prisons. But this engagement, so flattering in the outset, proved disadvantageous. "In April 1793 Mr Good, pursuant to his agreement with Mr W., removed to London. He was then full of health and spirits, ardently devoted to his profession, and anxious to distinguish himself in the new sphere of action in which he was placed. His character soon began to be duly appreciated amongst medical men; and on the 7th of November, the same year, he was admitted a member of the College of Surgeons. But a change of scene only carried with it a change of perplexities. His partner in a short time became jealous of his talents, and of his rising popularity, and had recourse to the basest means of injuring his reputation. If Mr Good prescribed one course of treatment of a private patient, Mr W. would in the next visit prescribe one that was diametrically opposite. If Mr Good made an entry in the prison books, Mr W. in the succeeding entry would contradict it. If Mr Good rose obviously in the estimation of a private patient, or his relatives, Mr W. would set himself, by paltry insinuations, to excite doubts of his judgment or skill. And so on, from day to day. The result may at once be anticipated. The business failed; the partnership was dissolved; Mr W. died in the Fleet prison."†

After the occurrence of this misfortune, he received assistance from his father-in-law Mr Fenn, to whose liberality he had been indebted on a former occasion. At this time he appears to have settled in practice as a surgeon and apothecary, in Caroline place, near Bedford square. The untoward accidents which had befallen him served as motives to renewed activity, both in his professional and his literary career.

In March 1794 Dr Lettsom, a member of the Medical Society meeting in Bolt court, Fleet street, offered, through the medium of that institution, a premium of twenty guineas for the best dissertation on the question—"What are the diseases most frequent

* See Ode to Hope, and a translation from the French of a Hymn rehearsed at the celebration of the funeral of General Hoche.—Mem. pp. 34 and 36.

† Memoirs, p. 61.

in workhouses, poorhouses, and similar institutions; and what are the best means of cure and prevention?" Mr Good became a competitor for the prize, and being successful, his dissertation was published in 1795. From this time he became an active member of the Medical Society, was frequently one of its council, and for two or three years acted as secretary. He was likewise a member of the General Pharmaceutic Association, established in 1794, the principal object of which was to prevent druggists, grocers, and other unqualified persons, from practising as apothecaries. To forward the design of this institution, he wrote his 'History of Medicine, so far as it relates to the Profession of the Apothecary,' 1795. His professional pursuits did not prevent him from continuing his attention to polite literature; and at this period he made several translations of pieces of French and Italian poetry. Being fond of society, and having secured considerable reputation, he found no difficulty in forming an acquaintance with many persons of eminence in the medical and literary circles of the metropolis. Among his frequent associates were Dr John Disney, Dr Abraham Rees, the Rev. Thomas Maurice, Dr Henry Hunter, Gilbert Wakefield, Charles Butler, Henry Fuseli, and though last not least, Dr Alexander Geddes, of whom he subsequently became the biographer. Some of these gentlemen were, we are told, "individuals of splendid talents and recondite attainments, but belonging to a school of theology, which, though he then approved, he afterwards found it conscientiously necessary to abandon." * The meaning of this is, that Mr Good, while he resided at Sudbury, became an Unitarian, and continued to belong to that sect for several years after his removal to London; but at length he joined in communion with the church of England, of which he was a member to the time of his death.

In 1797 he entered on one of his principal literary undertakings,—a translation of the didactic poem of Lucretius, 'On the Nature of Things.' This work he seems to have engaged in at the persuasion of Gilbert Wakefield, who published a splendid and valuable edition of the original poem. "The translation was finished in October 1799, having been carried through in a way very unusual with works of such magnitude: it was composed in the streets of London, during the translator's extensive walks to visit his numerous patients. His practice was to take in his pocket two or three leaves of an octavo edition of the original, the text being corrected by collation with Wakefield's, and read over a passage two or three times as he walked along, until he had engraved it on his memory; then to translate the passage, medi-

* Idem, p. 67.

tate upon his translation, correct and elaborate it, until he had satisfied himself. Having accomplished this, the bare sight of the original brought to his mind his own translation, with all its peculiarities. In the same manner he would proceed with a second, third, and fourth passage; and after he had returned home, and disposed of all his professional business, he would go to his standing desk, and enter upon his manuscript so much of the translation as he had been able to prepare satisfactorily. While he was carrying on the translation, he was also levying his contributions towards the notes; a part of the work, however, which called for much more labour, and occupied far more of his time. The translation was not published until 1805, and scarcely a day passed in the six previous years in which he did not either add to the notes, or, in his own estimation, give greater accuracy and elegance to some parts of his version." *

This work, consisting of two volumes in quarto, exhibits the original text of Lucretius (chiefly copied from Wakefield's edition), and the translation on the opposite page; with a copious collection of notes and illustrations, occupying, on an average, more than half of each page; and a Life of Lucretius, besides other introductory matter, prefixed to the first volume. Mr Good has adopted blank verse as the vehicle of his transfusion of the sentiments of the Roman bard into the English language. "Freed from the restraints of similar termination, the translator of a didactic and philosophic poem has a far better chance of rendering his author faithfully, without waste of words, than those who confine themselves to the rhyming couplet. Thus, in the translations of Creech, of Dryden, and of Dr Busby, we meet with frequent and sometimes ridiculous redundancies; and those who have compared the translations of the 'Iliad' by Pope and Cowper, will have noticed the advantage, in point of terseness and general accuracy, possessed by the latter translator. Blank verse, in the hands of one who has a tolerable command of diction, admits of a dignity and variety in translation, which is seldom attained by him who rhymes." †

Such are the opinions advanced by Dr Gregory: in reply to which it may be observed, that the principal purpose of the translator of a poetical work should be to communicate to his readers vivid and forcible impressions of the beauties of style and sentiment exhibited by the original author; and that it may be necessary for him to put in requisition all the ornaments of which his own language is susceptible, in order to atone for the absence of such evanescent charms of diction as it may sometimes be impossible to retain. Hence English translations in

* Idem, p. 85. † Idem, p. 175.

blank verse have been universally less popular than those in rhyme; and while the translated poetry of Dryden, Pope, Mickle, and even Hoole, is read with approbation, and frequently with delight, the pages of Trapp are only consulted by the idle schoolboy, or the would-be critic, and Cowper is oftener referred to, as an interpreter of Homer, than perused for the gratification of poetical taste. One general cause of the neglect into which our rhymeless versions of ancient poets have fallen, has been the mistake of the translators, who conceived blank verse to be an easier species of composition than rhyme; while the former, in fact, demands more industrious application, a greater command of language, and more of the enthusiasm of genius, for its elaboration than rhymed poetry. In verse without rhyme, accuracy of metrical structure and harmonious modulation are indispensably necessary; and their absence is more readily felt than where the musical concord of recurring sounds, in regular succession, is an adjunct of the composition. It may at least then be considered as questionable, whether the translator of 'Lucretius' acted wisely in adopting the medium of blank verse. The biographer, who seems to approve of his choice, says—"The characteristic of Dr Good's poetry is elegant variety. His versification is easy, his style flowing, and usually harmonious; and in the philosophical portions especially, the copious diction of modern science has often been felicitously introduced. In the pathetic and the awful, he has, I think, sometimes failed: but, in these departments of his art, the Roman poet exhibits a simple majesty which, I am aware, it is far more easy to admire than to imitate."*

The celebrated exordium of the second book may properly be adduced as a specimen of the translation; since the original must be familiar to every classical scholar, and its unstudied elegance and sublimity could not but excite all the energy and enthusiasm of the translator.

"How sweet to stand when tempests tear the main,
On the firm cliff, and mark the seaman's toil!
Not that another's danger soothes the soul,
But from such toil how sweet to feel secure!
How sweet, at distance from the strife, to view
Contending hosts, and hear the clash of war!
But sweeter far on Wisdom's height serene,
Upheld by Truth, to fix our firm abode;
To watch the giddy crowd that, deep below,
For ever wander in pursuit of bliss;
To mark the strife for honours and renown,
For wit and wealth, insatiate, ceaseless urged
Day after day, with labour unrestrain'd.

* Idem, p. 176.

"O wretched mortals! race perverse and blind!
Through what dread, dark, what perilous pursuits,
Pass ye this round of being!—know ye not,
Of all ye toil for, nature nothing asks
But for the body freedom from disease,
And sweet, unanxious quiet for the mind?
"And little claims the body to be sound:
But little serves to strew the paths we tread
With joys beyond e'en Nature's utmost wish.
What, though the dome be wanting, whose proud walls
A thousand lamps irradiate, propt sublime
By frolic forms of youths in massy gold,
Flinging their splendours o'er the midnight feast:
Though gold and silver blaze not on the board,
Nor music echo round the gaudy roof,—
Yet listless laid the velvet grass along,
Near gliding streams, by shadowy trees o'er-arch'd,
Such pomps we need not; such still less when Spring
Leads forth her laughing train, and the warm year
Paints the green meads with roseate flow'rs profuse.
On down reclined, or wrapp'd in purple robe,
The thirsty fever burns with heat as fierce
As when its victim on a pallet pants."

Judging from appearances, Mr Good must have been more anxious to secure fame as a commentator than as a poet. Great research was undoubtedly employed in the formation of "a voluminous and extremely diversified collection of annotations." "They consist," observes Dr Gregory, "of comments on the doctrines of the poem, and of the sect of philosophers whose tenets Lucretius espoused; observations on the peculiarities of other schools of philosophy, Indian, Grecian, Roman, &c.; correct sketches of the discoveries and theories of the moderns, whether devoted to chemistry or physics; developments of striking facts in natural history; and allusions to many extraordinary anticipations of discoveries supposed to be modern. Our annotator also expatiates, with taste and feeling, upon the beauties of his author, and collects numerous obvious or *imagined* imitations of him in several poets of earlier and later times. His extensive attainments as a linguist, and that indefatigable industry to which I have more than once adverted, enabled him to enrich this department of his undertaking with an almost boundless profusion; and to present resemblances, parallelisms, allusions, and probable copies of his text, from Arabic, Persian, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, German, English, and other poets, from various parts of the Holy Scriptures, and from every work of taste or knowledge that could, without unnatural straining, contribute to his purpose. Sometimes indeed it must be admit-

ted, that his admiration of his author and his theories carry him beyond the limits of sober interpretation; yet, on the whole, these notes possess a rich and permanent value, and may be generally consulted, by one who guards against this tendency, with the utmost safety, as well as advantage and pleasure."*

Mr Good seems to have engaged in the task of translating and illustrating the philosophical poem of 'Lucretius,' chiefly, for the purpose of exercising his faculties in the study of a work embracing the greatest possible variety of subjects connected with ancient literature and science. The discursive nature of the plan of the Roman poet, and the essential peculiarities of his theme, certainly afford ample scope for the exercise of industry and research in an interpreter; but Mr Good has been by far too diffuse in his annotations; accumulating sometimes with great labour and little judgment a mass of materials calculated to show the extent of his reading rather than to elucidate the meaning of his author. His application, however, was unwearied. It was in the progress of this work that he made himself more or less familiar with the Spanish, Portuguese, German, Arabic, and Persian languages.

The translation of 'Lucretius' did not so far occupy the attention of Mr Good as to prevent him, while engaged in it, from prosecuting other literary undertakings. From 1797 to 1803, or 1804, he contributed largely to some of the reviews and other periodical publications. In a letter to his friend Dr Drake (author of 'Literary Hours,' and various other works), dated January 29, 1803, he says—"I have edited the 'Critical Review,' besides writing several of its most elaborate articles—I have every week supplied a column of matter for the 'Sunday Review'—and have for some days had the great weight of the 'British Press' upon my hands; the committee for conducting which having applied to me lately, in the utmost consternation, in consequence of a trick put upon them by the proprietors of other newspapers, and which stopped abruptly the exertions of their editor, and several of their most valuable hands."† The 'Analytical Review,' and the 'Monthly' and 'British Magazines,' were also among the periodical works for which at this time he furnished contributions.

But with these literary labours were connected works of greater magnitude. In the beginning of 1803 he appears to have been simultaneously engaged in finishing a translation of the book of 'Canticles,' and in writing the 'Life of Dr Alexander Geddes.' This last mentioned production seems to have owed its origin to the friendly intimacy which had subsisted be-

* Idem, pp. 181, 182. † Idem, p. 80.

tween the biographer and the subject of his memoir. Dr Geddes, who was a native of Banffshire, in Scotland, was a Roman Catholic priest, and a man of considerable classical attainments, traces of which were obvious in his very abundant and multifarious publications. His sentiments, as to religious matters, were so very extravagant, that they bordered on infidelity. But, according to Bishop Milner, Geddes had two sets of opinions,—one for the season of health and confidence, and the other to be resorted to under the pressure of bodily sickness and low spirits. When he apprehended himself to be dangerously ill, he was accustomed to send for a brother ecclesiastic, that he might abjure his errors and receive absolution; but his repentance was never permanent; for he submitted his conscience to the authority of the church no longer than while he thought himself in danger of death. His duplicity, or self-delusion, terminated in what his Catholic friends must have considered as a melancholy catastrophe. In his last illness a confessor was sent for as usual, but before his arrival the penitent was become breathless, or insensible; and *he died and made no sign.* This event took place February 26, 1802.

Dr Gregory says—"His principal work was a 'Translation of the Bible,' of which, however, he only published a few of the earlier books;* the boldness of his speculations, and the rashness of many of his proposed emendations, having excited such an opposition to his undertaking, that he could not possibly proceed with it. He was a man of profound and extensive erudition, of deep research, and of unwearied application; an enthusiastic propagator of his particular opinions respecting the Scripture historians: but as these are justly reckoned not only erroneous, but even dangerous, by the majority of Christians, it is no wonder that his publications on such subjects diminished that respect which all men of learning would otherwise have had for him."†

"Among the singular and dangerous opinions held by Dr Geddes, one of the most revolting was that which related to the character of Moses. He believed that the great Jewish legislator was not inspired, but assumed a pretended inspiration. 'Indeed' (says he) 'I cannot conceive how Moses could have governed so rude, so stubborn, so turbulent a nation—and made them submit to such a code of laws as he devised for them—without feigning an immediate intercourse with the Deity, and ascribing to him every injunction laid upon them. But although his com-

* The 'Pentateuch,' and the books of 'Joshua' and 'Judges,' were included in the translation of Dr Geddes, which extended to three volumes quarto, with various readings and annotations, 1792, &c. His translation of the 'Psalms,' with notes and various readings, was published posthumously, 1807, 8vo.

† Memoirs, p. 158.

munications with God were frequent, and almost on every emergency, he was particularly careful to keep the people at a distance from the intercourse; no one must approach the mount while he is receiving the Decalogue, under pain of death; no one must hear the responses given from the oracle, but through him; no one but he sees God *face to face:* no one must reason against any of his ordinances; no one object to any of his decisions: because his ordinances and decisions are all from the mouth of God." *

Mr Good, though his own sentiments were not perfectly orthodox when he published the biographical memoir under notice, was yet far from being disposed to approve of speculations so bold as those of Dr Geddes. In animadverting on them, he successfully employs the *argumentum ad hominem.* Dr Geddes professed a firm belief of the divine mission of the founder of Christianity, who, as appears from the records of the New Testament, admitted the inspiration of Moses, expressly adverting to such inspiration in the delivery of a prediction fulfilled in his own person. Hence the objector against the veracity of the Jewish lawgiver had obviously involved himself in a dilemma, from which it is not easy to perceive how he could have escaped, if he had pursued his design so far as to comment on those parts of the Gospel in which the authority of Moses as a sacred envoy is distinctly recognized.

The account of Mr Good's first introduction to Dr Geddes is interesting, as affording some characteristic traits of that eccentric individual:—"I met him accidentally at the house of Miss Hamilton, who has lately acquired a just reputation for her excellent Letters on Education: and I freely confess that, at the first interview, I was by no means pleased with him. I beheld a man of about five feet, five inches high, in a black dress, put on with uncommon negligence, and apparently never fitted to his form: his figure was lank, his face meagre, his hair black, long and loose, and without having been sufficiently submitted to the operations of the toilet; and his eyes, though quick and vivid, sparkling at that time rather with irritability than benevolence. He was disputing with one of the company when I entered, and the rapidity with which at this moment he left his chair, and rushed with an elevated tone of voice and uncourtly dogmatism of manner towards his opponent, instantaneously persuaded me that the subject upon which the debate turned was of the utmost moment. I listened with all the attention I could command; and in a few minutes learned, to my astonishment, that it related to nothing more than the dis-

* Idem, p. 159.

tance of his own house, in the New road, Paddington, from the place of our meeting, which was in Guildford street. The debate being at length concluded, or rather worn out, the Doctor took possession of the next chair to that in which I was seated, and united with myself, and a friend who sat on my other side, in discoursing upon the politics of the day. On this topic we proceeded smoothly and accordantly for some time; till at length disagreeing with us upon some point as trivial as the former, he again rose abruptly from his seat, traversed the room in every direction, with as indeterminate a parallax as that of a comet, and loudly and with increase of voice maintaining his position at every step he took. Not wishing to prolong the dispute, we yielded to him without further interruption; and in the course of a few minutes after he had closed his harangue, he again approached us, retook possession of his chair, and all was playful good-humour and genuine wit." *

Previously to the publication of his 'Memoirs of Dr Geddes,' Mr Good made his appearance in the literary world in the character of a biblical critic, and Oriental philologist. The first production which gave him a claim to these titles, was a 'Translation of the book of Canticles, illustrated with notes.' Among the numerous modern translators and commentators whose labours have been bestowed on this relic of the poetry of the ancient Hebrews, a great diversity of opinion has prevailed, not only with regard to its general object and design, but also respecting the nature of the composition, and its sub-divisions. Bossuet considered it as a regular drama, divided into seven portions, corresponding with the seven days of the Jewish marriage festivals; and Lowth, Percy, and Mr Williams, adopted this sentiment; but Jahn, Sir William Jones, and our author, with some others, regard it as a series of sacred Idylls, the number of which Jahn supposes to be eight, while Dr Good traces twelve. With regard to the *language*, Dr Good remarks, "that in no translation which he had seen is the rendering presented with all the delicacy of diction to which the original is fairly entitled: this main defect, in his opinion, has resulted from close verbal renderings of the Hebrew terms being given, when they ought to have been translated equivalently; and in the plan pursued by himself, we therefore find our cool northernly taste less frequently offended. He exhibits two translations in opposite pages, one of them resembling, as closely as the idioms of the respective languages will allow, the rhythmical structure of the original, the other in heroic verse." †

The notes of the translator are characterised, by his biographer,

* Memoirs of the Life of Dr Geddes, pp. 67, 68.
† Memoirs of Dr Good, pp. 152, 153.

as "exceedingly elegant and amusing." They include a multitude of parallel passages, from Persian, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Italian poets, to many of which are appended new versions by Mr Good.

His philological study of the Jewish Scriptures occupied much of his attention, at intervals, during the remainder of his life; and the result of his researches appeared in translations and illustrations of several parts of the Old Testament; the book of Job, however, was the only biblical version which he published subsequently to that already noticed. This work was not printed till 1812. It is executed in much the same manner with the preceding, except that the secondary, or rhymed translation, does not extend beyond the first five chapters. An introductory dissertation, and a copious commentary of miscellaneous matter, accompany the text. In the former, Mr Good states it as his opinion, that the author of the book of Job must have been a Hebrew by birth, and a resident in Arabia, who lived between the time of Abraham and the Israelitish Exodus; and these characters agreeing in Moses, he concludes that it was composed by him during some part of his forty years residence in Midian.

The versatility of talent which Mr Good exhibited in his various publications, and his peculiar taste for the accumulation and display of miscellaneous intelligence, qualified him considerably for an undertaking in which he engaged with his friend Dr Gregory and another gentleman, about the end of the year 1804. This was the publication of a work, intitled, 'Pantologia; or, an Universal Dictionary of Arts, Sciences and Words,' 12 vols. 8vo. The 'Pantologia' was commenced by Dr Gregory, and Mr Newton Bosworth of Cambridge, in 1802. On the removal of the former to Woolwich, in January 1803, another gentleman was associated in the scheme, who, however, in consequence of an unexpected accession of property, retired from the labour in about twelve months. Shortly afterwards, a speculating bookseller (Sir Richard Phillips) who had ascertained that this 'Universal Dictionary' was in preparation, with a view to anticipate the plan, both in object and name, commenced the publication of a new 'Cyclopædia,' of which Dr George Gregory was announced as the editor; while, in fact, the Rev. Jeremiah Joyce was the principal, if not the only person engaged upon the work. This manœuvre suggested the expediency of new arrangements, as well as of a new title, for Dr O. Gregory's 'Encyclopædia;' and Mr Good, having recently published his 'Song of Songs,' at Mr Kearsley's, the bookseller, who was the chief proprietor of the new undertaking, his high reputation for erudition, and for punctuality in the execution of his engagements, occasioned an application to him, as an individual admirably qualified to co-operate the important enterprise. Some time elapsed before his

objections could be obviated to the placing his name *first* on the title-page of a work of which he was not to take the general superintendence: but at length the scruple was removed; and from 1805, when the joint preparations commenced, to the spring of 1813, when the task was completed, he continued with the utmost promptness, regularity and ability, to supply the various articles and treatises that were comprehended in the extensive portion of the 'Dictionary' which he undertook to compose.*

In the autumn of 1810, Mr Good engaged in the office of a public lecturer. He was invited, by the managers of the Surrey Institution (now extinct) to deliver a series of lectures "on any subject, literary or scientific, which would be agreeable to himself." He acceded to the request, and delivered his first course in the ensuing winter to crowded audiences with general approbation. He was entreated to persevere; and his second and third series of discourses occupied the two succeeding winters. The first series, in fifteen lectures, treated of the "Nature of the Material World; and the Scale of unorganised and organic Tribes that issue from it:" the second series, in thirteen lectures, developed the "Nature of the Animate World; its peculiar powers and external relations; the means of communicating ideas; and the formation of society:" and the third, in fifteen lectures, was devoted to the "Nature of the Mind; its general faculties and furniture."† This plan is sufficiently extensive, but the topics of discussion would have been augmented in subsequent years, had not the increasing circle of his professional engagements compelled Mr Good, notwithstanding the most urgent persuasions to the contrary, to relinquish the occupation of a philosophical lecturer.

Among the multiplicity of literary undertakings in which Mr Good was involved, we must not omit to notice his labours as a contributor to the British Review. That critical journal, which was a quarterly publication, was carried on from the beginning of 1811 till nearly the end of 1822, under the superintendence of Mr Roberts, a barrister, the author of a series of essays, intitled the 'Looker-on.' With this gentleman Mr Good was in habits of the closest intimacy, and he supplied him with several articles of importance, among which are specified 'A Review of the Phrenological System of Gall and Spurzheim,' in No. 2; 'An Account of Townsend's Character of Moses as an Historian;' and of 'Adelung's Mithridates,' in No. 12; 'A Review of Dr Marshman's Chinese Grammar;' and another of 'Sismondi on Spanish Literature,' in No. 13. Several other articles were the joint productions of these literary friends.

In the year 1820, Mr Good relinquished the business of a

* Id. pp. 88, 89. † Id. pp. 91, 92.

surgeon and apothecary, to engage in professional practice as a physician. His diploma of M.D., which was from the Marischal College, Aberdeen, is dated July 10, that year; and it is said to be "expressed in terms of peculiar honour, differing from the usual language of that class of formularies."* He was also, on the 2nd of November 1820, elected an honorary member of the Medical and Chirurgical Society of Aberdeen.†

In this new direction of his talents, Dr Good appears to have been very fortunate, and his time was more occupied than it had ever previously been, in giving advice and attending consultations for the benefit of his patients. The pressure of business did not however interrupt his literary studies, though they were more exclusively directed to objects connected with his profession. In 1808 he published an essay on 'Medical Technology,' which served as a kind of prelude to a larger and more detailed treatise, the fruit of subsequent observations and experience, which appeared in 1820, under the title of 'A Physiological System of Nosology, with a corrected and simplified Nomenclature,' with a dedication to the President and Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians of London. This is necessarily a theoretical work, which from its nature can be but little interesting to any except medical readers. It comprises a review of the nosological systems of Sauvages, Linnæus, Cullen, Darwin, and other physicians, together with a new nomenclature, and a classification of diseases, by Dr Good; and the whole is illustrated with abundance of notes, forming "a running commentary," which the author "has endeavoured to render replete with interesting cases, valuable hints or remarks, and singular physiological facts, gleaned from a pretty extensive perusal of the most approved authorities, collective or individual, ancient or modern; occasionally interwoven with similar illustrations, as they have occurred to the writer in his own private walk and intercourse of life."

This work was followed in 1822 by a more elaborate and comprehensive performance, called 'The Study of Medicine,' in four volumes octavo. Dr Good describes his object in this work to be to unite the different branches of medical science, which, when carried to any considerable extent, had in general been

* Idem, p. 109.

† Dr Good belonged to several other scientific associations, English and foreign; the dates of his admission into which are thus given by his biographer:

Fellow of the Royal Society, 1805 or 1806.
Linnæan Society of Philadelphia, April 1810.
New York Historical Society, October 26, 1813.
Literary and Philosophical Society of New York, May 9, 1816.
Royal College of Physicians, London *(Licent.)* June 25, 1822.
'low of the Royal Society of Literature, April, 1824.
' York Horticultural Society, September 7, 1824.

treated separately by previous writers. The departments of knowledge thus combined are—1. 'Physiology,' or the doctrine of the natural action of the living principle.—2. 'Pathology,' or the doctrine of its morbid action.—3. 'Nosology,' or the doctrine of the classification of diseases.—4. 'Therapeutics,' or the doctrine of their treatment and cure. The extensive reading, insatiable spirit of investigation, practical experience, and professional judgment of the author, qualified him highly for the production of a work of this kind; and it was honoured with flattering testimonies of approbation from many eminent physicians both in Great Britain and America. A sufficient proof of its merit appears in the fact, that a second edition was speedily called for, which issued from the press, in five volumes, in 1825; and no less than three editions have been published in the American United States.

In the spring of 1826, Dr Good found leisure to publish the lectures he had delivered at the Surrey Institution in 1810—1813. They were comprised in three volumes, and appeared under the title of 'The Book of Nature,' forming a popular compendium of natural, intellectual, and moral philosophy. This work terminates the series of his printed productions, as he did not long survive the period of its publication.

During the greater part of his life his health had been remarkably good; an advantage doubtless arising as much from his habitual temperance and activity as from the natural strength of his constitution. The indulgence of a carriage, to which he accustomed himself in his later years, probably induced a degree of corporeal debility, which, in conjunction with other causes, issued in a fatal disease. His too assiduous application to study, in preparing for the press the two great medical works already noticed, was perhaps more immediately injurious to his health. Towards the close of the year 1826, his strength so rapidly declined, as to excite much solicitude in the minds of Mrs Good and other members of his family; but the symptoms of danger did not become alarming till the approach of Christmas. Even then he was able to take a journey from his own house in Guildford street, Russell square, to the residence of his daughter Mrs Neale, at Shepperton, Middlesex, about eighteen miles from the metropolis.

He arrived there the 23rd of December, when the complaint, inflammation of the bladder, had already commenced, which after some alternations of comparative ease and severe suffering, terminated in death, January 2, 1827.

His mental faculties were not materially deranged by the progress of the disease, till near its close; and in his confident expectation of recovery, he exhibited an instance of the common inaccuracy with which medical men are accustomed to estimate

their own danger, in similar circumstances. But a few days before his dissolution he was competent to the exercise of his judgment, in prescribing for a patient. The circumstance is thus stated, in a letter from his daughter:—"On Friday, December 29, Mr Cooper* held a consultation with Dr Good, who saw and wrote a prescription with his usual accuracy for his patient, the niece of his friend, the Rev. Mr Russell, rector of the parish. A more striking scene can scarcely be conceived. The young lady, who was extremely ill, and supposed to be in immediate danger, was, at her own earnest request, brought into the house, and placed by the bedside of her kind physician, who gathered up all his strength to attend to her symptoms, which were stated with extreme difficulty. At this time his own danger began to be apprehended by his afflicted family, and the friends of both parties listened, with no common interest, to what was passing before them. The exertion, however, was too much for Dr Good. The excitement it produced occasioned through the whole of the same night and succeeding day much confusion of thought."†

By his second wife Dr Good had a son, John Mason Good, who died of fever, November 26, 1803, in the thirteenth year of his age; and two daughters, Susanna and Margaret. The former of these ladies was married to the Rev. Cornelius Neale, an episcopal clergyman, and the author of a volume of poems, who died, in consequence of a pulmonary disease, in August 1823.

In his moral and domestic character Dr Good appears to great advantage, as the object of general respect and esteem. He had derived from nature an active disposition, calmness of temper, and a spirit of industry and research, which are qualifications calculated to insure the happiness and prosperity of their possessor in a much greater degree than the more rare and dazzling endowments of refined sensibility and extraordinary genius. In reference to the general estimate of the talents of our author, the following observations of his biographer are too important to be omitted:—

"Those habits of order, the formation of which constituted a part of his education, and the consolidation of which was so greatly aided by the circumstances of his apprenticeship, were evinced through life. The arrangements of his wardrobe, his books, his accounts, his papers, his manuscripts, his time, all bore the stamp of this peculiarity. Giving as he did, from principle, to his medical engagements his first thoughts and chief care in the arrangements of each day, and finding, from the very nature of the profession, that it presented hourly interruptions to his best-formed schemes; still he had the power of smoothing down the irregularities thus incessantly occurring, and of

* The medical friend and attendant of Dr Good.

† Memoirs of Dr M. Good, p. 454.

carrying on his various pursuits with the order which has been already adverted to. After his decease, the effects of this love of method and orderly arrangement were more than ever evinced. For though his professional and other occupations continued to employ him daily, until the very eve of his journey to Shepperton; yet, when his papers came to be examined, they were found with labels and indorsements, describing the nature of each packet,—which was of little, which of much, which of immediate, which of remote consequence, which related to his profession, which to his banker, which to the concerns of his daughter Mrs Neale, which to any of his friends, which to proposed new editions of some of his works, which to a work just ready for the press—as completely assorted, described and specified, as if for the last six months of his existence he had neglected everything else, and acted with unremitting reference to the injunction—'*Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.*'"*

'As a literary man Dr Good appeared under two distinct characters,—part of his works relating to professional topics, and the remainder to subjects of a different description. The latter do not require any very particular notice. He seems, in their composition or compilation, to have followed the example of Lord Kames, who, as we are told, used to sit down to write a book on any subject which he had occasion to study. This seems to be much like beginning at the wrong end of the business; and whether or not it may be calculated to answer the purpose of the writer, the old-fashioned method of studying first and writing afterwards would plainly be more conducive to the edification of the reader. That Dr Good actually proceeded on this plan appears from the assertion of his biographer, who says—"This work (the translation of Lucretius) he undertook, partly at the entreaty of his literary friends, but principally, as I have more than once heard him state, that he might bring himself under something like the urgency of a moral necessity to become thoroughly acquainted with the utmost possible variety of subjects upon which men of literature, science, and investigation, had been able to throw any light."†—The astonishing imperfection, in point of knowledge, with which he entered on his very important undertaking, is most completely proved by an acknowledgment of ignorance or forgetfulness, which would have been inexcusable in a seventh-form boy at a public school.

In a letter to his friend Dr Nathan Drake of Hadleigh, written in September 1798, he says,

"I do not know whether among the extracts you have done me the honour to select from my version, ‡ you have made choice of that which I have given as a specimen in my Prospectus. I mean the little episode on the sacrifice of Iphigenia. There is an error which

* Idem, pp. 119, 120. † Idem, pp. 84, 85.
‡ That is for the purpose of insertion in the 'Literary Hours.'

has crept into the last line but one of my translation, owing to my having forgotten the actual state of the Grecian fleet at the time that the sacrifice was demanded, and to my not having had an opportunity of consulting the Iphigenia of Euripides upon the subject. Having, however, obtained of late a perpetual admission into the reading-rooms of the British Museum, among other books I have been again reading this part of the dramas of the Greek poet—and I find that on the demand of Chalchas, the fleet was not in a storm, which such a sacrifice was necessary to extricate it from, but absolutely lying without wind in the harbour at Aulis, and so totally becalmed that it could not possibly proceed to sea. It was to obtain a breeze, therefore, and to get liberated from this imprisonment, that Chalchas insisted upon the death of Iphigenia; and the verse to which I refer, instead of being

'Of Grecian navies rescued thus from storms,'

should be corrected

'Of Grecian navies favour'd thus with gales.'

The Latin of Lucretius will apply equally to both, whether a happy escape from port or from tempests:—

'Exitus ut classi felix, faustusque daretur.'" *

Hence it appears that Dr Good did not always write from the fulness of his knowledge; but collecting his information as he proceeded, he made use of it according to his own conception of its importance at the moment of its acquisition. He thus accumulated much that was irrelevant and heterogeneous, and combined it with what was really illustrative of his subject.

The principal medical publications of the subject of this memoir, are his 'Nosology,' and his 'Study of Medicine.' The former of these works is liable to an objection, arising from the present state of medical science, which is by far too imperfect to admit, for any purpose of practical utility, of a systematic terminology. The attempt of Dr Good, like many others of the same kind, irresistibly recalls to mind the sarcastic observation of the French critic—

'Si vous ne pensez pas, crées des nouveaux mots.'

In one respect the characteristic industry of the author has been employed with advantage in his 'Physiological Nosology,' as he has subjoined to the peculiar designations which he has thought proper to bestow on the diseases included in his system their chief technical and vernacular synonymes, confining the vernacular names to the English, German, and French languages, and the technical ones principally to the Greek, Latin, and Arabic.

The treatise on the 'Study of Medicine' is by far the most valuable of all Dr Good's productions. And its excellence

* Mem. of Dr M. Good, pp. 86, 87.

obviously originated in its being composed on a different plan from most of his other works; since, instead of taking up a subject with which he was but little acquainted, he has here presented his readers with the result of the experience of his whole professional career, as well as with the fruits of his studies in the walks of literature and science.

CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF DR JOHN MASON GOOD.

1. Maria; an Elegiac Ode. 1789, 4to.
2. A Dissertation on the Diseases of Prisons and Poor-houses, 1795. 12mo.
3. The History of Medicine, so far as it relates to the Profession of the Apothecary, from the earliest accounts to the present period. 1795, 12mo.
4. A Dissertation on the best means of employing the Poor in Parish Workhouses. 1798, 8vo. 2nd edit. 1805.
5. A Second Address to the Members of the Corporation of Surgeons of London. 1800.
6. The Triumph of Britain; an Ode. 1803.
7. The Song of Songs; or Sacred Idylls, translated from the Hebrew; with Notes, critical and explanatory. 1803, 8vo.
8. Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr Alexander Geddes. 1803, 8vo.
9. Lucretius on the Nature of Things, translated from the Latin; with philological and explanatory Notes and the original Text. 1805, 2 vols. 4to.
10. An Anniversary Oration, delivered before the Medical Society of London. 1808.
11. An Essay on Medical Technology. 1810.
12. The Book of Job, literally translated from the original Hebrew, and restored to its natural arrangement; with Notes, critical and illustrative. 1812, 8vo.
13. A Physiological System of Nosology; with a corrected and simplified Nomenclature. 1817, 8vo.
14. The Study of Medicine. 1822, 4 vols. 8vo. 2nd. edit. 1825, 5 vols. 8vo.
15. The Book of Nature. 1826, 3 vols. 8vo.
16. A Sketch of the Revolution in 1688.
17. An Essay on Providence, inserted in Dr Gregory's Memoirs of Dr Good, p. 38 to 55.
18. A Translation of the Book of Proverbs, MS.
19. A Translation of the Psalms, MS.
20. Contributions to the Pantologia, and to various periodical publications.

ANTHONY ROBINSON.

" Were the Supreme Being to appear before me, and say—' Mortal! lo, in my right hand is all truth, and in my left hand the love of truth; choose between them:' I should make answer—' Lord, give me the contents of thy left hand; those of thy right hand can be held by none but thee.' "

LESSING.

ANTHONY ROBINSON was born in July 1762, at Kirkland, near Wigton, in Cumberland. His father John Robinson, and his direct ancestors, during several centuries, had resided on their paternal inheritance, and were, in the language of the northern counties, *statesmen*. In the happy mediocrity of his birth Mr Robinson took pleasure, but rather in accordance with the prophet's prayer, than as a modification of family pride. He received his education at the endowed grammar-school of Wigton, where mathematics and the higher classics were taught. Being the youngest of three sons, he was designed by his father for trade, and his education was therefore probably limited by that object. Of his attainments in school learning little is known. It was a peculiar feature of his mind to hold in too little estimation everything purely ornamental. Neither the fine arts nor polite literature had any value in his eyes, except in subserviency to serious truths and important duties. His avowed indifference to classical learning must have manifested itself both as cause and effect in the direction of his studies. He served an apprenticeship at Cockermouth in Cumberland; but his father's death having left him in possession of a small property, and master of his own actions, on attaining his majority he availed himself of his liberty by becoming a pupil of Dr Caleb Evans, of Bristol, the head of an academy belonging to the Calvinistic Baptists. We are unable to account for Mr Robinson's abandonment of the church of England, in which he was brought up, or his preference of a community so widely different from the establishment. But we find that, having submitted to the rite of baptism (by immersion) he pursued his studies for the usual period of three years; and at the end of that time accepted, under the auspices of his tutor, an invitation to supply, for six months, an orthodox Baptist

church, at Fairford in Gloucestershire. He had, however, scarcely assumed the ministerial office, before his sensitive and scrupulous mind was disturbed by the discovery, that he was not universally acceptable to his congregation. On this he wrote to the church, inviting his own dismissal. In the answer he was informed, in respectful and kind language, that some members found his ministry "not adapted to their edification:" and he was released from his engagement.

He now returned to the north, and even then contemplated resuming his first pursuits as a man of business. From this he was diverted by an invitation through his friend Mr Job David, then a General Baptist minister at Frome, who had recommended him to the church of that community, assembling at Worship street, London. And it is worthy of remark, as shewing how early Mr Robinson had made known to his friends that peculiar mode of thinking which afterwards gave occasion to such notable productions from his pen, that Mr David urged as a reason for his friend's remaining in the ministry the *intolerance* of their churches. As if the correction of this vice was a fitter object for the labours of an ardent and vigorous mind than the support of any system of abstract metaphysical opinions. In no other way, probably, could Mr R. have been brought to adopt the ministry as a profession. A rapid and striking change had taken place in his opinions and feelings when he first assumed the ministerial office at Fairford. No sooner was the duty imposed on him of accurately defining the articles of the creed he was to promulgate, than his faculties being sharpened by that sense of duty, he felt his inability to fathom the mysteries of orthodoxy, and he trembled before the responsibility of being an assertor dogmatically of any doctrines. He was informed that the learned Mr Bulkeley, who had preached in Worship street Meeting, was, "in some sort a Unitarian." In fact, neither Mr Bulkeley nor Mr Noble, the last pastor of the church, had deviated farther from popular opinions than Arianism. The unfixed state of sentiment in the church on the dogma concerning the person of Christ, was a recommendation to the young divine, and he consented to become their preacher, but the more solemn charge of the pastoral office he did not accept.

His personal connexion with his old friend and tutor remained unbroken. In a letter from the doctor to his former pupil, written about this period, he kindly laments the change in his opinions, rejoicing, however, that he had "not sunk into Socinianism," which he thought "less consistent than sober Deism;" and gently hinting that his young friend would do well to "fix in Arianism—though far from the truth," rather than be "thus ever learning," and "kept fluctuating in the boundless ocean of spe-

culation." No advice was ever more unfortunately addressed; for it became the fixed opinion of Mr R., that to be ever learning is both the duty and end of human existence.

Mr Robinson's services in Worship street were interrupted by an event which altogether changed his prospects in life. By the death of an elder brother he inherited the paternal estate, which afforded a competent subsistence to a man of his humble wishes and simple habits. After a connexion of a little more than a year with the Worship street congregation, he returned into Cumberland, where he remained, occupying his own estate, about seven years. During those few years he became husband, father, childless, and a widower. The domestic losses which he sustained deeply affected his spirits, for he had received from nature the perilous gifts of acute sensibility, and very strong personal affections.

During this period the interests of religion had not been disregarded by him. He took an active part in the erection of a meeting-house at Wigton, in 1788, and was one of the largest pecuniary contributors. Here he preached, but as a *locum tenens* only, until a regular minister was appointed. That minister was the late Mr Davis, of whom Mr Robinson published an interesting account in the Monthly Repository.* Mr Davis was a decided Unitarian—a circumstance which may assist us in conjecturing that Mr Robinson had profited little by the well-meant counsels of his old preceptor. Mr R., during this period, was an occasional preacher in the absence of his friend.

The direction which Mr Robinson's mind had taken, on matters connected with religion, was fixed during his retirement in Cumberland. The result was given in his first work—'A Short History of the Persecution of Christians by Jews, Heathens and Christians.' A second edition of this tract was published in 1794. It is a brief manual, written with the "humble aim to instruct the common ranks of society in a practical use of the history of the church." It opposes the precepts of Christianity to the practices of all churches, which are developed and reprobated with perfect impartiality, and it advocates the utmost extension of the rights of conscience.

We have been informed by an old friend of Mr R.'s, a professional gentleman very competent to form an opinion on such a subject, that, during his residence in Cumberland, he printed and distributed in Wigton and the neighbourhood a small pamphlet on 'The Advantages of Settling Disputes by Arbitration.' Dr —— writes, "The pamphlet was so excellent that it ought, if possible, to be preserved, for I never read so much sound

* See Month. Rep. Old Series, Vol. xx, p. 52.

sense and strong reasoning, compressed into so small a compass, and so perfectly intelligible to any human being." This pamphlet was reprinted by Johnson. But of this, as well as of another little book, "Hints to Juries, in Trials for Libels," no copy has been found either at the publisher's or among Mr R.'s papers.

During his residence in the north, Mr R. cultivated an acquaintance with Archdeacon Paley; of whom he used to say, that he was out of his place, and that he would have been as great a judge as his distinguished countryman, Lord Ellenborough.

The quiet pursuits in which Mr R. indulged were interrupted by the domestic calamities we have already mentioned. These led to an entire change in his views and plans of life. In the year 1796 he came again to London, to settle permanently in business. About the same period he united himself, for a second time, in marriage with a young lady of a respectable Cumberland family, a Miss Lucock. He entered into business as a sugar-refiner, in which he continued till his death; and in which, after the usual fluctuations of disappointment and success, he accumulated a handsome fortune.

Though he professed to be merely a tradesman, yet he retained a strong interest in those momentous truths in which the happiness of mankind is involved, and became a steady and active assertor of civil and religious liberty. It was his good fortune to contract a close personal intimacy with that excellent man, the late Mr Joseph Johnson, of St Paul's Churchyard. The unostentatious benevolence and integrity of his character, and the simplicity of his manners, were congenial virtues, which Mr R., after his friend's death in 1809, was untired in eulogizing.

Mr Robinson became a regular contributor to Johnson's 'Analytical Review,' a short-lived publication, which deserved a longer duration. He took the department of politics and political economy, and adopted the signature of S. A. This lasted during the years 1797, 1798, and 1799. His articles are distinguished by clearness and spirit. He was by no means an unimpassioned contemplator of the great events of that momentous period, nor free from the illusions which it generated in every mind. Mr R. availed himself of his friend Johnson in the publication of several small tracts.—In 1796, he published 'The Catholic Church,' a short but masterly argument, in which is opposed to the *pseudo* Catholic Church of Rome, as assuming infallibility, the genuine Catholicism of an institution in which "should be taught not the assertion, but the examination of religious opinions; not the belief of, but an inquiry into, sacred positions—which should connect salvation,

not with credulity, but with sober thought and sincere benevolence."

In 1797 Mr R. published, on occasion of the stoppage of the Bank, 'New Circulating Medium; being an Examination of the Solidity of Paper Currency, and its Effects on the Country at this Crisis.' The author partook of the general panic, and anticipated the national ruin which has not yet taken place, but which is still predicted. In 1798 he published, in octavo, 'A View of the Causes and Consequences of English Wars,' which he dedicated to his friend Mr William Morgan. An anxious solicitude for the happiness of mankind, and a just sense of their rights, will not be denied to the author, even by those who see in the work ordinary views and an uncritical spirit.

In 1800 Mr R. appeared as a controversial writer in 'An Examination of a Sermon preached at Cambridge, by Robert Hall, M.A. entitled Modern Infidelity considered with respect to its Influence on Society.' Mr Hall's eloquent discourse has attained just celebrity, as a most splendid specimen of pulpit oratory. Mr R.'s 'Examination' has been forgotten; yet a discriminating mind will allow to the examiner as great a pre-eminence over the orator in powers of thought as of inferiority to him in the graces of composition.

Persecution, in all its forms, had been the subject of Mr Robinson's painful study. That of Infidels or Sceptics, by Christians, was as offensive to him as any other, indeed more so, as in more decided opposition to the *pretended* principle of the persecutor. He who misrepresents and vilifies, furnishes ready weapons to the persecutor; and with this impression Mr R. penned his indignant and powerful 'Examination.' He analyses, with masterly skill, the well-sounding common-places of his antagonist. We must in candour add our regret, when we observe that there is a tone of acrimony, and almost of scorn, towards Mr H., which is *single* in the history of Mr R.'s works and mind. They had lived together as students, at Bristol, and they parted *not* friends. Perhaps the possession of certain qualities in common induced this alienation as much as the opposition of their opinions and tastes. It is but justice to add, that this is the only instance in Mr R.'s life where diversity of taste and opinion occasioned a want of friendship with those with whom he was connected. With the family of his old master at Cockermouth, with the son and descendants of Dr Evans, he remained intimately connected during life; and he chose the Worship street cemetery for his family vault: proofs of affectionate attachment to those whom he had in some respect deserted.

In the year 1800 he printed, in quarto, but did not publish,

'A Sermon preached to a Country Congregation in 1795.' In a caustic advertisement he remarks, that "out of many it alone survives to report the labours of an individual who asks no longer the indulgence of a hearing, and who never thought the praise of the populace any honour." Its object is to prove, that on the several hypotheses—"That there is no God"—"That there is a God, and he is a malevolent being"—"That there is a God, and he is benevolence,"—the conduct of a wise man will be the same. He takes care to assert his faith in the last doctrine; and his practical object seems to be, as in his answer to Hall, to shew that even an Atheist is not without a principle of virtue. Indeed, Lord Bacon had long before observed that Atheism "leaves a man to natural piety." In his bitter strictures on the supposed doctrine of the malevolence of the Deity, he apparently aims a blow equally at Hobbes, who asserts "that in God power constitutes right," and at the doctrine of the "sovereignty of divine grace," as maintained by high Calvinists. "What conduct will such religion produce? To invent protracted means of torment—and after torturing the body, to agonize the mind by drawing the picture of an eternal hell, would be the legitimate practice which such a religion would introduce."

It appears from this account of Mr Robinson's writings that, though attached to religion, he contemplated with an eye of hostility the ordinary ministers, the priests of the established religions. He therefore readily concurred in trying the experiment of 'A School of Mutual Instruction for Adults.' We borrow a term since invented. In 1796, he assisted in founding a small society which met on Sunday evenings for conversation, first in Crispin street, and then in Coleman street. No one of the ordinary attendants came near him in ability. At that period of alarm it excited the attention of the magistracy, who interfered, and the society dispersed. They came within no law or regulation of police, but the period was critical. With similar professions, other societies have sprung up in later days, with which Mr R. could have no concern, for he was alike repugnant to the insincerity which has marked some, and the violation of decency and good manners which has distinguished others of these societies. The writer of this memoir does not feel himself called upon to deliver any opinion of such experiments, the expediency of which must depend on circumstances of time, place, and person; nor could he with impartiality on this occasion, for it was at one of these humble meetings that he formed an acquaintance with Mr R., which in due time ripened into a friendship to be terminated after a duration of thirty years by that event which puts a period to all our enjoyments. After so long and intimate an acquaintance it becomes him to say of his departed friend, that as

he scarcely ever knew his equal in colloquial eloquence, in acuteness and skill, and promptitude in debate, so he never knew his superior in candour and sincerity. No imagined interest, even of morality, could induce him to affect an opinion he did not entertain. On many points of important speculation he would say nothing, and the friends who most honoured him respected his silence. It is possible that what Lord Clarendon said of John Hales was true of Mr R., that he was silent from principle, conscious that he entertained opinions which he thought might injure others, though they had not injured him.

Besides the productions already noticed, Mr Robinson was the author of some papers in the 'Monthly Magazine;' and he was a frequent contributor to the 'Monthly Repository.' His connexion with the latter began by an article of singular acuteness and ability, which excited great attention at the time, and generated no slight ill-will among some leading men of the Unitarians. In vol. iii. p. 184, (Old Series,) appeared 'Arguments to prove that Unitarians are not Rational Christians.' This article drew down upon its author the severe comments of Mr Belsham, Castigator, A Rational Christian, A Unitarian Christian, and Mr Allchin. The controversy was continued till the editor of the 'Repository' deemed it necessary, like the judge at an ancient tournament, to declare the combat at an end. Among his other contributions to this miscellany, the following are deserving of notice, as indicative of his peculiarities of feeling and opinion. Vol. iv. p. 601, 'Reasons for being a Churchman;' in which the opposition between practical and speculative religion is strongly marked. Vol. vii. p. 425, 'On Creeds:' except in Lord Bacon's Essays, it would be difficult to find so much wisdom in a single page. But the article is spoiled by a clumsy attempt at humour (in which Mr R. was generally unhappy) in the invention of the term *creedite*; but the appellation should be forgiven for the sake of the portrait. One feature is, "They may be said to fall down and worship their creed instead of their Creator." Vol. xi. p. 276, 'On Calvinism;' denying it to be more Evangelical than Unitarianism: and an article headed 'Misery of Life, an Objection to the Divine Government.' This would have been fitly written with mingled tears and blood, so pitiably wretched must the writer have been. It is due to his memory to relate, that at this period (April 1816) he was bowed down by a heavy domestic calamity: he lost a child, to whom he was excessively attached. From the shock he never completely recovered; and his views of human life were henceforth neither correct nor healthy.

It may be here added, that believing man born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards, he estimated the virtues rather by their fitness to mitigate the evils of life than their capacity to confer

felicity. In the same volume, p. 323, he deduces moral evil from natural evil. And in a subsequent article, vol. xii. p. 393, urges that criminals are to be contemplated rather with compassion than detestation, because pain produces crimes.* So he affirms, vol. xiii. p. 254, that original sin is nothing but original misery. Mr Robinson, however, declares his assent to the Unitarian doctrine concerning evil and its origin. In vol. xii. are several painful articles on the doctrine of Malthus 'On Population.' Malthus's work seems to have materially contributed to the depression of spirits under which Mr Robinson was at this period suffering. Vol. xiii. p. 362, on a sentiment ascribed to Dean Tucker, contains this striking observation.—"I have never yet met with a writer on eternal torments, who did not write as if himself were without either part or lot in the matter." Vol. xv. p. 93, on 'Liberty and Necessity.' "Doubt and suspense of judgment I conclude to be all that we can reach on this difficult and important question." Thus he wrote in 1820. The same conclusion he eloquently contended for in debate, in 1796: P. 593, 'Importance of Revealed Religion.' An earnest argument in favour of Christianity, arising from the purity of its morality. This argument shews clearly what his life made manifest to his friends, that his affections were decidedly Christian. His last communication to the 'Repository' was an account of his friend Mr Davis, of Cullumpton, formerly of Wigton, already mentioned.

The concluding years of Mr Robinson's life were not years of happiness. Old age was still at a distance, but the serenity of health was gone, as well as the vivacity of youth. For several years before his death, languor and debility had been slowly undermining his constitution. While he still continued to attend to business, his strength was gradually failing: the powers of body seemed exhausted. He kept his bed three weeks before he died. His sufferings were not acute; and he never lost his equanimity. He died on the 21st of January 1827, in the sixty-fifth year of his age: he was interred in the cemetery attached to the Worship street Meeting, where, on the succeeding Sunday, an appropriate discourse was delivered by the Rev. Robert Aspland of Hackney.

Mr Robinson was somewhat above the ordinary size—latterly corpulent; and his limbs were small, and seemed hardly able to sustain his frame. He had a florid complexion, a dark eye, prominent nose, and handsome mouth; his voice thin and piercing;

* It is at least equally plausible to affirm that pain is also the cause of error; and certainly those speculative opinions which the friends of Mr Robinson suspected him to entertain, seemed rather to have their origin in the excitations of wounded sensibility than to be the result of calm contemplation of human life and nature.

his speech strongly marked with the Cumberland dialect; his appearance altogether that of a remarkable man, a person of superior powers of mind.

Of the character of his understanding, and of his powers as a writer, the specimens quoted, and the books referred to, will enable every one to judge; but those powers were more highly appreciated by those who associated with him daily, than by those who knew him only as a writer. The reproach that at an early period of his life he drew upon himself for too free indulgence in vehement censure and unsparing sarcasm, is to be met by this remark—that to imagine in one character a combination of a passionate love of everything that is just and generous and lovely, an intense scorn of arrogance, and imposture and vanity, with the most cool and impartial discrimination between all the shades of good and evil, would be foolish in a work of fiction, for it has never been met with in real life.

It may startle those who have a lively recollection of Mr Robinson's tone of conversation, to be told that he was a very humble man; for it is a common mistake to suppose that they who will not fall down before the idols of other men, are worshippers of themselves: yet, in truth, this praise belongs to him. No man could be less egotistic or more free from selfishness in every form than he was. No man could value his own opinions less than he did: he never spoke of his writings in his family or to his friends. He never swerved from the political principles with which he first set out in life; but the vehemence of party feeling had long subsided. He attached himself to the cause of reform, and concurred gladly in every specific project of improvement. He took a strong interest in the recently projected London University; but he had very faint hopes of any material improvement in society: for he was of opinion that the evils of social life had a source deeper than the corruptions of government.

Of his character and conduct in active life it cannot be necessary to say much. His judgment was highly valued, and his counsel freely given on all matters connected with business, which he thoroughly understood, theoretically and in practice. He took an active interest in the unsuccessful attempt to introduce East India sugar on equal terms with the produce of the West Indies. In his parish, St Andrew's, Holborn, he took the lead in resisting the attempts of the clergy to procure the erection of another church, against the wishes of the inhabitants. It has occurred to his friends occasionally, that the bar would have been the proper field for the exercise of talents such as his. For the study of the law, and the application of it, indeed, he was eminently qualified: for the practice of the bar he would have been utterly disqualified, by the acuteness of his moral feelings, which ever blended themselves with the operations of his under-

standing; and he utterly wanted those strong animal spirits which are, after all, the main qualification for acting on the public mind.

In reference to the peculiarity of Mr Robinson's sentiments, the enquiry may be made—"Could he be justly deemed a religious man?"

If religion be a system of confident conclusions on all the great points of metaphysical speculation, as they respect the universe and its Author; man and his position in the one, and relation to the other—it must be owned that Mr Robinson laid no claim to the character. But if the religious principle be that which lays the foundation of all truth deeper than the external and visible world; if religious feeling lie in humble submission to the unknown, infinite Being, which produced all things, and in a deep sense of the duty of striving to act and live in conformity with the will of that Being; if further, Christianity consist in acknowledging the Christian Scriptures as the sole exposition of the Divine Will, and the sole guide of conduct in life—then, surely, he may boldly claim to be a member of the true Christian Catholic church, according to his own definition of it, "an association of men for the cultivation of knowledge, the practice of piety, and the promotion of virtue.—H. C. R." *

The foregoing highly interesting memoir presents a picture of one whose moral and intellectual faculties owed their developement chiefly to self-discipline. Whatever he might have learned in the country school where his literary education commenced, could have had but little influence on his future character and attainments. Indeed, designed as he was for a station in society not usually supposed to demand much acquaintance with learning, it is most likely that his early acquirements were but inconsiderable. And afterwards, when, urged probably by religious feelings, at an age when the feelings are strongest, he entered on a course of study to prepare himself for the office of a dissenting teacher, the important fact, that he ere long relinquished totally those theological doctrines, the inculcation of which constitutes the essence of such an academical education, evinces that he had even then adopted, as the governing principle of his conduct, the independent maxim, "*nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.*"

Anthony Robinson seems to have viewed with unceasing jealousy the operation of religious opinion on individual character, as well as on the state of society. He did not, like Rousseau, assume questionable or paradoxical positions, and then defend them with all the obstinacy of a martyr, purely because he had adopted

* Monthly Repository, and Review of Theology and General Literature, New Series, vol. i. pp. 288—93.

them; but when, as the result of either feeling or reasoning, some favourite speculation had taken possession of his mind, no motives of prudential calculation could prevent him from pursuing to their remotest consequences those principles which he conceived himself called upon to advocate. But becoming deeply sensible of the uncertainty which attends theological and metaphysical inquiries, he at length acquired a spirit of personal scepticism, accompanied with intolerance towards the dogmatism of other people. His own mind being inaccessible to any but the purest motives for decision on the subjects which he entertained, he neglected, in estimating the conduct of others, to make due allowances for the influence of interest, prejudice, habit, and a long train of similar causes, which exercise an imperceptible dominion over the mind of man. He looked for no Utopian perfection of doctrine or conduct in the individuals belonging to any sect or party; and believing such a state of things to be incompatible with the present limited powers of intellect, and portion of revealed truth possessed by human beings, he rashly concluded that those who claimed the credit of superior purity of principle, or excellence of morality, were to be regarded as little better than hypocrites.

The unguarded warmth with which he sometimes expressed himself, and the unhesitating precipitation with which he acted in opposition to the common dictates of worldly prudence or the general customs of society, whenever they seemed to interfere with his peculiar notions of truth and justice, created such an impression of his character among those with whom he associated, as would probably have been productive of much inconvenience to him, if he had been dependant for support on his labours as a professor of theology or literature. Among the students of the Baptist academy at Bristol, Robinson was considered as a Deist, if not something worse. His controversy with Hall doubtless tended to lower him in the estimation of a body of young men who could not but regard the latter divine as an honour to the religious party to which he belonged, and view his sentiments as the standard of orthodoxy. His rival consequently sunk in their esteem precisely in the same degree in which he rose: and while Hall was looked up to by the candidates for the ministry among the Calvinistic Baptists as a model of perfection, Robinson, in the scale of religious merit, was placed some degrees below *zero* in the frigid regions of latitudinarianism and heresy, along with Servetus, Socinus, Priestley, and Evanson, men whose dangerous peculiarities of sentiment Dr Evans had stated to be "less consistent" (*subaudi* with reason) "than sober Deism."

As an author, Mr Robinson appears to little advantage. It has been already observed that the fine arts and polite literature

had, in his eyes, only a relative value of a very inferior description; and it is therefore no wonder that he did not make it a principal purpose of his life to accumulate stores of erudition, or consume midnight oil in studying graces of style or language. In tracing the lines of his character it must also be taken into the account that literature was not his profession, nor even his amusement. He was successively a divine, a country gentleman, and a metropolitan tradesman, or rather manufacturer. When he wrote it was from the impulse of the moment, without a view to either fame or profit. If he thought he could detect error or prejudice, expose false pretensions, weaken the force of ecclesiastical or political despotism, or communicate information calculated to make mankind wiser or better, his pen was ever ready to execute his purpose; and he never thought himself more usefully employed than on such occasions. But the display of his talents as a man of letters never entered into his calculation; and in the exercise of his powers of ratiocination, truth rather than victory was constantly the object which he sought. A man actuated by such principles, and thus employing his leisure in disinterestedly advancing what he conceived to be the highest interest of his fellow creatures, cannot but command the respect even of those who may be disposed to question the soundness of his judgment and the correctness of his opinions on some of the most important principles of ethics and theology.

CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF ANTHONY ROBINSON.

1. A Short History of the Persecution of Christians by Jews, Heathens and Christians, 1790. 8vo.
2. The Advantages of Settling Disputes by Arbitration.
3. Hints to Juries in Trials for Libels.
4 The Catholic Church, 1796. See p. 63.
5. New Circulating Medium, 1797. See p. 64.
6. A View of the Causes and Consequences of English Wars, 1798. 8vo.
7. An Examination of Hall's Sermon on Infidelity, 1800. See p. 64.
8. A Sermon preached to a Country Congregation in 1795, 4to. See p. 65.
9. Contributions to the Analytical Review, the Monthly Magazine, and the Monthly Repository.

COUNT LANJUINAIS.

NUMEROUS examples have occurred in the present age of the developement of extraordinary virtues and splendid talents in the midst of political tempests, which have overturned great empires, and for a while spread desolation and misery throughout the whole mass of civil society. The conjuncture of unusual circumstances, while it tends to the general ascendancy of superior abilities, at the expense of those who owe to long prescription alone their situation in the state, calls forth the energies of genius and gives occasion for the display of noble examples of patriotism, philanthropy, and all that is good and amiable. Such occurred in France, even during the period of revolutionary fury: and when the infatuation of party violence seemed to pervade all ranks, threatening the extinction of the best affections of human nature, yet, in that distracted state of moral and social anarchy, individuals arose inspired with devotion for the public good, faithful to conscience and their country, courageous to resist the wicked, and perpetually employed in extending useful knowledge, and presenting to their fellow citizens glorious models of public virtue. Such, according to the suffrage of their most enlightened compatriots, were Turgot, Malesherbes, Necker, Monthyon, the venerable pastor Oberlin of Strasburgh, Boissy d'Anglas, and La Rochefoucauld Liancourt.

In the honourable catalogue of these votaries of virtue may, with confidence, be inscribed the name of LANJUINAIS. The friend of liberty and of justice, always actuated by principles of charity and toleration, both in public and private life; imbued with sincere piety and ardent patriotism, but superior to the spirit of party; active and indefatigable for the advancement of good purposes; distinguished as a professor in the schools of law, as a defender of public liberty in national assemblies, as a profound statesman, judicious and enlightened, in the first rank of political writers, as an industrious scientific enquirer, as an excellent husband, a tender parent and faithful friend; in his domestic and social relations, he extorted the approbation of those who were disposed to differ most widely with him in opinion. His

progress through life, in the midst of vicissitudes, persecutions and dangers, presented a constant succession of virtuous actions and useful labours.

Jean Denis Lanjuinais was the son of a distinguished advocate of the Parliament of Rennes, in which city he was born March 12, 1753. While yet quite young, he engaged in the study of jurisprudence, to which he applied himself with assiduity and success. He was admitted prematurely, with a dispensation on the score of his age, to the successive honours of advocate in 1771, doctor of law in 1772, and professor of ecclesiastical law in 1775, after a long and brilliant competition. In 1779 he was chosen, by each of the three orders, one of the counsellors of the States-general of Bretagne; and in 1789 he was nominated deputy to the States-general, by the assembly of the Third Estate [*Tiers Etat*] of the bailliwick of Rennes. He had prepared the memorial which contained the demands of that assembly, in which was formally expressed a requisition for a monarchical and representative constitution.' Becoming a member of the first National Assembly, he displayed in that capacity, as he had on former occasions, a sincere regard for public liberty, which he manifested by entering into all the most important deliberations.* Though firmly attached to the Catholic religion, he zealously defended the liberties of the Gallic church. He became a member of the ecclesiastical committee, and was one of the deputies who most readily concurred in the alterations made in the constitution of the church; yet he voted against the decree which declared the goods of the clergy to be without exception the property of the state. During the deliberations on the constitution, Mirabeau having proposed that the ministers should be admitted to sit in the assembly, leaving their right to form a part

* In the early part of his political career, Lanjuinais was an ardent promoter of the revolution. His conduct as a member of the National Assembly is thus described in a work published at the beginning of the present century:—"He early attracted notice by the display of some talent, but more by his violence against the clergy, the nobility, and royalty; and he was one of the founders of the *Breton Club*, which subsequently became the club of the Jacobins. June 27, 1789, he objected to the words—'Je veux,' 'J'ordonne,' *I will, I command*, which the king had used in his declaration; October 26, he denounced the nobility of Bretagne, of Dauphiné, and of Languedoc, as having made decrees contrary to liberty; the 7th of November he opposed allowing ministers a voice in the assembly; the 19th of June, 1790, he demanded the abolition of all titles; the 11th of May, 1791, he declared in favour of the people of colour, and solicited their admission to the rights of effective citizens; and lastly, on the 13th of August, he stated his astonishment at the title of princes being still allowed to the members of the reigning family."—*Dictionnaire Biographique et Historique des Hommes Marquans de la fin du dix-huitième Siècle.* Londres (Paris) 1800. Tome II, p. 321.

of it as a matter for future discussion, Lanjuinais warmly opposed the proposition, and procured a decree (amidst the plaudits of the assembly) that during the actual session no deputy should enter into the ministry.

After the session of the Constituent Assembly, M. Lanjuinais was appointed professor of Constitutional Law, professor of General Grammar, and member of the high national court at Rennes, and subsequently deputy from the department of Ille and Vilaine to the National Convention, where he displayed new talents and energy of character. On the 24th of September 1792, he joined with his colleague Kersaint, to procure a decree against the instigators of assassination; and on the 5th of November he supported the denunciation of Louvet against Robespierre. When the trial of the king was proposed, he demanded that the same means of defence should be allowed to that prince as to other persons under accusation. He shortly after supported, with great animation, the motion made by Buzot, that the family of Orleans should be obliged to quit France in twenty-four hours after the trial of the king; and he finished his speech by declaring, that he had for three years carried that motion in his heart. December 19, he again attacked the duke of Orleans, in spite of the exclamations from the tribunes and the epigrams of Billaud, Tallien, and others, of the Orleanists. On the 26th of December he opposed the act of indictment; and on the 16th of January 1793, he voted for the seclusion of the royal prisoner, and his banishment on the restoration of peace; to which he added the proposition that the judgment, whatever it might be, should not pass into a law, without the sanction of two-thirds of the judges. February 8, he displayed his firmness in withstanding those who opposed the punishment of the perpetrators of the massacres in the month of September 1792. He vainly objected to the creation of the revolutionary tribunal; demanding that its authority should be restricted to the metropolis. On the evening of the 31st of May he denounced Chabot, and those joined with him in the committee of insurrection meeting in the hall of the archbishopric of Paris; and twice during the same session he spoke against arbitrary arrests and denunciations by petition. On the second occasion, the deputy Legendre, a butcher by trade, called out to him, with a menacing voice and gesture, as he stood in the tribune: "Descend, or I will knock thee down."—Lanjuinais coolly replied: "You had better decree me to be an ox, that you may have a right to knock me down." The brutish Legendre recovering from the stupor of astonishment into which he had been thrown by the unexpected sarcasm, rushed towards the tribune with Chabot, and presenting a pistol to his head, attempted to drag down the orator. Other

deputies, among whom were Kervélegan, Peinières, and Defermon, ran to his assistance, also armed with pistols, and defended him from the rage of his adversaries; after which, without any hesitation, he continued his discourse. The same day took place the famous procession without the hall, when it was stated that one hundred thousand men, commanded by Henriot, had besieged the Convention. The most intrepid of the deputies lost their courage, when they perceived their places occupied by strangers ready to join in their deliberations. Almost all the Girondists had sought for security in absenting themselves from the assembly, giving way in effect to the insidious recommendation of Barrere, that such members as had incurred suspicion should suspend themselves from office for their own safety. Lanjuinais alone stood on his defence. Barbaroux appeared, and was insulted by the Capuchin priest Chabot, when Lanjuinais, interrupting his discourse, exclaimed—"In ancient times might be seen the victims for sacrifice decorated with flowers and garlands; but the priest by whom they were immolated did not insult them." He then resumed his speech against the conspirators who wished to mutilate the Convention, and thus expressed himself:—"If I have hitherto shown some courage, I have derived it from my love of my country and of liberty. I trust that I shall be faithful to those sentiments, even to my latest breath. Expect then no voluntary suspension of my powers; for I have no right to resign my functions, neither have you to accept the resignation." But though Lanjuinais escaped the fate which awaited his colleagues, he did not owe his safety to his courage or eloquence. On the same day, on which after a free deliberation the innocence of the accused deputies had been proclaimed, an order was issued that Lanjuinais and several others should be arrested. He had the good fortune to make his escape from the house where he was held in custody; and having obtained by means of friends a passport in the name of Jean Denis, schoolmaster, he quitted Paris and went to Caen, where he joined other proscribed deputies, with whom he proceeded to Rennes. There he remained concealed in his own house during eighteen months; indebted for the preservation of his life to the courage, affection, and fidelity of his wife and maid-servant;* who would inevitably have suffered under the guillotine if his retreat had been discovered.

Seven months after the revolution of the 9th Thermidor (July 27th, 1794) Lanjuinais, reinstated in his functions as a deputy, took an active part in the conference of Mabilais, and contributed

* Madame Lanjuinais, and her domestic Julia Poirier, have been celebrated for their heroic conduct, by Legouve, in his poem intitled "Mérite des Femmes."

powerfully to the treaty of peace concluded with the royalist chiefs of that part of Bretagné. Restored to his seat in the Convention, March 8th, 1795, he was besides nominated president. Faithful to the principles he had previously maintained, he pleaded the cause of the oppressed, and especially of the emigrants and the priests, and he procured the restoration of public worship and the re-opening of the churches. On the occurrence of the insurrection in May and October 1795, he acted with firmness against the insurgent Jacobins; objecting, however, to all violent proceedings with regard to the partizans of the fallen faction. The National Convention being succeeded by the two Legislative Councils, Lanjuinais was elected by seventy-three departments a member of the Council of Ancients, of which he became the secretary. He vacated by lot his place in this assembly in May 1797. After the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, in the year 8, he was twice nominated a candidate for the Senate, by the Legislative Body, and was nominated a senator by the Senate, March 22d, 1800. M. Lanjuinais declared himself against the consulate for life, and against the establishment of the imperial government. At the epoch when Napoleon, betraying the principles of the revolution which he had sworn to respect, restored the nobility, Lanjuinais was created a count of the empire, and commandant of the Legion of Honour.

After having constantly opposed the decrees and arbitrary measures of Napoleon, he voted on the 1st of April 1814, for the dethronement of the emperor, and the establishment of a provisional government; and he concurred in preparing the outline of the constitution framed by the senate. June 4th, 1814, the king created him a peer of France. During the *hundred days* in 1815, he did not vote for the additional act, notwithstanding which the electors of Paris, and those of the department of Seine and Marne, chose him a member of the Chamber of Representatives, of which he was also elected president almost unanimously. Napoleon confirmed this election. The circumstances which occurred in the interview which took place between the emperor and the president-elect, are thus reported from information furnished by the latter.—A letter from the grand chamberlain announced to M. Lanjuinais that the emperor was ready to receive him; but that he still hesitated, and that his approbation would depend on the answers he might obtain to certain questions he intended to propose. The following was the dialogue which took place:—"NAPOLEON: Well, Monsieur, there must be no more double-dealing; it is necessary that you should answer my questions.—LANJUINAIS: Yes, sire, with the rapidity of lightning; for I never make a compromise with my conscience.—NAP. Are you for *me*?—LANJ. I have never been the partizan of any one: my

conduct has always been regulated by a sense of my duty.—NAP. You elude my questions. Will you serve me?—LANJ. Yes, sire, in the line of duty; since you possess the visible authority.—NAP. But, do you hate me?—LANJ. I have the happiness to hate no person. I have always been a well-wisher and benefactor where I had the power, even to those who for eighteen months set a price on my head." *—The emperor then stretched out his hand to the president-elect, and embraced him: from that moment the necessary relations required by their respective positions were established between them. M. Regnault de St Jean d'Angeley went to carry to the Chamber of Representatives the answer to his message of the evening before to the president. It was the original *procès verbal* of the nomination of M. Lanjuinais, with the approbation of the emperor, thus expressed: "*J'accepte*, 5 Juin 1815—NAPOLEON."

After the second restoration, M. Lanjuinais returned to his seat in the Chamber of Peers. There he displayed in his conduct the same spirit of justice and liberality by which he had been previously actuated. He opposed with all his influence the attempt to deprive married priests of the pensions which they had obtained as ecclesiastics; and he strenuously objected to the suspension of individual liberty and the liberty of the press. During the years 1815 and 1816, he combated with unfeigned zeal all propositions which appeared to him contrary to the constitutional system. February 16th, 1819, he strongly opposed taking into consideration the proposition of M. Barthelemy, relative to changing the mode of election. Even to the last, his time and talents were unceasingly employed for the benefit of his fellow citizens. Only two days before his death, he prepared minutes for the composition of a discourse which he intended to deliver against the new *projet* of the law relative to the press.

Count Lanjuinais died at Paris, January 13th, 1827. His remains were interred in the cemetery of Father Lachaise; and the funeral procession from the church of St Thomas Aquinas, in which parish he had resided, to the place of sepulture, was

* This dialogue is peculiarly interesting, as derived from the report of one of the interlocutors; and as it is almost impossible to preserve the pointed energy of language by which it is characterised, in any translation, we subjoin the original.—"NAPOLEON: Eh bien! monsieur, il ne s'agit plus de tergiverser; il faut repondre à mes questions.—LANJUINAIS: Sire, avec la rapidité de l'èclair; car je ne compose pas avec ma conscience.—NAP. Etes-vous à moi?—LANJ. Je n'ai jamais été à personne; je n'ai appartenu qu'à mon devoir.—NAP. Vous éludez. Me servirez-vous?—LANJ. Oui, sire, dans la ligne du devoir; vous avez la visibilité.—NAP. Mais, me haïssez-vous?—LANJ. J'ai le bonheur de ne haïr jamais personne: j'ai toujours été bienveillant et bienfaisant, quand je l'ai pu, même envers ceux qui m'ont fait dix-huit mois *tuable à vue*."

attended by a numerous concourse of persons, including peers of France, deputies, members of the Institute, and men distinguished in commerce, sciences, and letters. M. Abel Remusat pronounced, in the name of the Academy of Inscriptions, a discourse in honour of his venerable colleague; and his example was followed by other friends of the deceased. On the 1st of March 1827, the count de Segur delivered an oration in the Chamber of Peers, in which he eulogized, in glowing terms, the virtues, the talents, and the vast erudition of this illustrious patriot; whose single-mindedness and purity of intention had secured his character alike against the attacks of calumny or the misrepresentations of prejudice.

He left a widow, to whose heroic devotion he owed his safety, during his proscription under the tyranny of Robespierre. By this lady he had a daughter, who was married at the period of his death; and two sons, both distinguished as barristers in the Parisian courts of law, the elder of whom succeeded to his place in the Chamber of Peers.

Lanjuinais was appointed a member of the Institute (3rd class, now the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres) December 16th, 1808, having been the successor of Bitaubé. He was also a member of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia and the Asiatic Society of Paris.

CATALOGUE OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF COUNT LANJUINAIS.

I.—*Political and Religious Works.*

1. Mémoire sur l'Origine des différentes Espèces des Dîmes, &c. 1786, 8vo.

2. Rapport sur la Nécessité de supprimer les Dispenses de Mariage, et d'établir une Forme purement civile pour constater l'Etat des Personnes. Paris, 1791, 8vo; réimprimé en 1815.

3. Mémoire Justificatif, 1815, 8vo, 2me edit.

4. Constitutions de la Nation Française, précédées d'un Essai historique et politique sur la Charte. Paris, 1819, 2 vols. 8vo.—This treatise is regarded, by those who are best qualified to judge of its merit, as the most important of all the works of M. Lanjuinais.

5. Notice sur la Dissertation de M. Baradère concernant l'Usure. Pau, 1817.

6. Appréciation du Projet relatif aux Trois Concordats. Paris, Decembre, 1817.—This work, which appears to have had a great influence on public opinion, passed speedily through five editions.

7. Du Conseil d'État et de sa Competence; contre l'Article 6me de la Loi sur les Elections du 5 Fevrier 1817.

8. Des Officialités, anciennes et nouvelles (contre le Projet de rétablir les Officialités).

9. De l'Organisation Municipale en France, en société avec M. Kératry.

10. Histoire abrégée de l'Inquisition religieuse en France.

11. Vues Politiques sur les Changemens à faire à la Constitution d'Espagne. 2me edit. 1821.

12. Tableau général de l'Etat Politique intérieur de la France depuis 1814, et de l'Angleterre depuis 1716. Paris, 1824, 8vo.

13. Discours sur le Projet de Loi relatif au renouvellement intégral et septennal de la Chambre des Députés. Paris, Mai 1824.

14. Discours contre un Article du Projet de Loi de Timbre et d'Enregistrement, avec des Réflexions sur le nouveau Projet de Loi relatif aux Maisons Religieuses de Femmes. Juin 1824.

15. Discours sur le Projet de Loi relatif aux Congregations Religieuses de Femmes. Fevrier, 1825.

16. Discours contre le Rétablissement des Pechés de Sacrilége dans le Code Criminel. 1825, 8vo.

17. Les Jésuites en Miniature; ou, le Livre du Jesuitisme Analysé, &c. 1826, 18mo, 60 pp.

18. Discours contre le Projet de rétablir et d'aggraver les Privileges d'Aînesse, de Masculinité, de Substitution. Paris, 1826, 8vo.

II.—*Works relative to the Sciences, Grammar, and Oriental Literature.*

1. Histoire Naturelle de la Parole, par Court de Gébelin, avec un Discours Préliminaire sur l'Histoire de la Grammaire Générale, et des Notes. Paris, 1806, 8vo.

2. Notice sur l'Ouvrage du Senateur Grégoire, intitulé, 'De la Littérature des Nègres.'

3. Etudes Biographiques et Littéraires sur Antoine Arnauld, Pierre Nicole, et Jacques Necker, avec un Notice sur Christophe Colomb. Paris, 1823, 8vo.

4. Extraits de la Grammaire Slave de la Carniole, du Mithridate d'Adelung.

M. Lanjuinais was also the author of a multitude of analyses, notices, and literary essays, read before the Institute, or published in the 'Encyclopédie Moderne,' edited by M. Courtin; the 'Revue Encyclopédique;' the 'Mémoires de l'Academie Celtique;' the 'Magasin Encyclopédique;' the 'Chronique Religieuse;' and other periodical works: and he left materials for a new edition of 'La Religion des Indous, selon les Vedah, ou Analyse de l'Ouphnek'hat, par Anquetil Duperron.'*

* Revue Encyclopédique, tome xxxiii. pp. 344—46.; and tome xxxv. pp. 27—36; Biographie Nouvelle des Contemporains, par MM. Jouy, Arnault, &c.; Dictionnaire Historique, ou Biographie Universelle Classique, par M. le Général Beauvais, et une Société des Gens de Lettres, pp. 1633, 4; Dictionnaire Biographique et Historique des Hommes Marquans de la Fin du dix-huitième Siècle, 1800, tome ii.

nected with the images of those who were wont to share them. Two magnificent walnut-trees in the garden of the castle of Yverdun overshadow the simple grave of madame Pestalozzi; the children of the poor-school encircled it with flowers, and Pestalozzi's pensive moments and fondest recollections were devoted to the spot. It is said that Lavater, foreseeing the influence that that connexion would have on the happiness of his friend, and on the success of his plans, in which he was deeply interested, overcame an attachment he himself had formed for this accomplished woman, and promoted to the utmost of his power the cause of his rival.*

The lady who thus became the consort of Pestalozzi was mademoiselle Schoulthess, the daughter of a rich tradesman at Zurich. Owing to this connexion, he obtained a share in a cotton-manufactory, and undertaking the management of the concern, he associated with it his agricultural scheme, and his plan of education. It was in 1775 that he established at Neuhoff his first institution for the education of the neglected children of the poor. He speedily saw himself surrounded by fifty destitute children, of whom he became the father, the supporter, and the instructor. The inculcation of industry, as well as knowledge, was one of his grand objects, and his manufactory seemed to afford an obviously advantageous means for exciting habits of order and application in his little community.

Promising as the scheme appeared, it did not however meet with success. Pestalozzi possessed all the enthusiasm of genius, but like other men of extraordinary talents, he was destitute of that practical ability which is essential to the prosperity of such undertakings. He was also embarrassed by the deficiency of his pecuniary resources; yet he struggled with his ill-fortune, divided his bread with his scholars, and lived himself like a mendicant, that he might teach mendicants to live like men. After several years of continual labours and privations, he had the mortification to be obliged to abandon his enterprise; but he was never more convinced of the beneficial nature of his plan than at the moment when he was obliged to renounce it. His bad success drew upon him the sarcasms of a numerous class of persons who are ever ready to ridicule that benevolent self-devotion and patriotic ardour which they are unable to comprehend. He did not, however, suffer himself to be disheartened by the check which he had experienced, and though forced for awhile to suspend his active operations for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, he secretly pursued his purpose amidst the distractions arising

* Memoir of Pestalozzi, by Dr Mayo, p. 5.

from a variety of misfortunes, the most serious of which was the apathy with which his efforts were regarded by the public.

Unable for the present to reduce his principles to practice, he employed his involuntary leisure in developing his ideas through the medium of a popular tale; and in his 'Leonard and Gertrude,' he produced a work, which, for vigour and freshness of conception, and truth and strength of colouring, has scarcely ever been equalled; so that if literary reputation had been his object, he might have congratulated himself on his success. But his enthusiasm was directed to other and more important purposes.

"Previous to the Swiss revolution none of the governments of the cantons endeavoured to derive advantage from the efforts of Pestalozzi, or supported him in his projects. But in 1798 the Helvetic government, roused from its apathy by the momentous events of that period, showed a disposition to patronise his efforts and adopt his schemes for the intellectual improvement of the lower orders, the Parias of society. The tempest of revolutionary war, so afflictive to Switzerland, burnt with peculiar violence on the canton of Unterwalden. Stanz was consigned to the flames, and the wretched inhabitants driven into the mountains, suffered the extremes of distress and want. In the year 1798 Pestalozzi was invited by the government to establish a school there, that the children might be rescued from the brutalising influence of neglect and abject misery. He hesitated not to accept the proposition. Such was his ardour to pursue the execution of a plan which had long been the subject of his thoughts, that neither the most discouraging circumstances, nor the total want of everything most requisite for its fulfilment, could deter him from the undertaking. The children presented themselves in crowds, before there were either chambers, beds, or means of providing for their subsistence; nearly all on their arrival were in an equally deplorable state, both corporeally and mentally; their appearance bespeaking the most complete degradation of human nature. Some were pale and dejected, the features of each little countenance altered, their looks disturbed, and their foreheads wrinkled with misery and suspicion; some also were impudent to an excess, full of lies and artifices, corrupted by the habit of begging; whilst others, bent beneath the weight of their afflictions, were patient and docile, but at the same time timid and abashed, and strangers to everything like affection.

"My first task," writes Pestalozzi, in a letter to his friend Gesner, "was to gain the confidence of my pupils, and to attach them to me; this main point once attained, all the rest appeared to me easy. Painful as I felt the want of co-operation and assistance, it was precisely what contributed most to the success of my

enterprise. Cut off from the rest of mankind, I turned all my cares and all my affections to the children. Whatever relief they received, it was I that administered it; whatever were their pains or their pleasures, I was at hand to share them; I partook of the same nourishment, and slept in the same chamber; often from my bed have I given them instruction, or joined with them in prayer. When they were well, I was everywhere with them, and when they were sick, I was still at their bedside."

"In 1799," continues Pestalozzi, "my school contained nearly eighty pupils, the greater part of whom announced good dispositions, and some even first-rate abilities. Study was to them quite a novelty, and they attached themselves to it with indefatigable zeal, as soon as they began to perceive their own progress. The very children, who had never had a book in their hands before, applied from morning till night; and when I have asked them after supper, 'My children, which would you rather do, go to bed, or learn a little longer?' they would generally reply, that they would rather learn. The impulse was given, and their developement began to take place with a rapidity that surpassed my most sanguine hopes. In a short time were seen above seventy children, taken almost all from a state of poverty, living together in peace and friendship, full of affection for one another, and with a cordiality that rarely exists among brothers and sisters in numerous families. I had never given them as yet direct lessons either in religion or morality; but when they were assembled round me, and when there was a dead silence among them, I said to them, 'When you behave thus, are you not more reasonable beings than when you make a riot?' And when they used to embrace me, and call me their father, I would say, 'Yes, you are ready to call me father, and yet you do behind my back things which disoblige me: is this right?' Sometimes I would set before them the picture of a peaceable and orderly family, who, having acquired easy circumstances by their labour and economy, found themselves capable of giving advice and assistance to their ignorant, unfortunate, and indigent fellow-creatures: then addressing myself to those in whom I had perceived the most lively disposition to benevolence, I would say, 'Should you not like to live as I do, in the midst of the unfortunate, to direct them, and to make them useful to themselves and to society?' Then, with tears in their eyes, and with the generous glow of sensibility on their little countenances, they would reply, 'Oh! yes, could we but hope to accomplish it.' When Altorf was reduced to ashes, I assembled them around me: 'Altorf,' said I, 'is destroyed, and at this moment, perhaps, there are more than a hundred poor children without clothes to cover them, without a home, or a morsel of bread to eat. Shall we

petition the government to permit us to receive twenty of them amongst us?' Methinks I still see the eagerness with which they replied, 'Yes! oh, certainly! yes!'. 'But consider well,' replied I, 'what you are about to ask; we have at present but very little money at our command, and it is doubtful whether they will grant us any more in favour of these unfortunates. Perhaps, in order to maintain your existence, and carry on your instruction, it will be necessary to labour much more than you have ever yet done: perhaps it may be necessary to divide with these strangers your victuals and your clothes; do not say, then, you will receive them among you, if you are not sure you will be able to impose upon yourselves all these privations.' I gave to my objections all the force they were capable of; I repeated to them all I had said, to be sure that they perfectly understood me; and still they persevered in their first resolution. 'Let them come,' said they, 'let them come; let all you have stated prove true, and we will divide with them what we have.'" *

The united government confided to the care of Pestalozzi more than one hundred and fifty children; and he was allowed the use of a suppressed convent at Stanz for the purposes of his institution. A steward was appointed to assist him, and the Helvetic Directory requested their Commissary, M. Zschokke, to second his plans. The establishment had not existed more than three months when the founder had the pleasure of presenting his pupils to the Helvetic Directory. Shortly after, however, the approach of foreign troops occasioned the dissolution of the seminary of Stanz. But notwithstanding the embarrassed state of public affairs, the Directory did not abandon their protegée, to whom they allowed at a moderate rent the use of the castle of Berthoud, in the canton of Berne, with the estate belonging to it. There Pestalozzi reorganized his establishment, which prospered under the protection of the central government, and he prosecuted his undertaking with the assistance of MM. Krusi, de Niederer, and other able men, who had been his pupils.

Pestalozzi had gained much experience at Stanz, and when under the patronage of the Swiss government he resumed his labours at Berthoud, he brought his first vague but powerful impressions to the form of clear and distinct ideas. Here he was joined by several men of various degrees of talent and attainment. The enthusiasm of his character kindled all the energies of theirs; and the bold suggestions of his genius, though at first imperfectly understood, or unwillingly admitted, ripened in their minds to connected plans of elementary education. He taught them that reading, writing, and arithmetic were not the real elements of

* Dr Mayo's Memoir, pp. 9—13.

instruction, but that a simpler, a more natural foundation, must be sought. The basis of all sound knowledge, argued he, is the accurate observation of things acting on the outward senses. Unless physical conceptions be formed with distinctness, our abstractions will be vague and our judgments and reasonings unstable. The first object then in education must be to lead a child to observe with accuracy; the second, to express with correctness the result of his observation. The practice of embodying in language the conceptions we form, gives permanence to the impressions; and the habit of expressing ourselves with the utmost precision of which we are capable, mainly assists the faculty of thinking with accuracy, and remembering with fidelity.

Never were Pestalozzi's hopes raised to a higher pitch than while he presided over the institution at Berthoud. Scholars of every age, and of almost every rank, flocked together to partake of his instructions. His coadjutors, animated by a kindred spirit, laboured incessantly to advance and apply his theory, and to carry his plans into execution in the class-room. Men of property and talent watched his movements with interest, eager to avail themselves of his projects for the moral and intellectual improvement of the lower orders. Meanwhile, the patronage of the Swiss government augmented his pecuniary resources, and furnished him with a suitable field for his exertions. But political changes again proved destructive of the rising institution.

In 1804, another establishment was formed at Munch Buchsee, near Hofwyl, and about five miles from Berne, where the children of the poorer class were assembled, and Pestalozzi was greatly assisted by M. de Fellenberg, who has since applied his principles of education, with some important modifications, to the instruction of youth belonging to all orders of society.*

Pestalozzi himself in the course of the same year removed to Yverdun in the canton of Vaud. The citizens generously bestowed on him the noble castle and gardens of Yverdun for the establishment of schools for the higher and middle classes. There for a while prosperity attended his labours, and pupils collected from various parts of Europe constituted one happy family around him. They formed numerous classes, each having at its head an instructor, who lived with his scholars, joined in their games, and shared in their amusements; thus connecting himself with their pleasures as well as their duties, he was enabled to win their affections, and gently mould them to his purpose. The virtues of Pestalozzi formed the bond that united them. His simplicity taught them to regard the Almighty as their common father, in whose continual presence they lived, and on whose constant

* See Note A. at the end of this article.

bounty they had to rely. They were led to regard one another as brethren; and the affection with which their masters treated them, and which overflowed in every word and action of Pestalozzi himself, contributed to impart a character of mutual kindness and love to the whole group.

The institution of Yverdun in the course of a few years underwent a variety of changes. At one period a concourse of skilful and philanthropic teachers raised it to a high degree of celebrity; and at another, disturbed by intestine dissensions arising from the weakness of some and the pride and irritability of others, its foundations were shaken; so that it ultimately suffered dissolution, to which the ill-regulated generosity and financial mismanagement of the director materially contributed.

In 1825 Pestalozzi retired to his own estate at Neuhoff in Argau, and M. Schmidt who remained at Yverdon to conduct the relics of the establishment for the venerable philanthropist, received from the government of the canton of Vaud an order to quit the country. Thus was completely broken up, an institution which for some time had possessed little more than a nominal existence, and to which Pestalozzi had added a little school for poor female children.

During his retreat in the canton of Argau, Pestalozzi was nominated president of the Helvetic Society of Olten, and he presided in the session of 1826. This act of homage to their aged countryman testifies the feelings of a generous people towards one of the benefactors of the human race.

The various labours to which Pestalozzi devoted himself in his old age exhausted his strength, and the vexations of mind arising from his repeated disappointments and difficulties, produced a state of irritability accompanied with sleepless nights, which embittered his life and shortened his days. His death took place February 17, 1827, at Brugg, whither he had been removed from his residence at Neuhoff. The disease which proved fatal was a suppression of urine, and his sufferings were extremely severe; but he displayed great calmness and resolution. Two days before he died he had his family called around him; and continued speaking for nearly an hour in a strain of exalted wisdom and piety.

Pestalozzi is no more, and his institution has ceased to exist; but the memory of his services to mankind will not speedily be forgotten. Though failure and disappointment successively terminated every scheme in which he engaged, yet the same storms which levelled the parent tree scattered the seeds of his principles around. The frequency of his miscarriages has been unfairly urged as presumptive evidence against the justness and practical utility of his views: but it should be remembered that political

events, over which he could exercise no control, occasionally involved him in ruin: and on the other hand, to what can we attribute the frequent revival of his system, unfavoured as the founder was with the gifts of fortune, but to the elastic, the imperishable nature of that truth on which it is built? The imperfections of his character may have contributed to overthrow the fabric of his institutions, but the foundation of his principles remains uninjured; and the errors and misfortunes of the master form a beacon for the guidance and warning of his disciples.*

"In his outward appearance Pestalozzi, was as little prepossessing as can be conceived. His features were harsh and forbidding, and only became pleasing when they were lighted up with the benevolent ardour that peculiarly glowed within him, and animated all his actions. His high descent appeared not in his presence, which was mean and plebeian to an extraordinary degree. His language was the worst of German, and worst of French, nor were these kept at all distinct. His pronunciation was barbarous, and his articulation, of late years at least, not such as to make him easily heard,—whilst hearing him did not lead to distinctly understanding him. No doctrine ever derived less aid from the graces, or even illustration from the didactic faculties of its author. The mighty and prevailing force of truth had from his preaching no adventitious aid, save in his impressive enthusiasm, and in the amiable simplicity of his attractive character." †

A detailed account of the *method* of Pestalozzi, or as it may be more exactly denominated his system of education, would be incompatible with the limits of this article, but some notice of the distinguishing features of the scheme may be naturally expected. Desirous of raising to the rank of men those classes of human beings which were the most debased and commonly the most brutalized, he applied himself in the first place to the developement of their social faculties. His principal object as to intellectual education, was to put in practice with regard to the people the maxim so profoundly enounced by Montaigne: "I would rather my pupil should have his head well arranged than well filled." As to moral education, he pursued an analogous method. He did not so much attempt to give his pupil positive knowledge as to furnish him with an aptitude for acquiring it. The arts of calculation, design, music, &c. with him did not constitute the end but the means of developement, affording occasion for exercising the powers of the eye, the hand, the voice, the understanding, the faculty of comparing, abstracting, and deducting consequences. It must be added that it was not only his object to develope the faculties of a child, but he proposed to develope them conformably

* Dr Mayo's Memoir, p. 19. † Edinburgh Review, vol. xlvii. p. 126.

to the progressive course indicated by nature, without forgetting any of those intermediate modes of communicating knowledge which are neglected in most systems of education.

The modes of instruction adopted by Pestalozzi and Lancaster, have nothing in common, though some have erroneously considered them as analogous. The Swiss Mentor indeed proposed establishing the plan of mutual tuition, but in families rather than in classes, and it formed no essential part of his scheme. A French writer observes that "*The method of Pestalozzi*, in seeking for motives of action and sources of improvement in the moral and intellectual energies of the child, supposes in the mind a power independent of exterior circumstances and which does not require their assistance: *the Lancasterian method*, on the contrary, employs, to stimulate pupils, motives and sentiments which are the inventions of men rather than the work of nature." *

It would have been an important defect in the system of Pestalozzi, if he had not had in view the education of mothers, those first depositaries of the hearts of infants, whom nature calls to preside over the first developements of sensibility and intellect. If Rousseau recalled mothers to sentiments of maternity, Pestalozzi has instructed them in the exercise of their more noble functions. Several of his works, and especially his admirable book intitled 'Gertrude instructing her Children,' demonstrate what he wished to have done, and time and experience will teach us or our successors what he has effected.

CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF PESTALOZZI.

In 1819, Pestalozzi commenced the publication of a complete edition of his works; the profits of which were to be applied to the foundation of a school for the gratuitous education of poor children.

Th. I—IV. (1819, 1820.) Leonard and Gertrude, 3rd edit.

Th. V. (1820.) How Gertrude instructed her Children, or Directions addressed to Mothers concerning the manner of teaching their Children.

Th. VI. (1820.) To the Innocence, to the Gravity, to the Magnanimity of my Country:—Words addressed with courage and humility to his Contemporaries, with faith and a firm confidence to Posterity, by an Old Man, who, fatigued with the long contests of his life, wishes, before he dies, to deposite an offering of conciliation on the Altar of Humanity, on the Altar of all the Children of God.

* Des Principales Opinions sur l'Origine des Idées; Dissertation par André Gindroz, Minister de St Evangile, aujourd'hui Prof. de Philosophie à l'Academie de Lausanne, 1817, 4to.

is lined with stone, and to which there is a gradual descent by low steps to the water, which may be kept at any height required.

1. *Institution for the higher classes of society.*—The number of pupils since the first establishment has been gradually increasing. In 1816 there were only sixty. Most of them were English, Russians, Poles, Italians, Spaniards, and French; and the remainder Germans and Swiss. The whole time of these pupils was taken up by the alternate study of the living and dead languages, mathematics, pure and mixed, chemistry, natural philosophy, natural history, music, the fine arts, history, philosophy and ethics. The professors and masters were, in general, men of talent and unremitting in their attentions to their scholars. The exercises were conducted simultaneously, the pupils almost always standing before the table of the professor. Eight hours each day are dedicated to intellectual improvement. The fatigue attending application to abstract study is agreeably relieved by music; and the visitor in the course of his walks is often unexpectedly delighted by a chorus of harmonious voices falling on his ear from a distance. The boys are exercised in horsemanship, swimming, dancing and fencing, and in the different branches of gymnastics. They are also instructed in various mechanic occupations; and they are allowed to amuse themselves by cultivating small spots of ground, which are allotted for that purpose.—From the information of the Count de Villevieille, the friend and coadjutor of M. de Fellenberg, it appears that, during the ten years in which he had resided at Hofwyl, not one of the pupils belonging to this class had died. The annual charge for each pupil is 2,800 francs.

2. *The School for Poor Children, or School of Industry.*—The principle on which this establishment is founded is, that labour, and especially agricultural labour, should form the basis of the happiness of the different classes of society. There is no novelty in this maxim; and the merit of M. de Fellenberg and of his predecessor Pestalozzi, consists in the general application of the principle to practice, and in contriving and executing a scheme for the education of husbandmen and other labourers, combining habits of industry and skill with an indefinite degree of intellectual cultivation. The pupils in this school work nine hours a day in summer, and eight hours and a half in winter. Two hours only are devoted to study in summer, and an hour and a half in winter. Of the remaining portion of their time seven hours are passed in the open air, either in cultivating the ground, or in manual labour. As these young persons are expected to continue sixteen years in the school, or from the age of five to twenty-one, it is calculated that a fourth part of the time consecrated each day to moral and intellectual instruction will be sufficient. During that period they acquire industrious habits, and their improvement is promoted by the regular exercise of their faculties. The same children who are one day labouring, digging, drawing burthens, &c. may on the morrow be seen writing, drawing, making mathematical calculations, or studying geography. Notwithstanding the fatigue they undergo, they are by no means inferior in gaiety and activity to the

members of the superior institution.—This school at present, (November 1826,) consists of one hundred and eight pupils, who pay nothing. The founder instructs thirty of them at his own expense; and the rest are supported by different benefactors and subscribers. Previous to the age of fifteen, the labour of the pupil is unproductive; but after that period the produce of his industry is usually sufficient to cover the expense of his education and board. In the classes, besides reading, writing, lessons of religion and morality, and the elements of calculation, are taught geometry, music, botany, and always some mechanic profession. The pupils are not only insructed in making drawings from nature, and botanical sketches, but also in designing articles of furniture, machines, &c. Some of them have executed models of the Swiss mountains, and others have prepared herbals of dried plants.

When restored to their families, the pupils of the School of Industry have displayed the most exemplary conduct; and by their means, the best instruments of husbandry and various improvements in the mechanic arts have been spread throughout the country. It is a subject of complaint with M. de Fellenberg, that the relatives of his pupils too often withdraw them from the institution before the regulated period of dismission. The present immediate director of the School for the Poor has acquired so much distinction for his ability, that his name, *Wehrli*, has become a generic application; and M. de Fellenberg is frequently applied to, to recommend a "*Wehrli*," that is, a person qualified to conduct a similar school. The whole number of individuals, pupils and teachers, belonging to the institution of Hofwyl, is about three hundred.

The agricultural concerns of the establishment are said to be in a very prosperous condition. There are two hundred and fourteen acres of land in the estate, which formerly belonged to M. d'Erlach. The institution of M. de Fellenberg had its commencement in 1799.

An intermediate school for the middle classes of society has probably been opened at Hofwyl, as the building destined for the purpose was finished in the course of last year. The proposed number of pupils was fifty, and the annual terms are 1200 francs for each pupil. From each of the other institutions M. de Fellenberg has selected those parts of their respective plans which are best adapted to the education of young persons destined for the professions of commerce, manufactures, or the liberal arts; and from his extensive experience it may be expected that this new institution will become very successful.

WILLIAM KITCHINER, M.D.

THE throngs which crowd the principal paths to literary fame, drive many of her votaries into bye-ways, where there are fewer obstacles and competitors to be encountered, and where the chances of success increase in proportion as the necessity for exertion becomes diminished. Among contemporary writers, who have endeavoured to obtain celebrity through the eccentricity of their pursuits, few have been more prosperous than Dr WILLIAM KITCHINER, professor of cookery, medicine, music, optics, and domestic economy.

This gentleman was the son of Mr Justice Kitchiner, a Middlesex magistrate, who for many years carried on business as a coal-merchant at Beaufort buildings, in the Strand. He acquired a handsome fortune, which he bequeathed to the subject of this memoir,* whose personal history may be told in a few words. He was educated at Eton school, on leaving which he settled in the metropolis; and having obtained the diploma of M.D. from the university of Glasgow, he engaged in practice as a physician. Early in life he married; but a separation from his wife, by mutual consent of the parties, shortly after took place, and he was left at liberty to enjoy the sweets of single blessedness, and employ his ample fortune in the gratification of his taste for experimental cookery. He treated eating and drinking as not merely the most important, but as the only serious business of life; and having caught the attention of the public by the singularity of his conduct and behaviour, he proceeded to promulgate, under the title of 'The Cook's Oracle,' the laws of the culinary art, professedly founded on his own practice. The sort of mock-importance with which Dr Kitchiner was accustomed to prosecute his gastronomical researches, is well illustrated by the following note sent as an invitation to one of his public dinners:—

* Dr Kitchiner's father is understood to have left him an unincumbered property to the amount of sixty or seventy thousand pounds.—New Monthly Magazine, vol. xxi. p. 214.

" DEAR SIR,

" The honour of your company is requested to dine with the 'Committee of Taste,' on Wednesday next, the 10th instant. The specimens will be placed on the table at five o'clock precisely, when the business of the day will immediately commence.

" I have the honour to be your most obedient servant,

" W. KITCHINER, Secretary.

" August —, 1825.

" 43, Warren street, Fitzroy square."

" At the last general meeting it was unanimously resolved, that—

" 1. An invitation to 'Eta Beta Pi,'* must be answered in writing as soon as possible after it is received, within twenty-four hours at the latest, reckoning from that on which it is dated; otherwise the secretary will have the profound regret to feel that the invitation has been definitively declined.

" 2. The secretary having represented that the perfection of several of the preparations is so exquisitely evanescent, that the delay of one minute after their arrival at the meridian of concoction will render them no longer worthy of men of taste;

" Therefore to ensure the punctual attendance of those illustrious gastrophilists, who on grand occasions are invited to join this high tribunal of taste for their own pleasure and the benefit of their country, it is irrevocably resolved, 'That the Janitor be ordered not to admit any visiter, of whatever eminence of appetite, after the hour at which the secretary shall have announced that the specimens are ready.'

" By order of the committee,

" W. KITCHINER, Secretary." †

" He was accustomed to assemble his friends at a *converzatione* of a Tuesday evening, at his house in Warren street, Fitzroy square; a select party being invited to a previous dinner. The last of these convivial meetings was on February 20th, 1827. The dinner, as usual, was announced at five minutes after five. As the first three guests entered his drawing-room, he received them seated at his grand piano-forte, and struck up, 'See the Conquering Hero comes!' accompanying the air with a peal on the kettle-drums beneath the instrument. For the regulation of the Tuesday evening's converzatione, Dr Kitchiner used to fix a placard over his chimney-piece, inscribed—'At seven come—at eleven go.' It is said, that upon one of these occasions, the facetious George Colman, on observing the admonition, took an opportunity to add the word 'it,' making the last line 'At eleven go it.' At these little social meetings a signal for supper was

* This pun is borrowed from Hogarth, who etched a dinner ticket, on which was represented a sort of heraldic shield with a pie-dish in the centre, and a knife and fork for supporters; the Greek letters T. E. B. H. being placed as a motto below.

† Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xcvii. part 1. p. 490.

invariably given at half-past nine. All who were not desirous of further refreshment would then retire; and those who remained descended to the parlour to partake of the friendly fare, according to the season of the year. A cold joint, a lobster-sallad, and some little *entremêts*, usually formed the summer repast; and in winter a few nicely-cooked little hot made-dishes were spread upon the board, with wines, liqueurs, a variety of excellent ales, and other choice stores from his well-stocked cellar. As these parties were composed of the professors and amateurs of all the liberal arts, it will readily be imagined that the mind as well as the body was abundantly regaled—that 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul' were never wanting. So well were the orderly habits of the doctor understood, that at the appointed time, some considerate guest would observe, 'The clock is about to strike eleven.' Hats and cloaks, coats and umbrellas, were then brought in; the doctor attended his visiters to the street-door, looked up at the stars, if there were any visible—gave each of his friends a cordial shake of the hand, wished him a hearty good night, and so the evening closed." *

Dr Kitchiner was as great a stickler for punctuality as Gibbon, and went so far as to keep a slate in his hall, on which his hours for receiving visiters were indicated. Many, who knocked at his door, thought this a strange humour; but those who knew the doctor never felt offended, even when denied admittance. Some favoured few, however, were on what he termed his 'free list.'—To such he was always accessible.

"Dr Kitchiner died very suddenly on Monday, February 26, 1827, at midnight, after having returned home, about an hour, to Warren street, from a dinner party at Mr Braham's. He had been in uncommonly good spirits during the afternoon, and enjoyed the company to a later hour than his usually very early habits allowed. In general very silent and timid in his manner, on this occasion, among other pleasures, the talents of his host, and the merriment created by Mr Mathews' rehearsing some of his new comic entertainments, seemed greatly to exhilirate the worthy Doctor, insomuch, that he forgot his reserve, and, in his turn, amused the party with some of his whimsical reasons for inventing odd things and giving them odd names. For Dr K. was completely what is called a *character*. His appearance, his dress, his usages, his person, were all peculiar and quaint; but it must be said at the same time, that kindness of heart, benevolence of disposition, and a firm integrity in the graver affairs of the world threw an ample covering mantle over his innocent eccentricities and human frailties." †

* Idem, p. 471. † Literary Gazette, No. 528.

He had for some time previous to his death been subject to palpitation of the heart, arising from a diseased state of that organ, which was doubtless the immediate cause of the fatal catastrophe. He is supposed to have been near sixty; but the date of his birth was a secret which he studiously concealed, as he had the foible of wishing to be thought a younger man than he was in reality.

He had no issue by his wife, who is still living. The chief part of his property he left to a natural son, who has been educated at the university of Cambridge. His will, made about sixteen years before his death, is stated to be a production remarkable for its eccentricity; and it is added that another testamentary deed, making some serious alterations in the disposition of his effects, was prepared by his direction, and was to have been signed on the Wednesday following the night on which he died.*

The literary career of Dr Kitchiner was, as we have already remarked, chiefly distinguished for its singularity, and to that circumstance he owed his success as an author. Sir John Hill and Dr Alexander Hunter had indeed previously exhibited the same combination of the medical and culinary character as was assumed by Dr Kitchiner; but Hill modestly published his lucubrations on cookery under the name of Mrs Glasse; and Dr Hunter in his 'Culina Famulatrix Medicinæ' treated his subject with so little gravity, as to leave his readers in doubt whether he was in jest or earnest from one end of his book to the other. He might be supposed to have taken for his model the medical attendant of Sancho in the island of Barataria; for his culinary precepts are accompanied by a medical commentary stating the specific diseases which indulgence in each dainty described is likely to occasion.

Dr Kitchiner, on the other hand, less prodigal of fame than Sir John Hill, and less squeamish as to the means of attaining it than Hunter, boldly offered to the public the results of his own experience in the noble art of cookery. He professed to have superintended the processes he described, and instead of copying the obsolete receipts of former compilers, he wrote by the fireside, with his watch in his hand, minuting down his observations as they occurred amidst the delightful harmony of sounds produced by the various operations which he was thus philosophically investigating for the benefit of the public. Whimsical as the circum-

* His remains were interred in a vault in the church of St Clement Danes, London; and a sepulchral monument is to be erected to his memory in the new church of St Pancras, in which parish he resided at the time of his death.

stance may appear, it is nevertheless true that the name of this learned professor contributed not a little to his celebrity as an author; for when 'The Cook's Oracle' was announced as the work of *Dr William Kitchiner*, it seemed as if his surname had been given him by anticipation, and his fame for a while distanced all competition.

This however was not his first publication. In 1815 appeared his 'Practical Observations on Telescopes,' reprinted for the fourth time in 1825, under the title of 'The Economy of the Eyes.'

The most characteristic perhaps of all his works is 'The Traveller's Oracle,' which was published just after his death. It is a complete farrago—"De omnibus Rebus et quibusdam aliis," or at least that should have been the motto of the work, which contains chapters with the following titles:—'How to get a well-fitting Shoe;' 'The Hobgoblin Dramas of Germany;' 'The Music of the Universal Prayer;' 'The Music of Gather your Rosebuds;' besides a variety of information really useful, and advice completely ridiculous, of which it is scarcely possible to form any conception without consulting the book itself. A writer in the 'London Magazine' observes, that "It would be an amusing proof of the impracticability of the 'Oracle's' precepts, were any simple-hearted matter-of-fact person to take it into his head to follow them: he would make a good subject for a farce, with all his pistols, door-fasteners, tucksticks, chronometers, barometers, feet-preservers, peristaltic persuaders, Welsh wigs, paraboues, night-lamps, tinder-boxes, leather-sheets, and canteens; with his memorandum-books for Souvenirs, his suspicions of fellow-travellers, his anxiety about his dinner and his wine, his determination to arrive at his journey's end by day-light, and all the other ridiculous fancies that are laughably strange on paper, but which would be irresistibly ludicrous if collected upon and about the inimitable Liston."

In his private character, Dr Kitchiner is represented as having been an amiable man, respected for his integrity, and esteemed for his conciliatory manners and social virtues; but his literary reputation, derived as it was from accidental circumstances, will hardly entitle him to permanent celebrity.

CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF DR KITCHINER.

1. Practical Observations on Telescopes, 1815, 8vo.
2. Essay on the Size best adapted for Achromatic Glasses; with Hints to Opticians and Amateurs of Astronomical Studies, on the Construction and Use of Telescopes in general. (Philosophical Magazine, vol. xlvi. p. 122.)
3. Apicius Redivivus; or, The Cook's Oracle, 1817, 12mo.
4. The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life, by Food, Clothes, Air, Exercise, Wine, Sleep, &c.; and Peptic Precepts. To which is added, The Pleasure of making a Will, 1822, 12mo.
5. Observations on Vocal Music, 1822. 8vo.
6. The Loyal and National Songs of England, selected from Original MSS. and early-printed copies, folio.
7. The Housekeeper's Ledger.
8. The Economy of the Eyes, in Two Parts. I. Precepts for the Improvement and Preservation of the Sight; on Spectacles, Opera-glasses, &c. II. Of Telescopes, 1825. 8vo.
9. The Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Locomotion; containing Precepts for promoting the Pleasures, and Hints for preserving the Health of Travellers. Part I. Comprising Estimates of the Expenses of Travelling on Foot, on Horseback, in Stages, in Post-chaises, and in Private Carriages; with seven songs, for one, two, and three voices, composed by William Kitchiner, M.D. Part II. Comprising the Horse and Carriage Keeper's Oracle, Rules for purchasing and keeping of Jobbing Horses and Carriages; Estimates of Expenses occasioned thereby, and an easy Plan for ascertaining every Hackney-coach Fare. By John Jervis, an Old Coachman. The whole revised by William Kitchiner, M.D. 1827, 2 vols. 12mo.

REVEREND JOHN EVANS, L.L.D.

THE subject of this memoir traced his descent through an almost uninterrupted line of ministers belonging to the Baptist persuasion, from Thomas Evans, who was one of the divines ejected for non-conformity in 1662. JOHN EVANS, was born at Uske, in Monmouthshire, October 2, 1767. After some previous education at a grammar-school at Bristol, he entered in November 1783, as a student into the Baptist academy in that city, where his relative, Dr Caleb Evans, was then theological tutor. Soon after he began to exercise his talents as a public preacher, acting in a ministerial capacity occasionally in small congregations of Baptists who were destitute of a regular pastor. After remaining between two and three years at the academy he went to Scotland; and during three successive winters he studied in the university of Aberdeen, which then numbered among its professors Dr George Campbell and Dr Alexander Gerard. Mr Evans also spent one winter at the university of Edinburgh, and having obtained the degree of M.A. he quitted Scotland in June 1791.

Though principally indebted for his education to an institution supported by the Particular Baptists, whose distinguishing tenets are those of rigid Calvinism, and though he had joined in communion with the religious society of that denomination of which his tutor was minister, his sentiments subsequently underwent such a revolution that he was induced to accept an invitation from the congregation of General Baptists assembling in Worship street, London. After officiating there for a few months, he was chosen pastor, and his ordination to that office took place May 31, 1792.* This, as it was his earliest, proved also to be his only pastoral engagement, which terminated with his existence, after an uninterrupted harmony through the long period of thirty-five years. Animated with the usual zeal of a new convert, Mr Evans thought

* The immediate predecessor of Mr Evans, at Worship street, was Mr A. Robinson, for an account of whose life and literary labours, see p. 60—71 of the present number of this Magazine.

it his duty to employ his pen in support of the doctrines which he had embraced; and, immediately after his settlement in the metropolis, he published 'An Address designed to promote the Revival of Religion among the General Baptists.' In this tract the author exhibits a becoming spirit of candour and liberality. He thus descants on the peculiar tenets professed by the members of the sect to which he now belonged:—"The Universality of Divine Love," says Mr Evans, "is with us a favourite tenet. Persons justly acquainted with the perfections of God admit this as an article of their creed. All sects acknowledge the divine benevolence; but some so circumscribe its extent, that they diminish its amiableness; and others so prescribe its operation, that they deny free-agency, together with the accountableness of moral and intelligent agents. The Divine Benevolence is the crowning attribute of the Deity. It sheds a luminous glory over the perfections of the Godhead. And this goodness or love is *impartial* and *universal*. It does not arbitrarily distinguish some from others. It has no favourites except those who are of a broken and contrite heart. It shines through all nature. It embraces and blesses the whole creation." From the consideration of the doctrine which distinguishes the General from the Particular Baptists, our author proceeds to notice the discriminating dogma of Anti-Pædobaptism, in which both sects of Baptists are agreed, and which forms their essential point of controversy with other professors of Christianity. This is the Baptism of Adult Persons, by Immersion, which he says, "though of inferior moment to the one described, should, however, be duly regarded. The immersion of the body [in baptism] is warranted by the signification of the original terms, the expressiveness of the mode, and the practice of the primitive ages. The origin of baptism, thus scripturally administered, is noble, the means solemn, the influence permanent and beneficial." He adds—"It is lamentable that the controversy concerning the nature of this valuable institution has occasioned much ill-temper. But the want of candour is the want of self-knowledge. Never let difference as to articles of faith prevent the exercise of charity. Thus we preserve the spirit of the Gospel, which is moderation, gentleness and peace."

About the same time he also drew up another tract, which was published under the title of 'An Address to Young People, on the Necessity and Importance of Religion.'

The ministerial labours of Mr Evans were by no means exclusively confined to his own immediate denomination. For fourteen successive winters, from 1795 to 1800, he engaged with his intimate friend the Rev. Hugh Worthington, and various other ministers, in preaching a weekly lecture on practical sub-

jects, at the meeting-house at Salter's Hall. During several years also he had a permanent engagement as afternoon-preacher at the Presbyterian chapel in Leather lane, Holborn.

In the beginning of the year 1795 Mr Evans published 'A Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World,' which obtained a very extensive circulation, and procured the author no small portion of literary notoriety. He seems to have considered his subject in much the same point of view with Wollaston, author of 'The Religion of Nature Delineated,' who being in company with a person who loudly contended for uniformity of opinion, asked him how many different sects he supposed there might be in the world? and when the professor of orthodoxy admitted that there were at least one hundred, Wollaston remarked that ninety-nine chances to one existed against his being in the right. Mr Evans's tract, we are informed, owed its origin to an evening's conversation with a gentleman who, though ignorant of the distinguishing peculiarities of opinion existing among Christians, yet expressed doubts of the possibility of the salvation of those whose notions differed from his own. To enlighten the zeal of this advocate for infallibility, Mr Evans entered into a detail of the existing differences of religious opinion in the world; and at the request of a friend who was present, he immediately wrote down the substance of his observations, which, in allusion to the circumstance in which they originated, he entitled 'Five Minutes' Advice to an Uncharitable Christian.'

He experienced some difficulty in getting the piece published; but at length he sold the copy-right for 10*l.* to the late Mr Crosby. The rapid sale of the first impression led to a second edition in July 1795; and, previously to the death of the author, it passed through fifteen editions, was translated into Welsh and various continental languages, and was several times reprinted in the American United States.—In his dedication of the fourteenth edition, to his friend Lord Erskine, Mr Evans, after noticing the extensive circulation of his work, thus adverts to the impartiality by which it is so singularly distinguished, and to the inconsiderable sum for which he parted with the copy-right. "Its impartiality has been the basis of its popularity. That it is altogether free from religious bias the author does not aver; but he has striven to divest himself of prepossession. The zealot has complained, that in the perusal of the sketch the opinions of the writer cannot be developed. This is a flattering though involuntary testimony to the accuracy of the work. Were vanity, my lord, the object of the writer, it would have been satiated: but a philosophy inferior to that of his divine Master would have taught him to suppress so ignoble a passion when desirous of informing and improving mankind. Were filthy lucre the end in

view, then indeed he has been disappointed. Unfortunately the author sold the copy-right of the 'Sketch' for 10*l.*; but his friends have administered to him a negative consolation, by reminding him that a similar sum was paid for the copy-right of 'Watts's Hymns,' as well as for that gigantic production of human genius, 'Paradise Lost!'"

There seems notwithstanding to be a little exuberance of vanity in Mr Evans's lamentation over the smallness of his profits as an author. His work originally appeared in the form of a shilling pamphlet; and according to his own statement, the composition was the labour of a single evening:—admitting then that seven evenings more were consumed in correcting the outlines of his production and preparing it for the press, the remuneration which he obtained will scarcely be deemed inadequate to the time and labour expended. Besides it should be considered that he derived a large portion of profitable fame from the circulation of this tract,* which must have enabled him to make his own terms with his publisher for the improvements introduced into the second and subsequent editions. He also produced a 'Sequel' to the 'Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World,' consisting of extracts from eminent writers, recommending a spirit of charity and conciliation; and this tract likewise passed through numerous editions.

In August 1795 Mr Evans married Mary, one of the daughters of the Rev. John Wiche, a General Baptist minister at Maidstone in Kent, who had been the friend and associate of Foster and Lardner, the former of whom was one of the most celebrated preachers, and the latter perhaps the most learned theological writer among the dissenters during the last century. Shortly after his marriage he opened a seminary for the instruction of youth, which he conducted for some time at Hoxton, and afterwards at Islington, where he continued it till 1825, when he ultimately relinquished it.

Thus settled in the metropolis as a religious teacher and instructor of youth, his time was sedulously devoted to the duties of his double profession; and his pen was occasionally employed in various literary undertakings, in which he was invited to engage in consequence of the reputation he had aready acquired.

About the year 1815 his health became seriously deranged, and symptoms of a complaint occurred, which, in spite of medical aid, terminated in a few years in a complete paralysis of the lower extremities. For the last ten years of his life he was incapable of spontaneous locomotion; and it was only by means of a mechani-

* The first fourteen editions of the 'Sketch' are said to have amounted to 100,000 copies.

cal contrivance, (invented by Sir Joseph Banks), and the assistance of his sons, that he passed as occasion required from his chamber to his study, or from his carriage to the pulpit, where in spite of his infirmity, he continued almost to the last to perform his ministerial duties. This afflictive malady confining him almost intirely to the bosom of his family, materially interrupted that active personal intercourse which he had been accustomed to maintain with his various friends. It however enabled, or rather compelled him to apply with increased ardour to literary pursuits, and to the cultivation of those friendships which from the distant residence of the parties, many of them beyond the Atlantic, admitted only of epistolary intercourse.

In September 1819 he received a flattering testimony of the respect and esteem which his talents and character had excited in the United States of America, in the presentation of the diploma of Doctor of Laws from Brown University in Rhode Island. Scarcely twelve months had elapsed after the period just mentioned, when he was visited with one of the heaviest afflictions incident to human nature. His third son, Caleb Evans, after completing his studies at the university of Edinburgh, became an efficient coadjutor of his father in the instruction of youth, and also devoted himself to the ecclesiastical office among the General Baptists. Both as a preacher and a tutor, he displayed so much ability as justified his friends in their sanguine expectations that he would prove a brilliant ornament of the profession he had adopted; and the fond imagination of the parent pointed to him as his probable successor in the pulpit and in the school. But the hopes of his family and friends were frustrated by his death, which took place December 6, 1820, after a few days' illness. The mysterious nature of his complaint, and the sudden and fatal termination of his sufferings, rendered a surgical examination desirable; from which it was discovered that a kidney-bean swallowed probably by accident, had caused an obstruction of the intestines, whence proceeded inflammation and mortification. The spirit of the parent was, as may be supposed, deeply wounded: the hopes which christianity authorizes alone supported him; and, on resuming his duties as a minister, he delivered an affecting discourse on resignation, which was listened to with painful interest.

In the latter part of his life, though the regular discharge of his pastoral functions might have prevented his friends from inferring any alarming decline of his bodily strength, yet closer observers could not but perceive that his fragile existence depended on the unremitting attentions of those around him, and that his debilitated frame must inevitably give way on any material accession of indisposition. On Christmas day 1826, he exhibited an extraordinary degree of cheerfulness in the society of a few cherished

relatives and friends; and on the Sunday which closed that year, he preached with more than his usual animation. But the next day appeared symptoms of a severe cold, which confined him to his bed, and the irritation of the disease insensibly exhausted the vital powers, till his feeble frame giving way, he tranquilly expired, January 25, 1827.

His funeral took place on the 1st of February following, when his remains were attended from his house to the place of interment by a numerous train of relatives and acquaintance, together with the children of a school under the patronage of Dr Evans's congregation. An address was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. James Gilchrist, who also preached a funeral sermon on the ensuing Sunday to a crowded and deeply attentive audience.

Dr Evans occupied various important stations as a member of the particular sect of dissenters to which he belonged. For more than twenty years he filled the office of Secretary to the annual meeting of the General Baptists, at Worship street, on Whit-Tuesday, termed the "General Assembly." He was likewise for some time tutor of the Institution supported by that denomination of christians for the education of young men for the ministry: and for many years before his decease he acted as a member of the General Baptist Committee. When he was requested to take a share in a course of Lectures suggested by that Committee, the sense of his corporeal debility almost deterred him from the task: but his enthusiasm being soon roused, no lengthened persuasion was requisite; and the vigour and ability with which he fulfilled the duty assigned to him left an indelible impression on the minds of his hearers.

Besides the 'Sketch of the Denominations of Christians,' Dr Evans was the author of numerous publications, consisting chiefly of single sermons, theological tracts, and topographical compilations, all exhibiting a spirit of christian charity and liberality of sentiment, which he made it the business of his life to inculcate on all occasions. He also was a frequent contributor to the periodical journals, and particularly to the 'Monthly Repository,' in which he inserted some articles on the recently printed work of Milton, on 'Christian Doctrine;' and for the 'Christian Moderator' he furnished a series of biographical memoirs of several leading deceased Arian Ministers.

The personal and professional character of Dr Evans are thus delineated, apparently by a near relative, in the periodical work to which we are indebted for many of the facts contained in the preceding memoir.

"Few words may suffice to describe Dr Evans's theological sentiments. As a Baptist, he maintained the essentially personal nature of Christianity, and the right and duty of private judgment

and individual conviction in matters of religion. As a *General* Baptist, he warmly advocated the unlimited, the unpurchased goodness of God. Resting on these two great principles, he seldom wandered into controversial discussion upon topics less immediately connected with practical religion: for he considered real religion as depending on what we *do* rather than on what we *think*. In his estimation the greatest heresy was a wicked life. But he was not without his opinions on the various subordinate topics that divide Christians, nor was he backward, on proper occasions, to declare and maintain them, as his sermon entitled 'The Christian Minister's Retrospect,' and his 'Letter to Dr Hawker,' testify. A firm believer in the personal unity and paternal character of God, he claimed the appellation of Unitarian in its wider, and, as he contended, only correct application. On the person of Christ, though he never attained, nor perhaps desired to attain, that confidence professed by many, he never appears to have seen reason to give up the doctrine of our Lord's pre-existence. Of Universal Restoration, he was accustomed to say it was what every good man must wish to be true, but he seemed to think it wanted that conclusiveness of scriptural evidence which could justify a full conviction of its truth. To the theory of philosophical necessity he was no friend.

"The great principles of civil and religious liberty ever found Dr Evans a firm and consistent advocate. In the pulpit his chief characteristics were animation and simplicity. His melodious voice and easy delivery, joined to an extraordinary fluency of extemporaneous composition, eminently qualified him for pulpit eloquence.

"The constant affection with which Dr Evans discharged the several duties of a husband and a father, can never be effaced from the recollection of those to whom he bore those endearing relations. The benevolence and charity he so earnestly inculcated from the pulpit and the press were fully exemplified in his own life, and few have left a more widely extended circle of sorrowing friends, among whom were many who held the most opposite theological sentiments. Notwithstanding his close connexion with a religious denomination, small in its number, and differing in many particulars from their fellow christians, the exclusive spirit of party, the *odium theologicum*, found no place in his heart: and though a minister, he had nothing of the priest about him; and his exhaustless fund of general information and anecdote enabled him largely to contribute to those delights of intellectual intercourse which his cheerful temperament and social disposition eminently qualified him to enjoy.

"His general character exhibited a rare assemblage of the nobler qualities that adorn humanity. His piety was without a

tinge of bigotry, his charity without the shadow of ostentation. He was manly, generous, and frank; and in him the elements were mingled so happily, that they constituted in their combination a beautiful symmetry and consistency of character. His amiable virtues indeed can be fully and adequately appreciated by those alone who were united to him by the ties of conjugal and filial affection: and with them the unavailing tear can only be dried by the prospect of a blessed reunion in that immortal state where the wise and good of every age and clime shall be assembled, and death and separation be known no more." *

CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF DR JOHN EVANS.

1. An Address designed to promote a Revival of Religion among the General Baptists, 1793. 12mo.
2. Juvenile Pieces designed for Youth of both Sexes, 1793. 12mo.
3. A Brief Sketch of the several Denominations into which the Christian World is divided; accompanied with a Persuasive to Religious Moderation, 1794. 12mo.
4. A Sequel to the Sketch, 1796. 12mo.
5. A Sermon preached at Worship street, Shoreditch, Oct. 18, 1795; being a sincere tribute of respect to the Memory of the Rev. Samuel Stennett, D.D., the Rev. Andrew Kippis, D.D., and the Rev. Rice Harris, D.D. to which are prefixed a few particulars of their Lives and Writings, 1795. 8vo.
6. A Preservative against the Infidelity and Uncharitableness of the Eighteenth Century. 12mo.
7. A Sermon preached April 30, 1797, on the Decease of the Rev. Charles Bulkeley; with a Sketch of his Life, Character, and Writings. 8vo. Lond. 1797.
8. An Apology for Human Nature, by the late Charles Bulkeley; with a prefatory Address, 1797. 12mo.
9. An Attempt to account for the Infidelity of the late Mr Gibbon, founded on his own Memoirs, 1797. 8vo.
10. Moral Reflections, suggested by a View of London from the Monument, 1798. 12mo.
11. An Essay on the Education of Youth, 1798. 12mo.
12. An Epitome of Geography, 1801. 12mo.
13. An Address to Young People on the Necessity and Importance of Religion, 1801. 12mo.
14. A Sermon on the Peace of Amiens, 1802. 8vo.

* Monthly Repository, New Series, vol. i. p. 227.

15. The Duty of every Briton at this perilous Moment: a Sermon on the threatened Invasion, 1803. 8vo.

16. The Juvenile Tourist, or Excursions through various Parts of Great Britain, 1803. 8vo.

17. The unhappy Effects of Enthusiasm and Superstition: a Sermon, 1804. 8vo.

18. The Destruction of the combined Fleets of France and Spain: a Sermon on the Victory of Trafalgar, 1805. 8vo.

19. A Picture of Worthing, 1805. 12mo.

20. The Poetic Garland; or, Beauties of Modern Poetry, 1807. 24mo.

21. Flowers of Poetry. 24mo.

22. The Prosaic Garland. 24mo.

23. A Sermon at the Opening of a new Place of Worship at Cranbrook, 1808. 8vo.

24. A Sermon on behalf of the Lancasterian System of educating the Poor, 1808. 8vo.

25. An Address on the Baptism of Isaac Littleton, a converted Jew, 1808. 8vo.

26. General Redemption, the only proper Basis of General Benevolence: a Letter to Robert Hawker, D.D. suggested by his Defence of the London Female Penitentiary, 1809. 8vo.

27. A New Geographical Grammar, 1809. 2 vols. 8vo.

28. The Jubilee rendered a Source of Religious Improvement: a Sermon, 1809. 8vo.

29. An Address on the Interment of Stephen Lowdell, Esq. 1809. 8vo.

30. A Sermon on the Death of the Princess Amelia, 1810. 8vo.

31. Religious Liberty, the Offspring of Christianity: a Sermon on the Rejection of Lord Sidmouth's Bill, 1811. 8vo.

32. The Christian Minister's Retrospect: a Sermon preached at Worship street, on the twentieth Anniversary of his Ministry, Nov. 3, 1811. 8vo.

33. The Superior Glory of the Second Temple: a Sermon preached at the opening of Salem Chapel, King's Lynn, Jan. 5, 1812. 8vo.

34. Protestantism and Popery illustrated, in two Letters from a Catholic Priest, 1812. 8vo.

35. A Sermon on the Decease of J. Brent, Esq. 1812. 8vo.

36. A Sermon on the Decease of the Rev. Hugh Worthington, 1813. 8vo.

37. Complete Religious Liberty vindicated, in a Letter respecting the Petition for the Abolition of all Penal Statutes in matters of Religion, 1813. 8vo.

38. A Sermon on the Death of Thomas Mullett, Esq. merchant, 1815. 8vo.

39. An Excursion to Windsor; to which is added, a Journal of a Trip to Paris, by John Evans, Jun. M.A.

40. The Vanity of Human Expectations: a Sermon on the Death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. 8vo.

41. Memoirs of the Rev. William Richard, LL.D. including a Sketch of his Character and Writings; with an Appendix, containing some Account of the Rev. Roger Williams, founder of the State of Rhode Island, North America, 1819. 8vo.

42. The Christianity of the New Testament impregnable and imperishable: an Address occasioned by the Trial of Richard Carlile, 1819. 8vo.

43. Death the inevitable Lot of Man: Reflections on the Decease of George the Third and the Duke of Kent. 8vo.

44. Recreation for the Young and Old; an Excursion to Brighton, a Visit to Tunbridge Wells, and a Trip to Southend; with an Alphabetical List of all the Watering Places in the Kingdom. 1821.

45. Richmond and its Vicinity; with a Glance at Twickenham, Strawberry Hill, and Hampton Court, 1824. 12mo.

46. Discourses on the Christian Temper. 1824.

47. Tracts, Sermons, and Funeral Orations; published between 1795 and 1825; and Six New Discourses, 1826, 8vo. This work is illustrated by an excellent Portrait of Dr Evans, by Woodman.

48. The Fears of Dying annihilated by the Hope of Heaven: a Dialogue on Death, by John Mason, A.M. with Memoirs of the Author, and Illustrations of the Happiness of Heaven, 1826. 12mo.

49. Four Lectures on Christian Baptism, by John Evans, LL.D. Edwin Chapman, James Gilchrist, and David Eaton, 1826. 8vo.

Dr Evans was the author of several Funeral Discourses and other single Sermons, besides those specified in this Catalogue; and he also edited a treatise on the Welsh Druids, by his friend Dr Richard, of Lynn, to which he added Biographical Notices of Nonconformist Divines belonging to the Principality.

CLAUDE DENIS RAFFENEL.

"Dans la première jeunesse, au moment où le cœur reçoit des impressions vives, la plupart des Européens studieux, oubliant presque leur pays, ont l'imagination occupée de l'ancienne Rome, et surtout de la Grèce, dont Rome admira le génie, de cette Grèce brillante qui apparaît toujours au-delà, et peut-être au-dessus de Rome même. Ainsi s'explique l'enthousiasme qui s'est propagé, au seul bruit des destinées nouvelles dont les enfans de l'Attique, de l'Argolide, et de la Thessalie avaient accueillé l'espérance. Ils devaient eux-mêmes leurs plus nobles inspirations au souvenir de leurs ancêtres qu'ils avaient trouvé inséparable des traditions littéraires, au milieu des écoles, dans l'Allemagne savante, dans ingénieuse Italie, dans la généreuse France."—*De l'Intervention des Peuples en Faveur de la Grèce—Essai par Simondi.—Revue Encyclopédique, Mars* 1827.

Among the natives of Western Europe, whose heroism has been excited by the struggles of the modern Greeks to free themselves from the yoke of the Ottomans, M. Raffenel, a young Frenchman of considerable talents and acquirements, deserves to be commemorated. His history is rendered remarkable not only by the spirit of enterprise and enthusiasm for liberty which induced him at one time to explore the deserts of Africa, and subsequently to become a volunteer in the cause of liberty, but also by his literary efforts, which were principally directed to the elucidation of the history of ancient and modern Greece.

Claude Denis Raffenel was born about the year 1797, in the department of Jura, and was the son of an officer in the naval service, who became commandant at La Rochelle. Having finished his studies at Clermont in Auvergne, he was placed for instruction, in 1816, in a commercial house, on leaving which he engaged in some adventurous speculations in the Levant seas. An irresistible inclination led him to seek for that knowledge which can only be attained in the course of distant and dangerous voyages; and being also inspired with a taste for literary and scientific researches, his commercial enterprises were so regulated as to facilitate the prosecution of his favourite objects. He had already visited various eastern countries, when happening to be in the colony of Senegal at the period of the shipwreck of the

Medusa, (whose terrible catastrophe served as the ground-work of the impressive description of the horrors of famine in Lord Byron's Don Juan,) he was so strongly impressed by the event, that he resolved to engage in the most adventurous expeditions into the interior of unknown regions; and in fact, to a certain extent, he carried his design into execution, having passed several months in a hut erected in the precincts of a forest, where he was seized with a dangerous fit of illness, and was near losing his life. The curious details which he afterwards gave his friends relative to this part of his travels in Africa, afford cause for regretting that he did not, as he proposed, draw up a narrative of his adventures and observations for the press.

Afterwards attached to one of the French consulates, in the ports of the Levant, Raffenel witnessed the first revolutionary movements among the Greeks, and he vowed to devote all his talents to their cause. He founded at Smyrna, under the title of 'L'Observateur Oriental,' a journal written in French, and which he wished to consecrate to the interests of the commerce of the Franks, deeply compromised by the consequences of the insurrection. But he was unable to carry on the publication by means of his own resources alone; and he chose rather to abandon it altogether than to accept the assistance of persons whose feelings and sentiments were different from his own.

Having then removed into the Morea, he became in some measure engaged in the events which signalised the first campaign of the Hellenic revolution. Ill health, however, obliged him to return to his native country, where he met with a friendly reception from general La Fayette, who employed him to superintend the education of his grandsons; and while thus occupied, he dedicated his leisure to the composition of a work which first excited an interest in France in favour of that holy cause, to which the author himself was destined to become one of the generous martyrs.* He was about to put the finishing strokes to some of

* This production is intitled 'A Complete History of the Events in Greece, from the first Commotions to the present Day,' the first volume of which appeared in 1822. M. Sismondi, in the paper referred to at the beginning of this article, says—"Everything concerning the Greeks was now read with avidity; and narratives and memoirs multiplied apace. About this time may be distinguished those of M. Raybaud, preceded by a good introduction by M. Rabbe; and soon after appeared 'Le Vrai Système de l'Europe relativement à la Grèce,' by M. de Pradt. About the middle of 1825 the journals began to give regular notices of the 'Biography of the Hellenes,' a periodical collection in which may be particularly remarked a memoir of Botzaris, the Leonidas of modern Greece. In giving an account of a 'Résumé de l'Histoire de la Régénération de la Grèce,' which must not be confounded with the work of M. Pouqueville, nor with the 'Histoire des Evénémens de la Grèce,' by M. Raffenel, a journalist mentions the avidity displayed by the

his other writings, when, in 1826, he determined to embark, in order to carry arms under the standard of the Greeks, raised by a Frenchman, Colonel Fabvier, who then commanded a disciplined cohort, the Tacticos.* Being received with high distinction by that chief, Raffenel, with the simple title of volunteer, gloried in the prospect of sharing the perils of that valiant people, whom he had previously served with his pen. He was shut up in the castle of Athens with Fabvier, and in the attack of that fortress his head was carried away by a cannon-ball January 27, 1827.

To the becoming sorrow, with which his loss must inspire the friends of the Greeks, will be added the just and sincere regret of the lovers of literature. Raffenel certainly wanted leisure steadily to apply himself to those branches of study which he wished to cultivate with advantage; but the flexibility of his imagination, which was evidently prejudicial to the general developement of his faculties, would, as he advanced in life, have become an acquisition to his mental endowments. His elocution was free, persuasive, and even seducing. He had great spirit, and the generous sentiments displayed throughout all his writings evince that, had he survived, France would hereafter have found a worthy defender of her liberties in the young and unfortunate champion of the freedom of the Greeks.

French for works relating to that country. Subsequently, observing that Philhellenic Associations were forming in a great number of cities, he adds he could not spare space in his columns to announce the pamphlets, the verses, and the books, published in honour of the Hellenes, or sold for their advantage."—*Rev. Encycl.* v. xxxiii. p. 661.

* "By information from the Ionian isles, it appears that all letters received from Nauplion speak of the zeal and devotion of the French warriors attached to the cause of the Greeks, and relate that one of them, the brave Colonel Fabvier, has with a great deal of solemnity been appointed to the office of Syntagmatarch. This warrior, distinguished for his military talents, his indisposition for intrigue, his simple habits, and his entire disinterestedness, thus expresses himself in a proclamation, addressed to the inhabitants of Salamis, Thebes and Athens: 'In taking upon myself the organization of the army, I accept neither rank nor emoluments: when Greece becomes possessed of officers capable of directing her defenders, I shall return home: my only desire is to bear with me the love of the Greeks happy and free.'—Arriving in Attica, where he was received with acclamations, Colonel Fabvier employed himself in organizing a new regiment, composed of Diacrians and Marathonians, and which became a sort of military school. At Gastouni a corps has been formed under the direction of the Neapolitan general Rosaroli. It is to these efforts for regulating the exertions of the rivals of Botsaris and Nicetas, and rendering them as firm on the plain as they are formidable amidst their rocks;—it is to these labours of certain foreigners, that the Greek Committee has made the following allusion, in a new 'Appel aux Cœurs généreux:' 'Des essais de tactique, secours expiatoire envoyé d'Europe, ont puissamment aidé le courage des Grècs.'"—*Idem*, p. 663.

CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF C. D. RAFFENEL.

1. Histoire des Grecs Modernes, depuis la Prise de Constantinople par Mahomet II. jusqu'à ce Jour. Paris 1824. 12mo.
2. Résumé de l'Histoire de la Perse, depuis l'Origine de l'Empire des Perses jusqu'à ce Jour. Paris 1825. 18mo.
3. Histoire complète des Evénèmens de la Grèce, depuis les premières Troubles jusqu'à ce Jour. 2me edit. 1825, 3 vols. 8vo. with a Chart and Portraits. The first volume appeared in 1822, and the second in 1824; and in the new impression there are some alterations and corrections.
4. Résumé de l'Histoire du Bas-Empire, 1826. 18mo.*

* Dictionnaire Historique, ou Biographie Universelle Classique, par M. le Gen. Beauvais, &c. pp. 2500—1.

JOHN JONES, LL.D.

THIS accomplished scholar and voluminous writer was a native of the parish of Landingate, near Llandovery, in the county of Carmarthen, South Wales. His father was a respectable farmer; and the son had been destined for agricultural pursuits, till it was discovered that he had neither taste nor inclination for such occupations. From his earliest childhood he evinced an extraordinary predilection for books. It was his frequent practice, immediately after breakfast, to disappear from the family circle, and retire to the banks of a secluded rivulet, about a mile from the house, and there pursue his studies till hunger compelled him to return home. His memory was at this time remarkable for its strength and tenacity.

His father finding that it would be in vain to attempt to consign him to the drudgery of the farm, resolved to educate him for the Christian ministry. With this view he procured for him the best instruction in the elements of the Latin and Greek languages which he could obtain in the country schools of the neighbourhood. He made the most of these slender advantages; and he imbibed, with the knowledge he acquired, an ardent desire to become a proficient in classical learning. About the age of fourteen or fifteen he was sent to the College Grammar School at Brecon, one of the first classical seminaries in the principality, always under the superintendence of a clergyman of the established church; and then under the care of the Rev. William Griffiths. Here he had remained three years, when the death of his father, in 1783, obliged him to return home.

About this period, his neighbour and relation, Mr David Jones, afterwards the colleague of Dr Priestley, and known in the controversy with Dr Horsley as the "Welsh Freeholder," was a student at the New College, Hackney. Through his recommendation, the managers of that institution admitted Mr John Jones a student on the foundation. Here he soon acquired the friendship and patronage of the learned Dr Abraham Rees, who then held the office of resident tutor. He remained at Hackney six years, enjoying, among other advantages, the en-

viable privilege of the classical instruction of the celebrated Gilbert Wakefield, with whom he was a favourite pupil.

In the year 1792, the death of Mr Thomas Lloyd having created a vacancy in the office of classical and mathematical tutor in the Welsh academy, then stationed at Swansea, Mr Jones was appointed by the Presbyterian Board to be his successor. After he had held this office about three years, some unhappy differences arose between him and his colleague, the late Rev. W. Howell, in which the students rashly embarked as partizans. The Board, finding that there remained no prospect of an amicable adjustment of the disputes, and not wishing to side with either party in a matter which was entirely personal, adopted the resolution of dismissing both tutors, and removing the institution to Carmarthen. On quitting Swansea, Mr Jones settled at Plymouth Dock, as the pastor of the Unitarian congregation in that place. He remained there two years, and then accepted an invitation to become the minister of the Unitarian congregation at Halifax, in Yorkshire. Here he resided for three years, joining to his ministerial labours the instruction of youth, an employment for which he was singularly well qualified by his high classical attainments, and the peculiar bent of his mind. From Halifax he removed his residence to London, where he continued till the end of his life.

Not long after his settlement in London, he married the only daughter of his friend and former tutor, Dr Rees. This lady died, without issue, in the year 1815. In 1817 he married Anna, the only daughter of the late George Dyer, Esq. of Sawbridgeworth, in Hertfordshire, who, with two children, survives him.

After his removal to the metropolis he occasionally preached for his brethren, but never had the charge of a congregation. Under some momentary feeling of disgust, which he never explained to his friends, he destroyed all his manuscript sermons, and from this time never could be prevailed on to appear in the pulpit. He still however adhered to his profession; was a member of the Presbyterian body of London Dissenting Ministers, and for some years one of the clerical trustees of the estates and endowments of Dr Daniel Williams. A few years ago the University of Aberdeen conferred upon him the honorary diploma of Doctor of Laws; and, within a year or two of his death, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.*

Dr Jones died at his house in Great Coram street, Russel square, London, on the 10th of January 1827; and his remains were interred in the burying-ground belonging to the parish in

* Monthly Repository, N. S. vol. 1, pp. 293—294.

troversy, in which he advanced an opinion that, to say the least of it, was altogether novel.

Dr Jones attained considerable distinction as a grammarian and philologist, and his works relating to the classical languages are numerous. In 1804 he published a 'Greek Grammar,' on an improved plan, which passed through several editions. The year previous to his death he re-modelled and nearly re-wrote the work, and published it under the title of 'Etymologia Græca, or a Grammar of the Greek Language, &c.' In 1812, he published 'A Latin and English Vocabulary, on a simple yet philosophical principle, for the Use of Schools;' and the next year appeared his 'Short Latin Grammar,' which was reprinted in 1816. The Vocabulary he afterwards greatly improved and republished in 1825, under the title of 'Analogiæ Latinæ, or a Developement of those Analogies by which the Parts of Speech in Latin are derived from each other.'

But Dr Jones's great work on language, to which he had devoted a very considerable proportion of his active life, and the best energies of his mind, was his 'Greek and English Lexicon,' which appeared in 1823. The success with which this effort of his literary industry was attended equalled his most sanguine wishes; a large impression of the work having been rapidly sold. It was not to be expected that a treatise of such a nature could be sent forth wholly free from defects, or that the author, whatever might be his learning and critical skill, should be able in every instance to secure the concurrence of scholars in his derivations and explanations. But though the work may be liable to some occasional objections, the author has upon the whole executed his undertaking in a manner extremely creditable to his industry, his erudition, his taste, and critical acumen. He has been rewarded by the approving verdict of some of the first scholars and critics of the age, and, among others, by the late Dr Samuel Parr.

When the impression of this dictionary was nearly sold, Dr Jones printed another, on a smaller scale, designed for a different class of persons. This he called 'The Tyro's Greek and English Lexicon,' which is said to be a very useful publication. He had intended to revise the first Lexicon, and to republish it at some future period, with all the improvement which further researches and a more mature consideration could impart to it. He, however, at the time of his death, had made very little progress in the revision, and the author's copy remained nearly in the same state in which it was printed.

Not long after the appearance of the larger Greek Lexicon, some severe animadversions which were inserted in a critical journal drew from Dr Jones an indignant and triumphant reply,

in a pamphlet which he intitled 'An answer to a Pseudo Criticism of the Greek-English Lexicon, which appeared in the Second Number of the Westminster Review;' a criticism which he ascribes to "Mr John Walker, late Fellow of Dublin College," and characterizes as a malignant personal attack.

In 1826 Dr Jones published 'An Exposure of the Hamiltonian System of teaching Languages, in a Letter addressed to the Author of an Article recommending that System in No. 87 of the Edinburgh Review.' The quackery of Mr Hamilton's pretensions is well pointed out in this tract, and he is accused of having borrowed from the letter-writer the leading idea of his System.* The severity of the criticism, indeed, so highly provoked the displeasure of the learned linguist, that he prosecuted Messrs Longman and Co., the publishers of the 'Exposure,' with a view to obtain damages for the depreciation of his System in the eyes of the public; but the jury gave a verdict in favour of the defendants.

Dr Jones's last work was intitled 'An Explanation of the Greek Article, in three Parts. 1. Analysis and Refutation of Dr Middleton's Theory. 2. An Analysis of Matthiæ's Dissertation. 3. An Application of the Article to obscure Passages of the New Testament.' This work was printed during the life of the author, but he died before it was published.

The characteristics of Dr Jones's mind were an irrepressible ardour and enthusiasm in the prosecution of whatever he undertook; great confidence in the correctness of his own views, arising from a consciousness of superior intellectual powers; an utter disdain of the authority of great names when he failed to receive conviction from their arguments; a devoted attachment to truth, and a faithful adherence to what he deemed to be such, united with a fearless disregard of personal consequences. By posterity he will probably be better known as a scholar and philologist, than as a theologian and ecclesiastical historian; though he seemed himself confidently to expect that the progress of knowledge would tend to support his speculations, and to demonstrate to general conviction the correctness and truth of his theories.

He has left his literary property in the charge of trustees, providing that his classical works should be reprinted under the editorial care of his nephew, Mr James Chervet, of Croydon, who was educated by him; and of whose classical attainments and judgment he entertained a high opinion.†

* For an account of the peculiarities of the Hamiltonian System, with some acute remarks on its utility, see London Magazine, vol. vii. 1827, pp. 1—8.

† Monthly Repos. u. a. pp. 296, 7.

CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF DR JOHN JONES.

1. The Reason of Man; in Answer to Paine's 'Rights of Man,' 1793. 8vo.*
2. A Defence of the Mosaic Account of the Creation, 1797. 8vo.*
3. A Vindication of the Bishop of Llandaff's 'Apology for the Bible,' 1797. 8vo.*
4. A Developement of Remarkable Events, calculated to restore the Christian Religion to its original Purity, and to repel the Objections of Unbelievers, 1800. 2 vols. 8vo.
5. The Epistle of Paul to the Romans analysed, from a Developement of those Circumstances in the Roman Church by which it was occasioned, 1801. 8vo.
6. A Grammar of the Greek Language, 1804. 12mo.
7. Illustrations of the Four Gospels, 1808. 8vo.
8. Ecclesiastical Researches, 1812. 8vo.
9. A Latin and English Vocabulary, 1812. 12mo.
10. Sequel to the Ecclesiastical Researches, 1813. 8vo.
11. A New Version of the first three Chapters of Genesis, 1819.
12. A Series of Important Facts, demonstrating the Truth of the Christian Religion, 1820. 8vo.
13. A Reply to two Deistical Works, entitled, 'A New Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection,' and Gamaliel Smith's 'Not Paul but Jesus.'
14. A Greek and English Lexicon, 1823. 8vo.
15. The Tyro's Greek and English Lexicon.
16. An answer to a Pseudo Criticism of the Greek-English Lexicon, &c.
17. Analogiæ Latinæ, 1825.
18. Three Letters to the Editor of the Quarterly Review, on I John v. 7. 1825.
19. Etymologia Græca; or a Grammar of the Greek Language, &c. 1826. 12mo.
20. An Exposure of the Hamiltonian System of Teaching Languages.
21. An Explanation of the Greek Article, 1827. 12mo.

* These three works are ascribed, in Watt's 'Bibliotheca Britannica,' to the author of the 'Ecclesiastical Researches,' &c. who is characterised as "a Unitarian Teacher, and Member of the Philological Society at Manchester;" though the writer of a memoir of Dr Jones in the 'Monthly Repository' says, that the "Developement of Remarkable Events, &c." was his first work.

MISS BENGER.

ELIZABETH OGILVY BENGER, who attained considerable notoriety among female writers of the present age, by the publication of several volumes of historical memoirs, was a native of the city of Wells. She was born in 1778, and was the daughter of a tradesman who appears to have subsequently removed to Portsmouth, and obtained an office in the customs. Lackington in his autographical memoirs (first published in 1791) says—"A gentleman of my acquaintance lately rode fifty miles, for the pleasure seeing and conversing with a learned woman but very little own: her name is Elizabeth Ogilvy Benger; when very ung she wrote a poem entitled 'The Female.' She not only derstands Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish, and other languages, is well versed in various branches of the arts and sciences. is a tide-waiter's daughter, in or near Portsmouth. It seems learned to read and write, by picking up bits of paper in the t, with which she would retire to her garret." *

may be questioned whether this statement is perfectly corfor in a memoir of Miss Benger, which appeared in a periopublication, we are informed that "The father of this lady, had in early youth renounced the lucrative pursuits of trade ie hardships and casualties of nautical life, became shortly ner birth a purser in the royal navy, but died in the East before he had realized those golden speculations which have ensured affluence to his wife and daughter." †

s account partly coincides with the information contained in raphical sketch from the pen of Miss L. Aikin, published after the decease of Miss Benger, in the Literary Gazette. his narrative we learn, that *late in life* her father entered

of J. Lackington, in Letters to a Friend, Lett. 40. The above ssage is taken from the 14th edition; and it must have been added tly to the first impression, as the poem referred to did not make ance till after the first publication of Lackington's work, which tly been reprinted in the eighteenth volume of Messrs. Hunt and utobiography.

s' Monthly Museum, vol. xxi. 1825, p. 122.

Christians and their cause. The works of those adversaries who were contemporary with Philo and Josephus, and whose malice and misrepresentations contributed to call forth their writings, have unfortunately been lost; but we clearly see, in the language and quotations of their illustrious antagonists, the nature of those arts to which they had recourse, in order to defeat the gospel."

"The rising church of Christ had nothing to support it but the wisdom and works of its founder; and all the violent passions of men, as so many convulsive elements, conspired to shake it to pieces. If any impression could have been made upon it, Apion and his coadjutors would not have failed to produce it, in circumstances so favourable. They had wit, learning, eloquence, reputation, and all the powers of the world on their side; they had every opportunity to ascertain the real truth, and every advantage for bringing to light any falsehood or imposture in the cause which they undertook to combat. Yet, if we look to the dispute between them and Philo and Josephus, we can venture to pronounce that the victory is signally on *their side* [the side of the latter]; since we see them characterised by sobriety of mind, by a zeal for truth, by the reasonableness and importance of the system which they defended, as well as by very superior learning and talents. Indeed, so far are they raised in these respects above their antagonists as is the pole above the centre of the earth."*

Those who are acquainted with ecclesiastical history, are sufficiently aware that the sects of ancient ascetics described by Josephus and Philo, under the appellations of Essenes and Therapeutæ, and commonly regarded as Jews, are, by some modern writers, maintained to have been Christians; but no one before Dr Jones seems to have thought of adopting so sweeping a conclusion as that the two historians, just mentioned, are to be considered as chroniclers of the early triumphs of Christianity; or, as he strongly states, that "When we read in Philo and Josephus of pagan converts made to Judaism, we are always to understand them as meaning that refined and spiritual Judaism which was taught by Christ and his apostles."† There is no novelty certainly in the opinion that Philo was a Christian; but it has also been asserted that he was a Heathen, or at least a Platonist; and, judging from his writings, the probability seems stronger in favour of his being a follower of the Athenian philosopher than of the founder of Christianity. As for Josephus, it is well known that, except the disputed and certainly spurious passage already alluded to, there is nothing in his works which, independent of Dr Jones's hypothesis, can be construed into the shadow of an argument for the notion that he was a professor of Christianity. It may be added, that, though Josephus certainly possessed talents and learning, his adulation towards Vespasian

* Ecclesiastical Researches, ad finem. † Idem, p. 231.

proclaims the man of the world and the time-serving courtier, displaying in his temper and conduct no visible traces of that poverty and spirit which we are told is one of the indispensable qualifications of the Christian character.

Dr Jones published, in 1813, a 'Sequel to the Ecclesiastical Researches,' in which he endeavoured to trace the origin of the introductory chapters in Matthew's and Luke's Gospels from Josephus, and to deduce the peculiar articles of the orthodox faith from the Gnostics, who opposed the Gospel in the days of Christ and his apostles. In 1819, he published, under the signature of 'Essenus,' a New Version of the first three Chapters of Genesis. This tract owed its origin to Mr Bellamy's translation of the Bible, which had then in part recently made its appearance. The following year the simultaneous publication of a number of deistical productions induced Dr Jones to draw up 'A Series of important Facts demonstrating the Truth of the Christian Religion, drawn from the Writings of its Friends and Enemies in the First and Second Centuries.' His next publication was a Reply to two Deistical Works, entitled "A New Trial of the Witnesses, &c." and Gamaliel Smith's "Not Paul but Jesus." In the title of this piece he assumed the name of 'Ben David.'

The last production of a theological character which Dr Jones committed to the press appeared in 1823, under the title of 'Three Letters addressed to the Editor of the Quarterly Review, in which is demonstrated the Genuineness of the three Heavenly Witnesses, 1. John v. 7, by Ben David.' The object of this tract was to prove that this much disputed verse, which nearly all the most eminent theologians and hermeneutical writers of modern times have pronounced to be a forgery, was the genuine composition of the author of the epistle; and that instead of its having been foisted into the text, as is commonly maintained, for the purpose of supporting the doctrine of the Trinity, it was actually expunged by the earlier fathers, as furnishing a strong argument in favour of the proper humanity of Jesus Christ. This pamphlet, it is said, exhibits in the liveliest colours the sanguine temper of the author's mind, and displays great ingenuity as well as enthusiasm in the maintenance of a favorite hypothesis. *

Besides the writings already mentioned on topics connected with his profession as a divine, he published many papers in the first series of the 'Monthly Repository.' The chief object of most of them was to vindicate and establish his hypothesis concerning Josephus and Philo; and to support the argument in his last tract on the authenticity of the text concerning the Heavenly Witnesses. His last contributions related to the Baptismal Con-

* Monthly Repos. u. a. p. 295.

"To those who knew her and enjoyed her friendship, her writings, eloquent and beautiful as they are, were the smallest part of her merit and her attraction. To the warmest, most affectionate, and grateful of human hearts, she united the utmost delicacy and nobleness of sentiment, active benevolence, which knew no limits but the furthest extent of her ability, and a boundless enthusiasm for the good and fair wherever she discovered them. Her lively imagination lent an inexpressible charm to her conversation, which was heightened by an intuitive discernment of character, rare in itself, and still more so in combination with such activity of fancy and ardency of feeling. As a companion, whether for the graver or the gayer hour, she had few equals; and her perfect kindness of heart and universal sympathy rendered her the favourite of both sexes, and of all classes and ages. With so much to admire and to love, she had everything to esteem. Of envy or jealousy there was not a trace in her composition; her probity, veracity, and honour, derived, as she gratefully acknowledged, from the early precepts of an excellent and meritorious mother, were perfect. Though free from pride, her sense of dignity was such, that no one could fix upon her the slightest obligation capable of lowering her in any eyes; and her generous propensity to seek those most who needed her friendship, rendered her, in the intercourses of society, oftener the obliger than the party obliged. No one was more just to the characters of others, no one more candid, no one more worthy of confidence of every kind."*

CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF ELIZ. O. BENGER.

1. The Female Geniad; a Poem, written at the age of *thirteen*. London 1791. 4to.
2. The Abolition of the Slave Trade; a Poem, 1809. 4to.
3. The Heart and the Fancy, or Valsinore; a Tale. London, 1813. 2 vols. 12mo.
4. Klopstock and his Friends; a Series of Familiar Letters, from the German, forming a Sequel to his Life, by Miss Eliz. Smith. London, 1814. 2 vols. 12mo.
5. Memoirs, with a Selection from the Correspondence, and other unpublished Writings of the late Mrs Elizabeth Hamilton, 1818. 2 vols. 8vo.
6. Memoirs of Mr John Tobin, with a Selection from his unpublished Writings, 1820. 8vo.
7. Memoirs of Anne Boleyn, Queen of Henry VIII, 1821. 2 vols. 8vo.
8. Memoirs of the Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, 1823. 2 vols. 8vo.
9. Memoirs of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, Daughter of King James I; including Sketches of the State of Society in Holland and Germany in the 17th Century, 1825. 2 vols. 8vo.

* Lit. Gaz. u. a.

REMARKS OF ROB'T E. C. STEARNS,

AND RESOLUTIONS OF THE

California Academy of Natural Sciences

UPON THE DEATH OF

ROBERT KENNICOTT.

California Academy of Natural Sciences.

Regular Meeting, October 15th, 1866.

Mr. Stearns read the following:

It is my painful duty to inform the Academy of the decease of Robert Kennicott. The meager information received furnishes no particulars, further than that he died suddenly, in the month of May last, at Nulato Bay, in Russian America.

The services rendered to science by Mr. Kennicott are worthy of something more than a passing notice. In the month of May, in the year 1859, we find him starting upon a prolonged exploration of Russian America, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute, assisted by the University of Michigan, the Audubon Club of Chicago, and the Academy of Sciences of the same city. This exploration, including also a portion of the territory held by the Hudson's Bay Company, extended from May, 1859, to the date of his return in October, 1862. From the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institute we learn that "the route traversed by Mr. Kennicott was from Lake Superior along the Kamenistiquoy River and Rainy and Winnipeg Lakes, up the Saskatchewan River to Cumberland House; thence nearly north to Fort Churchill, on English River, up the latter to Methy portage, at which point he first reached the head waters of the streams flowing into the Arctic ocean; thence along the Clear Water River and Athabasca Lake, down Peace River into Great Slave Lake, and along the Mackenzie River to Fort Simpson. At this place Mr. Kennicott spent a part of the first winter, making excursions up the Liard River to Fort Liard in autumn, and again on snowshoes in January. Before the close of the same winter he went up the Mackenzie to Big Island, and thence northwest to Fort Rae, near the site of old Fort Providence. From this point he traveled on the ice across Great Slave Lake to Fort Resolution, at the mouth of Peace River, where he spent the summer of 1860. He next descended the Mackenzie to Peel's River, and thence proceeded westward across the Rocky Mountains and down the Porcupine River to the Youkon, in the vicinity of which he spent the winter of 1860–61 and the summer of the latter year. The winter of

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